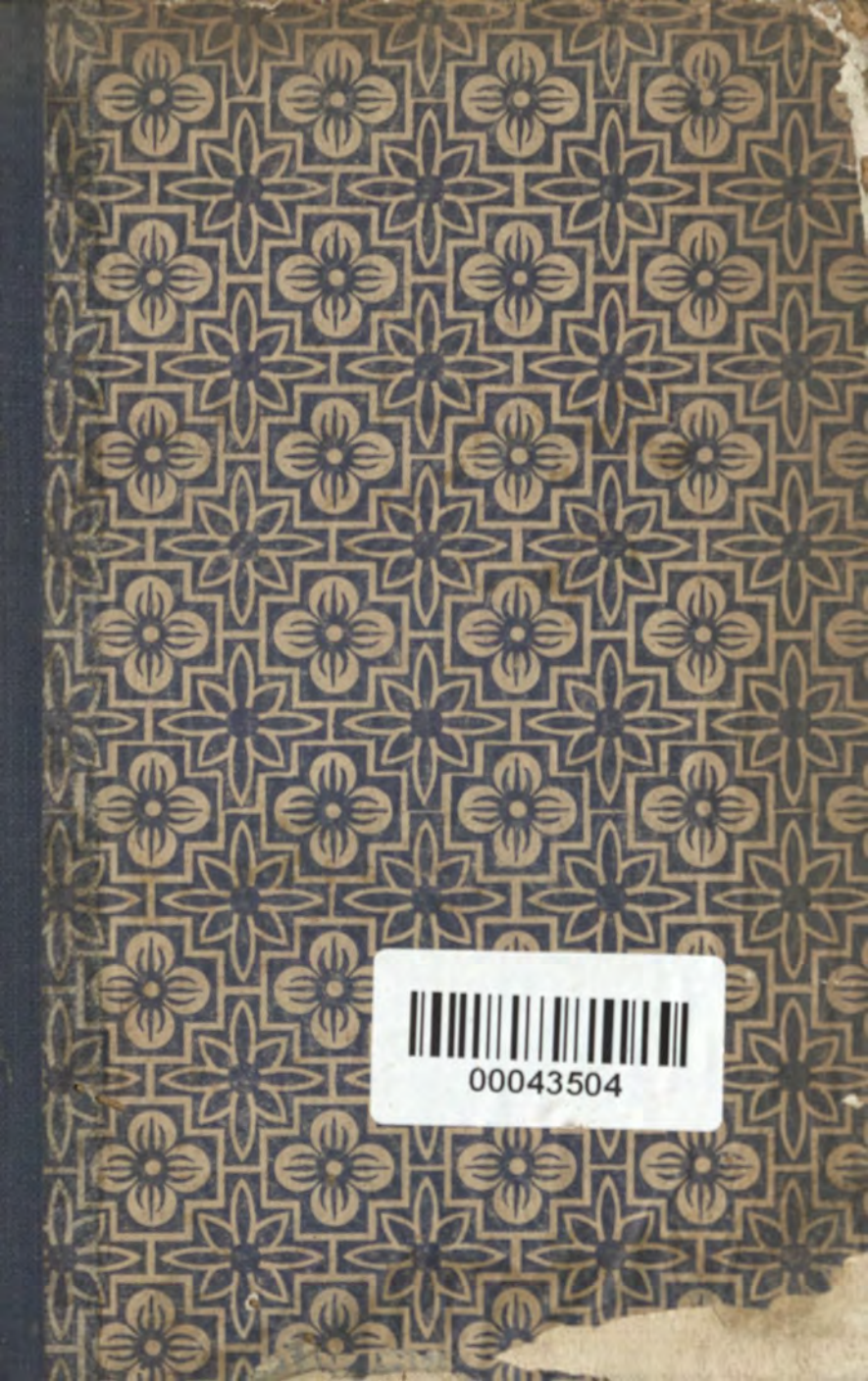
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THE

MINSTRELSY OF THE

English Border.

BEING A COLLECTION OF BALLADS,

ANCIENT, REMODELLED, AND ORIGINAL,

FOUNDED ON WELL KNOWN

BORDER LEGENDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY FREDERICK SHELDON.

43504

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1847.

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Preface.

AT the preſent time when the fields of literature are flooded with rivers of rhyme, any new "rivulet" of ſong is apt to be regarded with indifference, or at beſt becomes a nine-days' wonder, and then ſettles down into oblivion. There is doubtleſsly little encouragement held forth to the poetical aſpirant, that he ſhould rack his brains for original ſubjects, when he bethinks him, how the ſeveral avenues to Parnaſſus are already blocked up by the great Titans of Minſtrelſy; and the hope that ſome ſmall "ſheep run," or obſcure road, may have been overlooked by the "ſtarry eyes" of the mighty maſters of the tuneful art, is my only excuſe for preſenting this collection of Ballads to the public. Some few of them may be already familiar to the reader; but the generality, it may be confidently affirmed, now appear in their preſent dreſs for the firſt time in print.

Living on the Borders, and from the nature of my purſuits thoroughly acquainted with the popular legends and floating traditions of the country, I can truly ſay that no diſtrict is ſo rich in hiſtorical aſſociation, local traditions, ruined caſtles, and battle fields, as the land of the "Coaly Tyne;" every ſtep the pilgrim takes, if not upon a "nation's duſt," diſturbs the mouldering remains of thoſe brave warriors and Border Chieftains, who

Lay down to reſt in corſlet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
Carved at their meal with gloves of ſteel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

The ſcene of the immortal ballad of Chevy Chaſe at the foot of the Cheviots (the Engliſh Pyrenees on a ſmall ſcale); the fatal fields of Otterburn, Humbledown, red Flodden, Halidon Hill, Hedgely Moor, Hexham, and numerous forays and onſlaughts all lie within a few miles of each other.

The rivers of the land are almoſt claſſical ſtreams:

The Aln, the Till, the Coquet and Tweed,
Are famous for all fiſherie,

nd (apart from their intereſt to the lovers of the entle art) for hiſtoric aſſociations. Newcaſtle, with s traditions of the Red Rufus, King David, Earl Moray, and the melancholic Charles, (as ſome writer erms that unhappy monarch) riſing up from the dark byſs of time, with all their earth-born paſſions throned upon their brows, as when they lived and breathed. The Tyne, that murmurs paſt the ſilent city of Hexham, where the heroic Queen of Henry the Fifth ſtaked almoſt her laſt venture on her huſband's cauſe. Dilton, twined with the fate of the gallant and unfortunate young Radcliffe, riſes like a ſpectre of other days; gaunt in its decay, and ſprinkled with the blood of its ancient poſſeſſor. Reedwater brings us to the field of Otterburn, where a "dead Douglas" won a bloody field. Travelling eaſtward, we paſs the holds of Mitford. Proud Bothal and Warkworth, on the verge almoſt of the ocean greet our ſight: Warkworth rendered almoſt ſacred ground by its little hermitage and cell, where the ſelf inflicting hermit breathed out his days in penitence and prayer for the ſoul of his "ladye" he ſo rathly ſlew. At Alnwick, Hotſpur and all his gallant race ſtart up to our imagination; the battlemented Caſtle, looking as grim and ſtern in its feudal

aſpect, as when beneath its walls adventurous Ham
mond ſtruck his Border ſpear through King Malcolm
eye, or his no leſs daring brother monarch, William
was taken priſoner by a ſudden ſortie of the gar
riſon.

Hedgely Moor, ſome ten miles diſtant, where th
young Sir Ralph Percy "ſaved the bird within his
breaſt," is chronicled by a lowly pillar, that impreſſes the
pilgrim more by its humble aſpect than could a lordly
column or elaborate mauſoleum. Then comes Hum-
bledown, hallowed by the genius of the immorta
Shakſpere: and Flodden, the modern Pharſalia o
Scotland, the laſt ſcene of the raſh and unguarde
James the Fourth:—where the chequered tragedy o
his ſtirring and romantic exiſtence was brought t
a bloody cloſe. The ſheep browſe contentedly or
the battle ground, where warlike Marmion, Surry, o
the gentle Howard led on their men at arms to the
charge. Labourers and bondagers (women bonded by
the farmers, a remnant of ancient ſervitude), purſue
their agricultural purſuits, nor beſtow one thought on
the noble duſt diſturbed by their implements. Next
Berwick appears, girt with its ancient city wall: Ber-
wick, the debateable town of a conteſted land; no

a ſpot of ground in whoſe immediate vicinity, but is fraught with melancholy aſſociations of former days, from the gallows of the young Setons, to the green on which the patriot Wallace's right arm was expoſed on a pike. To win this now inſignificant town, the Monarchs and Chieftains of England and Scotland once led up their power, and in the ditch, now almoſt filled with rubbiſh, the fiery Scot and warlike Southron rendered up bloody life.

Where'er we turn 'tis haunted, holy ground.

Northward, the bleak and lonely Lammermoors ſpread their hills, alſo rife with traditions and local legends. Aſcending the chronicled and romantic Tweed, the famed Border ſtream of old, we plunge at once into the very heart of foray grounds, Border raids and ſkirmiſhes. Johnny Armſtrong, the Johnſtones, the Lads of Whampray, the Scots of Harden, the Faas, and a numerous liſt of Reivers and Lifters crowd on us, whoſe names are familiar to the readers of Northern Minſtrelſy as houſehold words. The Ettrick, the Teviot, the Yarrow and Gala, all furniſh their ſhare of warlike and predatory Chiefs. The numerous "peels" and iſolated Border faſtneſſes, the caſtles

of Home, Hermitage, Bamborough, Dunſtanborough, &c. appear like ſo many records of the paſt, terribly leagued as their names are with many a ſiege and battle of olden times. The mountains, paſſes, moraſſes, and dales, each poſſeſſes ſome diſmal and gloomy hiſtory of its own raids and forays; but whoſe ſeveral features are marked by ſuch uniformity as to be capable of being combined into one great and terrible ſyſtem. In ſuch a country, ſurrounded on all ſides by the mute but hiſtory-ſpeaking evidences of former days, dull indeed muſt that pilgrim be who cannot furniſh ſome tale, legend or Ballad of the Border-reiving, and battle-loving times of old.

It is now upwards of forty years ſince Sir Walter Scott publiſhed his "Border Minſtrelſy," and during his "raids," as he facetiouſly termed his excurſions of diſcovery in Liddeſdale, Teviotdale, Tyndale, and the Merſe, very few Ballads of any note or originality could poſſibly eſcape his enthuſiaſtic inquiry; for to his love of Ballad literature he added the patience and reſearch of a genuine antiquary. Yet no doubt many Ballads *did* eſcape, and ſtill remain ſcattered up and down the country ſide, exiſting probably in the recollection of many a ſun-browned ſhepherd, or the wea-

ther-beaten brains of ancient hinds, or "eldern" women; or in the well thumbed and nearly illegible leaves of ſome old book or pamphlet of ſongs, ſnugly reſting on the "pot head," or ſharing their reſt with the "Great Ha' Bible," Scott's Worthies, or Blind Harry's lines. The pariſh dominie or paſtor of ſome obſcure village amid the many nooks and corners of the Borders, poſſeſſes, no doubt, treaſures in the Ballad ware, that would have gladdened the heart of a Ritſon, a Percy, or a Surtees; in the libraries too of many an ancient deſcendant of a Border family, ſome black lettered volume of Ballads doubtleſsly ſlumbers in hallowed and unbroken duſt.

From ſuch ſources* I have obtained many of the Ballads in the preſent collection. Thoſe to which I have ſtood godfather, and ſo baptiſed and remodelled, I have moſtly met with in the "broad ſide" Ballads, as they are called; but notwithſtanding their fire and pathos, I found ſo much obſcurity and libertiniſm mingled with their beauties, that I was compelled with a raſh hand to pluck the nettles away that

* The reader will find in the notes prefixed to each Ballad the ſource whence it was derived.

choked the healthy growth of the young, freſh, and budding flowers; preſerving as nearly as I could their ancient ſimplicity and diction. Others by local and nameleſs poets I have given as I found them. Thoſe Ballads virtually my own are ſtated to be ſo in the notes, and theſe, with great fear and tribulation, I hang as a votive wreath on the altar of the Muſes.

Schiller, Bürger, Uhland, and a hoſt of German and Engliſh rhymers, have exalted the ſtandard of Ballad Poetry much higher in the realms of literature than it was even a century ago. But the fervour of the rugged and wandering Minſtrel of the olden times, has wofully abated; even as a game cock, if kept too long in durance vile, and fed upon weak and ſpiritleſs food, will grow ſo dull that "a ſilver pheaſant may peck at his comb with impunity." It is true that ſome of our own Bards now and then ſtill utter a few ſnatches of ſweet muſic; but they ſoon relapſe into ſilence, and there is none to pour into liſtening ears a long-continued ſtrain of ſublime and heart-ſtirring ſong.

It was a wiſe ſaying of antiquity, "Shew me a people's Ballads, and I will tell you their laws and purſuits." Minſtrelſy has ever been held in great vene-

ration, and the minſtrels themſelves have always been objects of reſpect. The great Homer himſelf was but a wandering Minſtrel, the Iliad being nothing more than a ſucceſſion of mighty Ballads. The Britons, barbarous and uncouth as they appear to have been, had ſtill their Minſtrels; the Druids being both prieſts and ſingers. During the occupation of this iſland by the Romans, what a cluſter of ſtars ſparkled in the literary horizon of imperial Rome. The Saxons, and men of Finland, Denmark, and Norway, were attended by Scalds and Minneſingers without number, and whoſe laudatory ſtrains ſeem to have inſpired the fierce followers of Offa and Hengiſt.

It was in the diſguiſe of a Minſtrel that King Alfred explored the camp of the fierce Guthrum; and a Daniſh leader, borrowing the idea, donned the ſacred habit of a bard, and boldly entered King Athelſtan's camp at York. In ſhort, the Minſtrel was regarded as a ſacred character, for before the art of printing, and during its infancy, he was often the only chronicler of battles, ſieges, or the ſtrange mutations, common in times of anarchy and turbulence.

The leviathan of ſteam, although it has done much in offering ſpeedy tranſit to the lovers of the pic-

tureſque, alſo deſtroys the evidences of olden times. In its mighty march it throws to the winds the noble duſt of the honoured dead, uproots Britiſh tumuli, Roman forts and Saxon fortifications; with unſightly ſtride defaces the battle fields of our forefathers, and ſpans with an embrace of iron the wild and ſolitary banks of our noble rivers. No place, however remote, is ſecure from the ruſh and ghoſtly ſcreech of this new invader. "Age ſpares grey Marathon;" but not ſo the railway engineer; and in the midſt of the deſolation, ruined grandeur, and gaunt repoſe of ſome old war worn and venerable pile of ruins, we find a pert modern railway ſtation, looking like a ſuit of armour of the twelfth century, with a Mackintoſh wrapper over it.

As our modern improvements are ſweeping faſt away the relics of the paſt, it behoves us to preſerve its chronicles, whether in rhyme or proſe; for ſooner or later the ancient Ballads will have ceaſed to exiſt, when a new race ſhall have ſprung forth, and peopled the earth in freſhneſs and vigour, the reminiſcences of the Borders periſhing with their forefathers. We may exclaim with the poet, that truly theſe Ballads

are "The abſtract and brief Chronicles of the Time:" we had better have "a bad epitaph after death, than their ill report when living." What would the world have known of good King Arthur, but for the old Ballads? would the character of Edward the Third have appeared in ſo amiable and homely a light, but for the information we glean of him in the "Tanner of Tamworth?" But what ſhall we ſay of the Ballads of Robin Hood, Scarlet and Little John? that Prince of outlaws and his band; from the "Lyttle geſt of Robin Hood," up to the magnificent picture of him in "Ivanhoe;" we find his character ſtill the ſame, open, generous, free and merry, with, at times, a ſpice of the miſchievous. What a mine of information lies in the old Border Ballads! whilſt we read them, the reiving times ſeem to return; chivalry ſtarts forth from her tomb, romance awakens from her nodding trance, and the ſtern and haughty warriors of the Border return in all their panoply and pride.

Well may we ſay with Sir Philip Sidney, "that the reading of Chevy Chaſe hath been to us as of a trumpet ſound." What can be more exquiſite in its pathos than "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament?" the very

words "Balow my Babe," are aſſociated with ſuch touching tenderneſs and woman's love, in ſpite of her deſolation and bereavement, that we look in vain for its equal at the hands of any poet of the preſent day.

Of the Ballads in this collection, I would only obſerve, that if all be not of the firſt order, the kind reader will remember, that the divers of Ceylon cannot hope to meet with a pearl at every plunge. If I have but ſaved a few Ballads from deſtruction, and given them a temporary publicity, the ends for which this collection was made, will have been in part realiſed. The lover of poetry need not look for any graceful expreſſions, or poliſhed tropes and figures in this volume, ſince all will be found like the characters that utter them, rude, wild, and fiery. The poliſhed ſentences of the Pope School of Poetry, would ill accord with ſuch heroes as Lord Hepburn, Sir Gillum, Borthwick, or Loudon Jock. That they might be better expreſſed I diſpute not; but every one will prefer nervous ſimplicity to the over-refined language of a certain ſchool of poets, who "imitate nature moſt abominably," and who cannot give us the racy flavour

of old Sack, though they put nutmeg and ſugar in their mixtures. "Oh divine ſpirit," quoth Phædrus, apoſtrophizing the empty wine caſk, "what muſt thy liquor have been, when the dregs ſmell ſo charmingly!" And ſo ſay we of the ancient Ballads.

Berwick on Tweed,
Nov. 1846.

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Minſtrelſy of the Engliſh Border.

Borthwick's Decree.

THIS Ballad is original. In the vicinity of North Berwick (a ſmall fiſhing town nine miles from Dunbar) riſes North Berwick Law, a ſteep mountain, whoſe height from baſe to ſummit is computed at three miles. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that Borthwick would give his daughter only to that ſuitor who ſhould bear her to the ſummit of the mountain without ſetting her down. To this propoſal the heir of Cockburnſpath joyfully acceded, and the adventure terminated as it has been deſcribed in the ballad. From the top of North Berwick Law a beautiful proſpect

preſents itſelf to the eye. The ſhores of Fife, with Canny Edinbro' may be diſtinctly ſeen. The "Ewe and the Lamb" are two iſolated rocks, not far from the ſhore. The "Baſs" is too well known to require any notice. A ſhort diſtance from the town of North Berwick, on a ſloping cliff, is ſituated a ruined tower, which is ſtill pointed out by the fiſhermen as the abode of the "Manly Borthwick of old."

Such trials of ſtrength as narrated in the ballad were by no means uncommon. In the Iliad, a Grecian King is indebted for his wife to his ſkill in the dance, having "kept the floor" (to uſe a border expreſſion) againſt all competitors, and tired them out.

Borthwick's Decree.

BORTHWICK of North Berwick Law,
Wons in his Seaward Tower—
Which looketh on to the German Sea,
A wild and lanely Bower.

The ſea mew and the ſhrieking gull,
May ſing him to his ſleep,
For the waſh o' the wave comes oure the top
O' Borthwick's auncient keep.

Fair is the winding vale o' Tweed,
Fair is the dawn of day,
Fair is the opening of the ſpring
And ſweet the guſh of May.

But fairer, rarer, ſweeter far,
Is Borthwick's Iſabel,
She hath an eye—a roſy lip,
What tongue her charms can tell.

Up in the morning early oh,
Up in the early morn;
Who lies abed when abroad he may go,
With hounds and hunting horn?

Up roſe the heir of Cockburnſpath,
And a wilfu' youth is he,
"Let there be danger in the way
My true love I'll go ſee."

"Nay, do not go to North Berwick,"
His truſty yeoman ſaid,
"For Borthwick's ſcouts lay on the lea,
To tak thee quick or dead."

"Love gives me ſtrength, love gives me ſpeed,
Love aids me where I go;
Not for his ſcouts will I turn back,
Or lout to them I trow."

He had not gone abune a mile,
A mile or barely three,
When four ſtout hallyons unawares,
Sprung on him from the lea.

And they have bound his arms ahint
With cord and hempen band,
" Does Borthwick treat me in this ſort
Like a thief upon your land?"

" Wha' finds the wolf, or prowling tod
Within the Laird's domain,
Small weight ſhall reſt upon his head
Who hath the vermin ſlain."

" Why do I find thee here, young man,
Thou heir of Cockburnſpath;
To come ſae ſoon when warnit away
Is daurful of our wrath.

" Did I not ſay, a fathers nay,
Forbid thy coming here;
A true man's word ſhould kept thee back,
Why come in ſuch effeir?

" My dochter Iſabel is trothed
To Murray o'Marſhall's Mead,
Why thruſt thy ſelf beneath my ſword,
Why court her for thy greed?"

" Every man may chaſe the hare
So long as runs it free,
Every man drinketh of the Burn
That ſings unto the ſea."

" Every man's no, is not a 'Nay,'
For now and evermore;
I may yet ſwim unto the land
When thruſt out from the ſhore.

" What Murray o' Marſhall Meadows hath,
Do I not hold the ſame?
He hath no more or I enough
Of bravery and fame.

" If he has noble blood and birth,
Strong limbs! why so have I;
If Murray outbrags me at a game
Gude faith then let him try.

" Thy dochter is no ſheep or ſteer
That thou ſhouldſt market her;
I'll bid thee a bode, and give thee a fee,
If thou bringſt her to the fair."

Borthwick he thought awhile, and then
Ettled the laugh in his eye,
Then turn'd to Murray and daffin ſpake
To Cockburn ryghte courteouſly.

" I will not have ye fight this out,
Much better it were, I wiſſe,
To ſet ye both at a trial of ſkill,
In a game of pleaſantneſs.

" The laugh kills not as ſwords can do,
The tongue knit with a jeſt,
Flytes at a ſtab and cannot wound
The body with unreſt.

" Who carries my dochter to Berwick Law,
Here from, and back again;
No let or ſtop upon the ground
Shall have my child for his pain.

" For we come of the manly Borthwicks ſtill,
In the auld and auncient days,
Who better loved the trick o' ſtrength,
Than the dark and bloody ways.

" Call hither my dochter Iſabel,
Now Murray I ſpeak it ſo,
Carry my bairn to North Berwick Law,
Or here thy ſuit forego."

Loud laughed the Lord o' Marſhalls Mead,
" I bear no maid," ſaid he;
" She that is Lady o' my love,
Muſt bear the weight o' me."

" A craven's boaſt is quickly ſaid,"
The heir of Cockburn cried;
" Come Iſabel thou art fit one
That I ſhould make my bride,

" Throw off thy ſhoes my pretty bird,
Thy girdle and pearl necklace;
A pin's point almoſt weighs a pound
Before I end my race.

" For to the top of North Berwick Law,
Is three long miles and more,
And the heavy toil up the mountain ſide
Will make it ſeem a ſcore."

He took her in his manly arms,
And ſtarted in his race,
Never a one who followed him
Could keep up with his pace.

And now he ſung as the banks grew ſteep,
And made him pant and blow;
" Love gives me ſtrength, love gives me ſpeed,
Love aids me where I go.

" Lay ſtill within my arms ſweet luve,
Lay ſtill my Iſabel;
For the gully's deep and the ſcaur is ſteep,
And the diſtance ſt is fell.

" Give me a glance o' thine hazel eye,
When I falter in my race,
Or breathe the breath of thy honey mou'
Upon my heated face."

" Love gives me ſtrength, love gives me ſpeed,"
Undauntedly he ſung;
And wi' the burden o' his ſang
The rocks around him rung.

" Seeſt thou the top of the mountain yet?"
Unto his luve he cried;
" Nothing but heather and ling around,"
Fair Iſabel ſaid and ſighed.

" I ſee the Iſle of May, and the Baſs,
And the Yewe and Lamb in the ſea,
The ſhores o' fife, the Dunbar coaſt,
Wi' canny Edinbrie."

" O Iſabel, I 'gin to faint,
For the way is long and ſteep;"
The pretty maiden bowed her head,
And long, long did ſhe weep.

" O that I were a Bird this once,
But now and for thy ſake,
O Willie ſweet, have courage yet,
And one mair effort make.

" O give me not to Murray's arms,
I'll breathe upon thy face;"
It freſhened him, and he upward ruſhed,
New heartened in the race.

He ſtaggered now, for his legs grew tired,
And his arms were weak as tow;
And as he ſtrove to keep his feet,
He flicker'd to and fro.

" That ever love ſhould not be light,
That ever that form of thine,
Should tire my heart, and ſtouteſt limbs,
And bid my courage tyne."

" O faint not yet, I ſee the top,
And a Saugh tree by a ſtone."
Poor Willie he gathered up his ſtrength,
And his heart ſent forth a groan.

" My Iſabel, my ſtrength does fail,
And the top we have not won;"
" Oh Willie, dear, one ſtruggle mair,
Ere ſtrength and hope are gone."

He clenched his teeth and drew hard his breath,
Like a man to win or die;
Then did he ruſh o'er ſcaur and buſh,
And gained the mountain high!

He gained the Saugh tree, and he placed
Fair Iſabel on a ſtone,
And forward fell upon his face
Wi' a deep and hollow groan.

Borthwick the youth raiſed in his arms,
"He'll come roun' when he's nurſt."—
But the blood cam' ow're poor Willie's lips,
For his very heart had burſt.

* * * *

There's a green grave on North Berwick Law,
And a maniac comes and ſings,
And wi' the burden o' her ſang
The valley 'neath her rings.

"Love gave him ſtrength, love gave him ſpeed,"
So ſings this mad damſel;

" Never a love was yet ſo fayre
But fortune it was fell."

A hunter ranged one early morn,
The top o' Berwick Law,
Wi' her cauld cheek on a caulder ſtane,
Withouten ſtir, withouten moan.
Yon fair Mayden he ſaw.

Seton's Sons.

THIS Ballad is original, and is founded on the following facts. Edward III. having marched into Scotland, laid ſiege to Berwick upon Tweed. The Scots, convinced that the reduction of this town would be the chief aim of the enemy, put it into a complete poſture of defence; and to reſiſt any attack with which it might be threatened, threw into the garriſon a choſen force, headed by Sir William Keith, and Patrick, Earl of Dunbar. The King of England, animated with youthful enthuſiaſm, repaired to the ſcene of action before the walls of Berwick, where he proſecuted the ſiege with great vigour; but finding after the lapſe of a month that the powerful place had no leſs powerful and reſolute defenders, he changed the ſiege into a blockade by ſea and land, and patiently awaited the iſſue. The beſieged ſuffered much from the cutting off of their ſupplies; and after many vigorous but fruitleſs attempts to force a paſſage through their

enemies' lines, they at length made a desperate attack upon the fleet, by which a great portion of the shipping was burnt. In this assault William Seton, the son of the Governor, was drowned, according to some historians, and his brother made prisoner. The brave garrison despised all terms of capitulation, well knowing that Lord Douglas had raised a mighty army, and was marching to Berwick with great expedition; but great was their astonishment to behold Lord Douglas, instead of crossing the Tweed and falling upon the English, proceeding along the coast to attack Bamborough Castle, which having been deemed impregnable, was fixed on by Edward as a residence for his Queen during that stormy period. Lord Douglas had entertained the hope that King Edward's regard for his royal consort would compel him to raise the siege of Berwick and hasten to her assistance; but the English monarch, goaded by hatred and revenge, would not be moved from his determined purpose.

During this time the act took place on which the Ballad is founded; an act which sullies the lustre of Edward's military renown, and fixes an indelible stain on his memory. It is recorded by Buchanan and Boece, and other Scottish writers, as authentic. "Hostages were delivered by the Scots, for the performance of what related to them in the treaty, one of whom was the eldest son of Sir Alexander Seton, who was

Deputy Governor, and who took the command on Keith's reſorting to the camp. King Edward had alſo at this time the youngeſt ſon of Seton, who had been taken priſoner in the aſſault on his ſhipping. The king, ſtrongly impreſſed with the conviction that if the Scottiſh army under Douglas approached Berwick he might fail in the capture of the town, reſolved inſtantly to compel the governor to deliver up the place. And ſoon after Keith departed, Edward inſiſted on the inſtant ſurrender of the town; threatening, if the governor refuſed, to hang his two ſons up at the foot of the ramparts. In vain did Seton remonſtrate with the mercileſs king; for Edward, deaf to all the charges urged againſt him for ſo flagrant a breach of honour and public faith, ordered a gibbet to be erected in full view of the town, to carry into execution his moſt deteſtable threat. Seton in agony, ſtruggling between contending impulſes that put every ſentiment to the teſt, would, it is ſuppoſed, have yielded to nature, and thereby ſaved the lives of his children at the expenſe of his country's honour and his own, had not the mother, with a degree of heroiſm, worthy of a Roman matron, and equal to the greatneſs of the moſt exalted mind, ſtepped forth, and with the moſt forcible eloquence argued to ſupport his principles, and ſuſtain his fainting ſoul. Whilſt the bias of parental affection yet inclined him to relax, ſhe withdrew him from the har-

rowing ſpectacle, that he might preſerve his rectitude, though at the ineſtimable price of his two gallant ſons. Edward, with an unrelenting heart, and a revenge ſtrangely applicable to the age he lived in, put them both to death in ſight of their bereaved parents; and Seton kept poſſeſſion of the town." *Hutchinſon's Hiſtory of Durham and Berwickſhire*, page 497.

Some hiſtorians have queſtioned the truth of this horrid act: but tradition, which is uſually faithful in ſuch ſad caſes, ſtill points out the ſpot where it was perpetrated. It is a conſiderable eminence on the ſouth ſide of the river, a little above the Bridge Well, and has ſince been called "Hang a dyke neuk."

Two human ſkulls are alſo preſerved in the Poor Houſe at Tweedmouth, which have been handed down through many ſucceſſive ages as the ſkulls of the two gallant ſons of Sir Alexander Seton.

Edward's character was a ſtrange compound of "half dirt, half deity," as Byron remarked of Burns—his greateſt glories are eclipſed by his enormous crimes, and the freſhneſs of his lavrels watered with the blood of his ſlaughtered victims. It may be as well to ſtate that Douglas after this bloody deed, marched his army over the Tweed to Hallidon Hill; and eventually there gave battle to the Engliſh: for particulars of which ſee the Ballad entitled "Hallidon Hill."

Seton's Sons, or the Beleaguering of Berwicke.

(Firſt time publiſhed.)

"MY Mither weeps, my mither greets,
And winna comfort tak,
Pray for my ſoule all Chryſtan Men,
For holy Chryſte his ſake.

"I hearde a ſweet bird ſing ſolemnlie,
This ſimmers early morn,
The mavis he lilted, the cuſhat crooued,
Whilſt the laverock cheep'd in the corn.

"The Englyſh Kyng hath broughten ſchyps,
To ding down Berwicke Wa';
They've rowed them up by the ſan ſton ſeel,
And the anchors loot doun fa'.

" They threw ſhotte from the Tweedmouth ſhore
Syne o'er the hill it paſſed,
But my auld feyther laughed at the ſport,
And ſtill the gates held faſt.

" They rowit a ſchyp cloſe to the quay,
And their yardis touchit the wa';
The ſaylor loons cloomb up the ſhrowds,
And along the banks they ſta'.

" But my feyther he loupit out from the ſtane,
That was biggit firmly doun;
I wat he handled the ſaylors ſayre,
And broke the foremoſt croun.

" He fixit a tow, and let in a low
On Kyng Edward's loftie ſchyp;
She lunted in the heaven ſae high,
Then canted in her tryp.

" We made a foray upon their camps,
The brig we barred up well;
How I and my brither Richard got ta'en
Was wycked wark o' hell.

" Hugh Elliot—oh! thouſt dune a deed,
To earn a traytors name,
In heat o' fyght, he cloſed Brig gates,
And left us to be ta'en.

" Kyng Edward now ſwears by the roode,
He'll hang up both ſae high,
Gif my feyther winna Berwicke yield,
The de'il flyte hym ere he flee.

" My mither weeps, my mither greets,
And winna comfort take;
Pray for our ſoules all Chryſtan men,
For holy Chryſte his ſake."

Lady Seton was wauking yet,
And ſat in her lonely bower;
The yewe and the lammie had layd doun to reſt,
But the mither ſhe wept in her tower.

" My luvely lord, why ſorrow ſae,
Gif Yedward will make ſic dinne,
Gyve up the gates o' caud Berwicke
My ſons ſoulis do not ſinne.

" It is my bonnie ſons that lie
In chaynes ſae glum and doure;
It was their voices that I heard
Call on me frae the ſhore.

" They cried, 'Oh! we are baith too young,
To wear halters on our hawſe;
My mither dear, ſpeak for our lives,
Our feyther's no that fauſe.

" 'Let him gie up the Berwicke keys,
When Percy toots his horn,
Or we ſhall die nae faire ſtrae death,
Upon to morrow's morn.'"

Seton he groant in trouble ſair,
As he ſtampit roun the roome:
" What have I done good honey Chryſt,
That thou ſuldſt deal this doome?

" Feeling is ſtrong, but duty more,
What dule ſo e'er it bryng;
How coulde I gie my truſtis uppe
Wi' conſcience to my kyng.

" My name as yet is fayrly dight,
Och then in my laſt breath,
Dinna let's fyle the precious gift
Wi' the ſorn o' a baſe Menteath.

" Better my buirdly ſounes ſuld die,
A thooſand tymes," he ſayd,
" Than lyve and ſee their feyther ſhunned
As a knycht diſhonnered.

" Duty and feelin fecht within,
O then my luvely wyfe,
Never weigh honour on the ſteele,
Againſt diſgracefulle lyfe."

The ladye moant and the ladye wept
Sic byg drops ſhe loot fa',
The pearlis on the Queen her hawſe,
I wat to them were ſma'.

Quo ſhe, and wringt her lily handes,
Like one in trouble ſair;
" Duty is natheleſs hard to thole,
But feeling it is mair.

" We may recover our honour, luve,
But never our ſonnes ſae dear:
A mither's tears will not be held
By any talk or lear."

" Thou reaſonſt falſely, ladye luve,
For honour, it is playne,
Once fyled or miſted with diſtruſte,
Will ne'er grow fayre agayn.

" I will not do it, ſae help me Chryſt,"
Quo he, " I'll keep gude fayth;
I winna yield the Berwicke toun,
Come a' my ſonnes to ſcaith."

She rowed her head in her whyte wymple,
Syne laid it on a buird,
Looked in his eye wi' ſiccan a face,
But never ſpak a word.

He's caſt him doun upon a ſtool,
Sae doure and grym his woe,
The blood ſprang frae his lips ſae whyte,
As he rockit to an fro.

Fytte Second.

KING Edward he had mynſtrels fyve,
And they ſung a' each their ſang;
When he ſoddenle ſtrak the buird wi' his fiſt,
That the Chryſtalrie all rang.

"Gae up intill that auld traytor,
That dwells in yon bear march toun;
Tell him, I redde he tent my words,
Or ere the nicht be dune.

"Lorde Percy this ſhalt thou tell this carle,
I hold his ſonnes in fee,
And if he diſna yield the morn,
Hangit they baith ſall be."

Lorde Percy he roſe frae the buird,
And to Berwicke bent his waye:
"My feyther's ſonne never ſo baſe an errand,
Before this nicht did gàe."

He chappit upon the brigs middle yett,
"I come wi' a worde o' grace,
Sae tak me to your Governor,
For I maun ſee his face."

They blynded his e'en as they gaed up the bank,
And alang the Berwicke wa';
Syne o'er the drawbridge abune the ditch,
And into the caſtle's ha'.

They lifted the bendiſh frae his e'en,
In the banquet ha' ſae high;
"Lord Seton I come to ſave your ſonnes,
Or ſurely maun they die.

"Gin ye yield no the Berwicke keys,
Kyng Edward he has ſworn,
By Chryſt his rood to hang them baith,
As falls the coming morn."

Seton he gaſpit and he girned,
And ſhewed his teeth ſae whyte,
His e'en were glaikit like a man's
That's ſtrycken wi' affryghte.

Quo he, " Lorde Percy, dinna thynk
I ſpeak your lugs to blaw;
But let him ſpare my twa brave ſonnes
And at his feet I'll fa'.

" And wat them wi' theſe happing tears
That waſh my auld auld e'en;
That channel doun theſe wrynkelets,
Gin he will liſt bedeen."

" My bairnies," quo the mither then,
" That I hae kiſt ſae aft,
Canna we ſave them frae their death,
But ſic a pryce we coſt.

" Thare pretty necks I've ſlibber'd ſae:
Ah! Percy, gentil lorde,
To hae them raxed upon a tree,
And ſtrangled wi' a cord!

" O Jeſu! 'tis unkenned the wyte
Upon my herte ſae ſair,
To hang my bairns, or mak their feyther
Diſgracit for ever mair."

" My honour, gentle, gentle lord,
I weepe to mak me blynde,
How ſhall I gyue the keys to him,
And yet my honour fynd?

" My childiren are deere to me,
I've hyked them in theſe arms;
Baith have their mither's voice and feyce,
My blude theyre boſom warms.

" I'll die for them, gif your kyng likes,
And freely do the ſame:
Oh Percy! tell me what to do,
Save them, and ſcaith all blame."

Percy he fidgit to gang awa',
And ſyne he rubbit his e'ee;
" Curſe on the ſtoure, it blynds one ſae,
The de'il a thyng I ſee."

He loukit cannily oot o' the room,
For the leddy ſhe grippit him ſair;
And Seton he bow'd him to the yett,
Syne doun the ramparts ſtayre.

* * * * * * *

They biggit a gallows on hangie dyke neuk,
And the hangman came there betyme,
The cock crow'd loudly o'er the muirs,
" Seton's ſounes, 'tis matin pryme."

The trumpets ſounded out oure the Tweed
Wi' a blaſt o' deadly ſound;
Auld Seton and wyfe gaed up on the wa's,
For theyre ſonnes to death were bound.

They kent the tread o' their gallant bairns
As they cam forth for to dee;
Richard he mounted the ladder fyrſt,
And threw himſelf frae the tree.

William he was his mither's pride,
And he looked ſae bauldly on;
Then kyſt his brithers lyfleſs hands,
When he fand the breath was gone.

" My feyther he looks frae the caſtle wa's,
My mither and friends are there;
To die a cur's death, for na faut ava,
Gude feyth,—but 'tis diſpayr.

"But there's a heaven abune us a',
And a kindly God forbye;
And a burning hell as Edward ſall ken,
When the day comes he maun die.

"My mither weeps and my mither greets,
And winna comfort tak;
Pray for my ſoule all Chryſtan men,
And holy Chryſte his ſake."

He leaped from aff the bitter tree,
And flauchtered in the wynd,
Twa bonnie flowers to wither thus,
And a' for yae man's mind.

* * * * * * *

O! there was a ſhriek roſe in the air,
So wylde, ſo death lyke gien;
A mither's wail for her gallant bairns,
Such ſight was ſeldom ſeen.

It called the grey gull frae the ſea,
For he wiſt his mate had ſpake,
Never a mither in city walled,
Wi' a heart that wadn't break.

Scarce had the breath been out o' their bouks,
When Douglaſs he cam in,
And brought relyf to Berwicke's town,
Wi' fifteen hundred men.

They drave pale Edward o'er the hill,
And burnt his hail ſchipping;
But all the blood could never lyfe
Unto thoſe twa lads bryng.

Douglas he fired ane hoſpital,
And the wounded Engliſh ſhrieked ſair;
"So crys a ratton," ſaid grim Douglaſs,
"When the hindis ſmoke their lair."

He tuke a wealthy merchant wight
With three more o' his countre ſyde;
And ſtringt them up on the ſame gallowes,
Whare Seton's bairnies died.

They proffered him the gude red gold,
But he aye cry'd "Seton's ſonne:
Did ye count down the haill o' Englande's wealth,
Ye ſuld hang till the lyfe were dune."

Halidon Hill.

THIS ballad, which I have remodelled in a great measure, firſt appeared in a local Poem, entitled "Widdrington, or a tale of Hedgely Moor;" publiſhed at Alnwick in 1827, by John Hall. It is almoſt a continuation of the events immediately following the hanging of "Seton's Sons." The incident on which the ballad is founded is gleaned from the Hiſtory of Berwick on Tweed, which ſpeaks as follows: "On the 18th of July, Lord Douglas marched his army over the Tweed, and encamped at a place called Dunſe Park, Bothill or Bothule. The Engliſh occupied Hallydown Hill, a very conſiderable eminence, about two miles and a quarter north-weſt from Berwick. The high ground fully commanding a proſpect of all the approaches to the town, afforded a moſt advantageous poſition for attacking an enemy advancing

againſt it from the Scottiſh ſide. The Scotch army was formed into four grand bodies, and according to ſome writers amounted to 68,000, but this is doubted. The number of King Edward's is not poſitively ſtated by any author; but many hiſtorians are of opinion, that the two contending parties were nearly equal.

When both armies were ready to commence the attack, the ſhock of battle was for a ſhort time ſuſpended by the appearance of a Scotchman of gigantic ſize, who had obtained the name of Turnbull, on account of a magnanimous exploit, by which King Robert Bruce was reſcued from the attacks of a wild bull that had unhorſed him while hunting.

Turnbull, accompanied by a great maſtiff, ſallied forth with great ſtrides, and approaching the Engliſh army with an invincible air, challenged any perſon in it to cloſe with him in ſingle combat. After the ſhort pauſe which ſuch a novel occurrence cauſed, the challenge was accepted by Sir Robert Benhall, a young Nottinghamſhire knight. Though inferior in ſtature to the Scottiſh champion, yet he was of ſurpriſing bodily ſtrength, and ſurpaſſed by none for his adroitneſs in military achievements. The maſtiff, with the utmoſt ferocity darted forward, but the undaunted knight dealing him a ſkilful blow upon the loins with his ſword, cut him in two.

The Scotch hero was advancing, when Benhall, with

singular agility eluded the weighty blows aimed at him, and firſt cutting off the left arm of his antagoniſt, then ſtruck off his head."

Sir Walter Scott, in his dramatic ſketch of Halidown Hill, has given every information connected with the battle, yet as it may not be in the recollection of every reader, I have ſubjoined the following:

"Notwithſtanding this diſaſter (the defeat of Turnbull, called in the dialect of the Border Trummell), the Scottiſh army made a vigorous effort to gain the ſummit of the hill. To animate their troops, and to render the danger equal, the leaders diſmounted, but the impetuoſity with which they aſcended the ſteep put them out of breath. The Engliſh archers, who were ſtationed on different parts of the hill, poured down ſhowers of arrows on the cloſe battalions of the Scotch troops, which made a ſhocking ſlaughter amongſt them; they alſo ſuffered greatly from the rolling down of large ſtones from the height, and in a ſhort time were thrown into confuſion. The Engliſh commander perceiving this, ordered their ſpearmen and men at arms inſtantly to attack them, by which being preſſed, breathleſs and diſpirited, multitudes fell victims to their mercileſs opponents. This forced the Scots to retreat, but they rallied again with great bravery, and returned to the field, firmly maintaining the conflict, until Douglas, their General, was

mortally wounded with a ſpear, which fatal cataſtrophe reaching the ears of the Scottiſh force, they became panic ſtruck, and a total rout enſued. The carnage that followed was dreadful; for the ſervants intruſted with the care of the horſes fled, leaving their maſters behind a prey to the devouring ſword of a conquering foe. Edward commanded in perſon a choſen brigade of cavalry, and archers equipped on horſeback, attended by Lord Darcy, with his Iriſh troops, led on the purſuit, and concluded the ſlaughter; ſo that the country for the diſtance of five miles from the field of battle, was ſtrewed with the carcaſſes of the ſlain. The Engliſh hiſtorians ſet forth that the Scots loſt on that fatal day 8 earls, 90 knights, 700 eſquires, and 35,000 private men. But it is juſtly doubted whether the Scottiſh army amounted to ſo many, as party writers always ſwell the numbers of the foe, to make their victory the greater. Several, however, of the Scotch nobility and gentry were taken priſoners, and Boece charges Edward with the crime of having put them barbarouſly to death the day after the battle. Douglas before he fell diſplayed many ſtriking proofs of true bravery and diſtinguiſhed heroiſm; the ſpot where he fell is to this day called Douglas Dyke. The day after the battle, the town and caſtle was ſurrendered to Edward, who faithfully obſerved the terms of capitulation. He remained ſome days in Berwick, to refreſh himſelf and his army, and ordered a public thankſgiving to be

obſerved throughout his dominion; and as a further monument of pious gratitude, he made a donation of 80*l.* per annum to the Ciſtercian Nuns, near to whoſe convent the battle was fought; together with complete reſtoration of all damages done to the Conventual Church, and other buildings. 'Thus,' ſays Ridpath, 'affecting, like moſt other conquerors, to draw heaven to his party, and to regard the ſucceſs attending an unjuſt enterpriſe as a proof of the peculiar favour of the Deity.' "

This ballad, therefore, appears in a new dreſs, and if it throws any light on the barbarous and ſtormy times when might prevailed over right, the author is ſatisfied. In the words of the pſalmiſt, "The owl ſhall hoot from the houſe of the ungodly, and the hare pillow on the hearth of the unrighteous." Such in a great meaſure has been the fate of the caſtles of theſe barons of the Border.

The Convent of Ciſtercian Nuns, ſpoken of in the above extracts, is now ſwept from the earth, and not a ſtone left upon another; ſo true it is that time ſpares neither the altar nor the hold of the tyrant. What a contraſt a walk on a mild ſummer's evening now preſents to the ſavage ſlaughter and bloodſhed at the time of the battle. The ſheep graze contentedly on the fatal field; and the "Kye" rowte in the twilight by the "Douglas Dyke."

Halidon Hill.

IT was the Engliſh kept the hill,
O' Halidon from the foe;
The men were huſhed, the ſteeds were ſtill,
The arrows reſted in the bow.

When lo! from out the Scottiſh ranks,
A giant warrior ſtrode amain;
A bloodhound followed at his heels,
And Trumball was the champion's name.

A battle axe was ower his arm,
His gluve of ſteel he drew,
And offer'd there to abide the ſtroke
Of a Southron leal and true.

Two yardis was this Scot in length,
Bound on his mail was a red bulls hide,
He ſtood the Southron ranks before,
And all their mighty hoſt defied.

Sir Benhal was the boldeſt knight
That ever rode at the ring;
He heard the ſtalwart champion's brag,
And ſaw his challenge fling;

He rode his charger down the field,
Where Trumball ſtalked in pride;
"I'll hang thy gauntlet on my ſhield,
And one tilt with thee ride.

"On either ſide no ſoldier move,
We'll fight this hand to hand;
Thy manhood for thy Scottice king,
And mine for fayre Englande."

Glowered the Scot down on his foe:
"Ye coof I cam not here to ride;
But ſyne tis ſo, gie me a horſe,
I'll curry thee thine Engliſh hide."

Quod Benhal, "I cam to fight a Man,
And not a blude maſtyff,—
Were ye a Man and no a pup,
Saynt Bride I had as lief."

"Foam not or fret, thou baby knicht,
Put ſome food in thy wame,
For thou art but the champion
Of ſome fond Norfolk dame.

"My dog ſhall ſhake thy ſilken hide,
Thy brainis prove his fee,
Gif in that bagie ſkull of thine
There any brainis be."

"Thou art a bragging piece of clay,
Sae fyrſtwiſe prove thy threat;"
Loud geckit Trummall as he cried
"I'll mak' thee haggiſh meat."

They wheel't the ſteeds, more ground to gain,
Each drew back from his man;
And thro' the ranks like bumming bees,
A fizzlet whiſper ran.

They blew the trumpet loud and ſtrang,
Each knicht the ſignal knew ;
The ſpurs ſtrak deep, the courſers lap,
And o'er the moor they flew.

Like wind and water meeting fierce,
Sae was the overthrow,
The thud ſae mighty that it ſhook
The hurl ſtanes on the knowe.

To flynders flew the aſhen ſpear,
And low upon the heath,
Baith knichts and horſes rolling lay ;
And hauding in the breath.

Doure Trumball from the heath aroſe,
A knicht full ſtell was he and ſteer;
Tho' bruiſed in limb, his charger ſlain,
And broken his guid border ſpear:

But yet his Scottiſh heart was gude,
For Scottiſh hearts are bold and true,
He raiſed his mighty battle axe,
And to Sir Richard nearer drew.

Sore ſhook, Sir Benhal onward came,
His hand his father's faulchion bore;
A ſword well known in fields o' France,
In bloody Border raids of yore.

Gude need had he for truſty brand,
For Trumball was ſupple and tall;
Wha' oft when fighting hand to hand
Made mighty warriors fall.

"Come on ye coof," was Trumballs cry,
Quod Benhal, "Your heart is falſe,
What think ye of our Engliſh pups,
Now that ye feel their claws?"

Trumball he hounded on his dog,
"My bull ſlayer ſeize his throat;"
The dog leaped high, but with one wide ſweep
Sir Benhal the bloodhound ſmote.

Sair foamed the Scotſman, when he ſaw
His bonny hound lie dead,
His huge axe whiſtled in the air,
And ſwung around his head.

Sir Benhal ſtaid not for the bat,
But he lap within his guard,
Knocked out his teeth with his ſwords pommell;
And wow, ſirs, it was hard.

Twas thruſt and blow, and heavy dunts,
And round the Scotſman's mail
Sir Benhal's ſword ſhed levin ſparks,
Like ſhowers o' winters hail.

Strove Trumball often in his rage
To grapple the Southron Knight;
Benhal was tentie and kent full well,
Sic wark wad end the fight.

Keen were the blows from Benhal's ſteel,
They rang on Trumball's mail;
Who ſtacchring feebly ſeemed to reel,
As tho' his ſtrength did fail.

He heaved his axe for a mighty blow,
And ſtruck at the ſouthron's hide;
Never another Sir Bernal wad ſeen,
Gin had he not lap aſide.

The axe fell wi' an awſome craſh,
But the Engliſher ſhun't the blade,
It dotheret to yird, and in the mool
An awfu' chaſm made.

Benhal he hewed ſae fierce and fell,
Trumball's right hand went down,
And wi' another awſome paik
He cloured him o'er the crown.

The Scotſman, like Faſt Caſtle fell
Sae heavy, ſae laing and doure;
He grip'd Sir Benhal wi' his tae arm,
And they roll'd upon the moor.

Never again had Benhal ſeen,
His lands in Leiceſterſhire;
But death it ſtayed the ſtrangling graſp
Kept by that buirdly fere.

Sir Benhal he cut off his muckle head,
And he blew on his bugle horn;
And he turned away to the Engliſh ranks,
Wi' his mailing rent and torn.

The Ladye of Barmoor.

THIS Ballad is original. Tradition has tranſmitted from age to age the ſuperſtitious belief that Lowick Moor, and the grounds adjacent, are the ſcenes of the midnight gambollings and revelries of the "wondrous hare of Barmoor." The Ladye of Barmoor was ſuppoſed to have dealings with the fairies, or with the common enemy of mankind.

Under various forms the witches of the Border delighted to ſport. There were Bogles, Bargeials, Brownies, Kelpies, Water Linkeys, and a hoſt of other ſpirits all wickedly inclined; and ſeldom did any Robin Goodfellow or laughing Puck viſit the brown heaths, rifted dells, and ſullen ſtreams of the Cheviots. The Hare of Barmoor, though not actually miſchievous, ſeemed to have a ſpice of "Cutty Sark" in her compoſition. The "Brag," was an apparition that appeared in various ſhapes, and would ſeem to have been a local ſpirit. In the Wanderings through Northum-

berland, occurs the following paſſage. "It became neceſſary for me to procure the beſt local authority and information on the ſubject, and an old woman, ninety years of age, living near the ſpot, was univerſally referred to as knowing moſt about it; and her depoſition is therefore given verbatim: ſhe ſaid 'I never ſaw the Brag *very diſtinctly*, but I often heard it; it ſometimes appeared like a calf with a white handkerchief about its neck, and a buſhy tail. It came alſo like a galloway, or more often like a coach horſe, and went trotting along the lonin (lane) before folks, makin a greet nicker (laugh), and a whinney now and then: and it came frequently like a dickaſs, and it always ſtopped at the pond at the four lonin ends.

"'My brother once ſaw it, like four men holding up a white ſheet: I was then ſure ſome relation was going to die, which was very true. My huſband once ſaw it in the ſhape of a naked man without his head. I knew a man of the name of Bewick, that was ſo frightened that he hanged himſelf for fear on't. Whenever the midwife was ſent for, it always appeared in the ſhape of a galloway. Dr. Harriſon would not believe in it, but he met it one night as he was going home, and it amaiſt killed him; but he never would tell what happened, and did never like to talk of it, and whenever the Brag was mentioned, he ſat tremblin and ſhakin by his fireſide.

"'My uncle had a white ſuit of clothes, and whenever he put them on he alway met the Brag; and he never had them on afterwards but he always met with ſome misfortune: and once when he met the Brag, having his white ſuit on (being a bold man, and having been at a Chriſtening), he got on the Brag's back, but when he came to the lonin ends it joggled him ſair, that he could hardly keep his ſeat, and at laſt it threw him off into the middle of the pond, and with a great nicker ran away.

"'But this I know to be true, when my father was dying, the Brag came up the lonin like a coach and ſix, and gave a great yell, ſo that the houſe ſhaked, when my father died—and then it went clattering away, and gallopin down the lonin as if yeven and yerth were thegither.'" Sir Walter Scott ſpeaking of the Bar Geiſt as a "freakiſh goblin who delights rather to vex and torment mankind than ſeriouſly to hurt them," mentions Shellycot as one of this claſs, "who reſides in the waters, and has given his name to many a rock and creek on the Scottiſh coaſt." The Bar Geiſt was a frequent attendant on the midwife, following her ſometimes in the ſhape of a dog, a *hare*, a monkey, or a little deformed man, to the dwelling of the good woman who was about to make an addition to her family: where he uſed to chatter and mow at the window, and imitate in a ludicrous manner the

converſation of the goſſips, and the cries of the good lady in the ſtraw.

Sixty years ago the country people of Hedley, (a ſmall village in Northumberland,) were frequently annoyed by the pranks of a Bogle, called the Hedley Kow. His appearance was never terrific, but like the *Bar Geiſt* of Sir W. Scott, he uſually ended his frolics with a hoarſe laugh, to the fear and aſtoniſhment of thoſe on whom he played the trick.

To an old woman gathering ſticks on the road ſide he would appear in the likeneſs of a *fad*, or truſs of ſtraw lying in the road; this the old dame would generally take poſſeſſion of, but in carrying it home, it would become ſo heavy that ſhe would be compelled to lay it down. The ſtraw would then appear as if quick; would riſe upright and ſhuffle away before her, ſwinging firſt to one ſide and then the other, every now and then ſetting up a laugh, or giving a ſhout, in the manner of a country dancer when he *knacks* his heels and ſnaps his fingers at the turn of the dance; and at laſt wholly vaniſhing from her ſight.

Two young men belonging to Ebcheſter went out one night to meet their ſweethearts, and on arriving at the appointed place they ſaw their two girls, as they imagined, walking before them a ſhort diſtance; the girls continued to walk onward for two or three miles, and the young men to follow without being able to

overtake them. They quickened their pace, but ſtill the young women kept before them; at length when the lovers found themſelves up to the knees in a quagmire, the girls ſuddenly diſappeared with a very unfeminine "Ha! ha!"

The vagaries and miſchievous ſports of the various ſpirits that were wont to linger among the dells of the Cheviots, are quoted to explain the verſes in the following ballad, beginning with the "Cattle fall ſick, &c."

The original ſtory of Tam o' Shanter was ſomething of the ſame nature as the Hare of Barmoor. According to a verſion of the traditional ſtory of Kyle, Tam o' Shanter ſeeing, amongſt other ſhapes at the auld kirk of Alloway, a fine hare, fired at it, and to his ſurpriſe on reaching home, he found the gude wife dead in her bed, with the mark of a bullet in her breaſt. Barmoor ſtands one mile weſt from Lowick (an irregular village of mean houſes); it was the caſtle of one Sir William Muſchamp, in the reign of Edward I. William Muſchampe, who afterwards held it, was high ſheriff of the county, in the reign of James I. Here the Lord Marchers aſſembled a body of 10,000 troopers, for the purpoſe of attacking the Scots, who had ſlain a party of Engliſh near Roxburgh. This was in Henry Vth's reign. Surry and his ſon ſlept at Barmoor the night after the battle of Flodden. Woodend Wood, where he encamped

before the battle, is at the extremity of the pariſh, and is now overgrown with a few ſtunted fir trees, hazel buſhes and nettles. A mile to the ſouth is Watch Law, (a lofty hill that overlooks the vale of Flodden, as the road ſinks with a great deſcent to the village of Ford,) where Surry obſerved the motions of his antagoniſt.

Bowſdon ſtands two miles north-weſt of Lowick, a ſmall cluſter of houſes; according to tradition, a Scotchman ſtrayed into the ſteading with a halter in his hand, and his anſwers to the queſtions put to him were ſo unſatisfactory, that they hanged the unfortunate Scot on a tree by the way ſide with his own halter, which gave riſe to the country ſaying "a Bowſen tippet to the man wha canna clear himſel."

Doddington ſtands in the vale of Till, three miles from Wooler. Weetwood is on the north banks of the ſame ſtream, a ſmall diſtance from Horton Caſtle.

And the blood fell dreeping upon a ſcroll.

A compact with the devil it would ſeem was not binding, until it had been ſigned with blood taken from the perſon's arm.

Felton and Morpeth, and Hexham bullies,
Have courſed her in vayn by the faire daylighte.

The hounds of Northumberland have ever been held in great eſteem by ſportſmen, for their ſtaunch

courage and unmatched fleetneſs. On one occaſion, the following extraordinary chaſe happened to two foxhounds, belonging to a gentleman near Morpeth. He threw off his pack on a covert near Morpeth, when on beating the buſh, a fox was unkennelled on the flank of the rear foxhounds. They doubled upon him with their uſual eagerneſs, and after a ſpirited chaſe loſt ſcent; but the two leading hounds were miſſing, and neither came up at the huntſman's voice nor the ſound of the bugle. The fox raced towards Rothbury Foreſt, where it was ſeen purſued by the hounds; here he was headed off, and then took his courſe for a ſtrong earth on Simonſide hill; from whence, being hard purſued, he ran northward, and croſſed the Coquet at Cragwell, where he expected to find an aſylum. Being diſappointed, he made towards Thornton Crag, and eventually ſtretched away to the Cheviots. In the evening, a ſhepherd on the ſkirts of that mountain, heard the cry of the hounds at a diſtance, and ſhortly afterwards ſaw a fox coming towards him at a ſlow pace, and two hounds a few yards behind him, running abreaſt, and yelping forth a feeble cry. The ſhepherd held his ear, and continued ſilent until the fox was caught by the hounds, when they tumbled down and fell upon, but from utter exhauſtion, were unable to worry him. The ſhepherd ſprung forward to the ſpot, graſped Reynard by the bruſh, and pulled him forward

for the purpoſe of deſpatching him, but he was already on the point of expiring. As ſoon as the hounds were a little recovered, the ſhepherd took them to his cottage, and gave them the beſt it afforded. At Wooler market the hounds were cried, and the owner hearing of it, ultimately recovered his hounds. The zigzag courſe they had run in the race, was computed at ſeventy miles; and what is remarkable, the fox ſeemed perfectly acquainted with all the ſtrongholds in his paſſage. *Mackenzie's Northumberland*, &c.

But I'll kittle her lug with a ſilver ſlug.

Silver was ſuppoſed to kill a witch or any charmed perſon, when lead had loſt its efficacy. Claverhouſe was ſuppoſed by the Covenanters to have been ſhot with a ſilver bullet at the paſs of Killikrankie.

Ancroft Church is the burial ground, &c.

The village of Ancroft is a ſmall collection of houſes five miles from Berwick. The church, an ancient edifice with a ſquare tower, from the middle of which an aſh tree grows, (rather an unuſual ornament for a ſteeple), is ſupported on an arch, where its roots are ſuſtained by the decay and moiſture of the wall; it is a chapelry to the vicarage of Holy Iſland, the dean and chapter being its patrons.

The Lady of Barmoor.

THE Ladye of Barmoor donned her gear,
And left her couch one early morn;
Her lord and her little bairn's aſleep,
Oh why, does that Ladye look forlorn,
Why early riſe to the hunter's horn?

She has left behint her the fayre caſtell,
And over lone Lowick Moor went ſhe;
Nor ever ſhe halted or drew in her ſtep,
Untill in a glen by a blaſted bour tree
Awaiting her coming a wight you may ſee.

They made a bargain 'twixt them twain,
Down and adown in that grewſome glen;
That paction to know, wad her huſband be fain,
But never 'twas known to the ſons o' men;
The toad was a witneſs, the corby and wren.

The wight he was not like a woman's ſon,
A bogle or ſpectre moſt like he;
Tho' ſnell was the wind and cauld the morn,
A low from his mouth burnt furiouſly,
And flaſhes o' levin ſhot out frae his e'e.

What ſaid they there, that awfu' pair,
Knew never a man that owned a ſoul;
The ladye wi' bodkin ſhe wounded her arm,
And the blood fell dreeping upon a ſcroll,
For ink, ſome of it, theſe twaſome ſtole.

The Lady ſhe gaed awa home thro' the broom:
Her marrow, I ween, flew up in the air;
Oh! his was a lightſome journey to gò,
To be borne aloft in a morning ſo fayre,
And to fly wi' out wings ſure wond'rous were.

O he ſailed along the lift in glee,
Tho' fiery breath he aiblins drew,
"A witch on this earth is another for me;"
As o'er the fenny bogs he flew,
A flame outſhot, and he vaniſhed from view.

* * * * *

There is a hare by Doddington,
That flies ſo faſt no dogs can catch;
A hare on Lowick Moor there is,
No living thing with her may match,
So ſwift o'er dub and dyke can ſhe ratch.

It plays on Barmoor bents in glee,
And fliſks on Kyloe's hills ſae green,
It gives the double unto the dogs,
Runs them a courſe, then—never is ſeen:
Baith greyhounds and huntſmen glunch and grane.

She diſtanced Gregſon's o' Lowlinns dog,
The pride of the north, on the Lucker lea;
Dinning's of Newlands ran into a drain;
And the beſt o' Till Side and the countery:
Now cloſe to the hounds, then a furlong is ſhe.

For the Coldſtream dogs are ſlow in pace,
And ſhe ſheweth in ſcorn her ſcut ſo white;
Felton and Morpeth, wi' the Heham bullies,
Have courſed her in vain in the broad daylight;
But ſhe leaves them to curſe in rage and ſpite.

Down by Ford Caſtle, and Crookham Town,
Out oure the hills o' red Flodden field,
Has travelled the fame of this hare's renown;
To man or a greyhound ſhe never will yield,
Tho' her form is made on a ruſhy bield.

The kye fall ſick, and the milking maids
Work at the kurn, but nae butter appears;
The farmer returning from market, he wades
Thro glaure, and follows a light that he nears,
When ſwith—in a bog hole he's oure to the ears.

The green corn is bittled flat down on the lea,
And it rains three days in the week, or more;
The murrain and water deſtroy the flocks,
And the fiſher's cobles and nets on the ſhore,
Are ſwept away by the ocean's roar.

Hearken what Watty of Bowſen has done,
He bade the Prieſt his greyhound bleſs;
He took a dollar o' Spaniſh ſilver,
And caſt it intill a bullet no leſs:
" Nor ſteel or lead will harm her," he ſaid;

" But I'll kittle her lugs in a ſilver ſlug,
A charm againſt witchcraft her hide ſall dreſs."

They ſet up the hare on Barmoor Fell,
Ere o'er Weſtwood ſank the ſun;
Stout Watty he looſed his dog from the leaſh,
" In God his name now run."
But the hare ſhe boggled awhile in her ſpeed,
As tho her ſtrength were done.

She doubled his hound on the Limeſtone Rig,
And away for the moor ſhe came;
Watty o' Bowſen he levelled his gun,
Tho' his hand ſhook ſore as he looked down the [bore,
And perdi he took gude aim.

So true his look and the ſhot he took,
From her breaſt the white fur flew;
When ſhe canted over upon the bent,
And vaniſhed from their view;
Nor more of the hare o' Barmoor Fell,
Theſe hunters ever knew.

* * * * *

The Baron o' Barmoor went to his room,
To tak his evening reſt,
His Ladye lay dead upon the bed,
With the foul fiend grinning abune her head,
With a bullet mark in her breaſt!

Ancroft Church is the burying place,
O' Barmoor's Barons bold;
No grave is dug in that holy yard,
Nor burial knell is knolled.
That Lady is buried where four roads meet;
A ſtake through her heart for unchriſtian life,
And a bible at her feet.

The Laidley Worm o' Spindleſton Heugh.

THIS Ballad was made by the old Mountain Bard Duncan Fraſer of Cheviot, who lived A.D. 1320, and was firſt printed ſome years ago from an ancient MSS. by Robert Lambe, Vicar of Norham. That it is authentic the ſtyle and rude nervous rhyme ſufficiently indicate: for its popularity I can well avouch, as I have often heard it in my wanderings through the country of Bamborough, ſung by the fiſhermen's wives, or the bondagers in the field.

Bamborough Caſtle, the ſcene of the preſent ballad, ſtands on the crown of a lofty rock, triangular in figure, one of its points projecting into the ſea: and many of the buildings being on the very brink of the rock. The view from the ſea is extremely impoſing, the caſtle being nearly 150 feet in perpendicular height above the level of low water mark. Spindleſton ſtands

on the eaſt ſide of the burn called the Warn; this has been a military poſt of ſome conſequence, the traces exiſt of an entrenchment of a circular form, and fortified with a triple ditch and vallum.

Ida, King of Northumberland, is ſaid to have firſt fortified this rock. On the converſion of the Saxons a chapel was erected within the walls, dedicated by King Oſwald to Saint Aidan. Hoveden, who wrote about the year 1192, ſays, "Bebba is a verie ſtronge citie, but not exceedingly large; containing not more than two or three acres of ground: on the top of the hill ſtands a fair church, and in the weſtern point is a well of verie clear water," which, with poetic truth we may conſider as the well of the Spindleſton Worm.

This ancient fortreſs has furniſhed hiſtory with many memorable events; and it is impoſſible not to be deeply intereſted whilſt gazing on the towering and lofty battlements where King Ida held his court.

There is ſomething inexpreſſibly tender in the lines,

Oh quit thy ſword, unbend thy brow, &c.

In the ballad as originally printed the line ſtood thus, "and bend thy bow;" but as it is clear the text ſhould be "unbend thy brow," I have taken the liberty of making the emendation. To quit the ſword and bend the bow, were contradictory commands.

The Laidley Worm o' Spindleſton Heugh.

THE King is gone from Bambro' Caſtle:
Long may the Princeſs mourn,
Long may ſhe ſtand on the Caſtle wall,
Looking for his returne.

She has knotted the keys upon a ſtryng,
And wi' her ſhe has them taen,
She has caſt them oure her left ſhoudher,
And to the Caſtle ſhe is gane.

She trippit out, ſhe trippit in,
She tript into the yard;
But it was more for the King his ſake,
Than for the Queen's regarde.

It fell out on a day, the Kinge
Brought his Quenis home;
And all the Lords in the north countrie
To welcome them did come.

"Oh, welcome, my father," the damſel cries,
"Agayn to your halls and bowers;
And ſo are you, my fayre ſtep mother,
For all theſe things are yours."

Out cried a Lord, while the damſel ſpake,
"This Princeſs of the north
Surpaſſes all her maiden feres
In beauty and in worth."

The envious Queen out cried at laſt,
"You mought have excepted me;
But in a little I'll bring this mome
Down to a low degree.

"I will her liken to a Laidley Worm,
That warps about the ſtone,
And not till Childe Wynd cometh back,
Shall ſhe again be won."

The Princeſs ſtood at the bower door,
Laughing, wha ſuld her blame?
But ere the next day's ſun wente downe,
A lang worm ſhe became.

For ſeven miles eaſt, and ſeven miles weſt,
And ſeven miles north and ſouth,
No blade of graſs or corn would grow,
So deadly was her mouth.

The milk of ſeven ſtreakit cows,
It was their coſt to keep,
They brought her dayly, whyche ſhe drank
Before ſhe wente to ſleepe.

At this day might be ſeen the cave
Where ſhe lay faulded up,
And the trough o' ſtone—the very ſame,
Out of which ſhe did ſup.

Word wente eaſt, and word wente weſt,
Word is gone ower the ſea;
That a Laidley Worm in Spindleſton Heugh,
Would ruin the North Country.

Word went eaſt, and worde went weſt,
Worde oure the ſea did go;
Childe Wynd, he got a wyte of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called ſtraight to him his merry men all,
They thirty were and three;
" I wiſh I were at Spindleſton Heugh,
This deadly worm to ſee."

" We have no time here for to waſte,
Let's oure the ſalt ſeas ſail;
My only ſyſter burd Margaret
Some ſickneſs haplys ail."

They built a ſhip without delay,
Wi' maſts of the rowan tree;
Wi' fluttering ſails of ſylk ſo fine,
And ſet her on the ſea.

They went on burd withouten ſtop,
The wind blew oure the ſea;
At length they ſpied a huge ſquare towèr,
Upon a rock ſo high.

The ſea was calm, and the lift was clear,
When they ſailed coaſtyng nigher,
King Ida's caſtell they wot it was,
And the banks of Bambroughſhire.

The Queen looked out o' her bower ſae fyne,
To ſee what ſhe ſhould ſee;
There ſhe eſpyed a gallant ſhyp
Sailing upon the ſea.

When ſhe beheld the ſilken ſails,
Full glancing in the ſun,
To ſink the ſhyp ſhe ſent awa'
Her witches every one.

Their gramarye was all vain,
Before the Queen they ſtood;
Crying "Witches have no power,
Where there is rowan tree wood."

She ſtormed in rage, and ſent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ſhyp—
Childe Wynd drove them away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She plaited round the ſtane,
And aye, as the ſhyp cam to the land,
She banged it off again.

The Childe he ſailed his ſhyp from her reach,
And ran it on Budley ſand;
And jumping into the ſea ſhallows,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry brown ſword,
And laid it on her head,
And ſwore gif ſhe did harm agayn,
That he would ſtryk her dead.

"O quit thy ſword, unbend thy brow,
And give me kiſſes three;
For though I am a poiſonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

"O quit thy ſword, unbend thy brow,
And give me my kiſſes three;
If I'm not won ere the ſun goes downe,
Won ſhall I never be."

He quitted his ſword, and ſmoothed his brow,
He gave her kiſſes three;
She crept untill the hole a worm,
And came out a fayre ladye.

No weeds had on this fayre ladye,
To keep her from the cold,
He took his mantil from him about,
And on her did it fold.

He has taen his mantil him about,
And in it he wrap'd her in,
And they are up to Bamborough towers
As faſt as they can win.

The King had mourned her ſerpynt ſhape,
No remedie could fynd;
But glad he was when he ſaw her come,
Along with tall Childe Wynd.

He ſought the Queen, and ſoon her found,
All payle and ſore afrayd,
Becauſe ſhe knew her power muſt fayl,
Before Childe Wynd's, who ſaid;

" Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayſt thou dee;
As thou haſt likened my ſiſter dear,
So likened ſhalt thou be.

" For I will turn thee into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend,
And won, won, ſhalt thou never be,
Till this world have an end."

He ſprinkled her with three drops o' th' well,
In her palace where ſhe ſtood;
When ſhe grovelled down upon her belly,
A foul and loathſome toad.

And on the lands near Ida's towers,
A loathſome toad ſhe crawls;
And venom ſpits on every thing
Which cometh to the walls.

The virgins all of Bamborough town
Will ſwear that they have ſeen
This ſpiteful toad of monſtrous ſize,
Whilſt walking on the green.

Nor dwells a wight in Bambroughſhire,
But ſwears the ſtory's true;
And they all run to Spindleſton,
The rock and cave to view.

This fact now Duncan Frazer
Of Cheviot ſings in rhyme,
Leſt Bambroughſhire men ſhould forget,
This act of Ida's time.

Mordyngton's Chaſe.

THIS ballad appears in print for the firſt time. There is a German ballad by Monk Lewis on the ſame ſubject, entitled Lindor's Hunt. The German Sabbath Breaker is dealt with in a more lenient manner than our ſturdy Borderer. The Mordyngton who is repreſented as the hero of the ballad was one of the Mordyngtons of Mordyngton, the lands of which lay to the ſouth of Lamberton. It conſtituted one of the original poſſeſſions of the Coldingham Monks, and the Saxon or Norman emigrant, who held them of the latter in feu, took the name of Mordyngton.

William de Mordyngton or Bondington, as his deſcendants deſcribe themſelves in contemporary chronicles, held the high office of Cancellarius, or Chancellor of Scotland, during the reign of Alexander the Second. He granted the Monks of Coldingham a fiſhing water in the Tweed called Schipwell. This charter with its round ſeal, bearing the figure of an armed man on

horſeback is ſtill preſerved in the archives of Durham. He alſo appears as witneſs to ſome of the charters granted to the Priory by Patrick Earl of Dunbar, between the years 1182 and 1232.

In 1249, two months previous to the death of Alexander the Second, he was one of the twelve knights appointed to hold a meeting for aſcertaining the laws of the marches between the two kingdoms, and enforcing their obſervance. Petrus de Mordyngton took the oath of allegiance to Edward the Firſt, at Berwick, 12th of June 1294. After a variety of ſucceſſes and depreſſions the lands of Mordyngton ultimately went to the celebrated Black Agnes, Counteſs of Dunbar, the heir of Mordington's ſiſter, who fell at the battle of Neville's Croſs.

The laſt deſcendant of this border family engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, and only eſcaped the axe through ſome flaw in the indictment. He died without iſſue; and the lands of Mordyngton paſſed into another family. The Church mentioned in the ballad, is a gloomy little cemetery ſtudded with moſs-covered monuments in its burial ground.

The names of the hunters mentioned in the ballad are all gentlemen in the immediate neighbourhood, and renowned for their ſporting qualities.

Mordyngton's Chaſe.

MORDYNGTON ſtood upon Halidon Hill
One early Sabbath morn;
Albeit the day, his heart was gay,
For he wad go chaſe wi' hounds and horn.
His chaplayne's advice and his ſoulis price
Mordyngton laughed to ſcorn.

There's Marſhall and Robertſon o' the lees,
Scremerſton's Birkie, and Smith o' Ford Hill,
Carnegie of Edrom mounts in the breeze,
Wi' huntſmen and hounds the fox to kill;
The bells o' Berwick and Foulden rung,
"Come away to the matins," they jowled and ſung.

But little I ween cared Mordyngton
For Sabbath bells or chaplayne's prayer;
"I have," quo' he, "a church of my own,

Chaplaynes, go mumble your havers there;
A book-boſomed prieſt ſall not hinder my ſport,
Or baulk my billies for ſake o' a prayer."

With a whoop and halloo, away he flew,
On his charger adown the lea;
The fox is ſoon found, and is now in view,
"Tally ho, tally ho!" is the huntſmen's cry;
He took them by Cocklaw and Canty's brig,
Then doubling back by the Nine Wells' rig.

It's down by New Water haugh ſo low,
And away up the Tweed to Paxton toll,
O'er dale and down to Hutton town,
And then the fox frae the hunters ſtowl;
Mordyngton raged at the ſudden check,
And fearful he ſwore, and curſed his ſowl.

He whipped up the houndis to fynd the ſcent
But all in vayn, for they'd loſt it quite;
The riders were jaſkit, ſome homeward went,
For the day had warſled into the night:
Tho ſtill as they ſcoured baith holm and hill,
Murkier round them grew the light.

" Haud away, haud away!" ſaid Millfields Gray,
A daring rider as all in the field,
" To your hall let's home, the fox is ſtoln,
And ſleeping ere this in a cozy bield."
" Tho' I hunt theſe grunds till the judgment day,
I'll find yon fox," did Mordyngton ſay.

Scarce had he ſpake, when the lift grew redde,
And the lightning flaſhed out owre the ſea,
The thunner grummelld and hoarſely rummeld,
And amid all this din roſe a " tally ho" cry.
" Hark unto Satan! the deevil has found him!"
And he put on the houndis, and off he did flee.

He ſpurrit ſae faſt, the grooms he paſſ'd,
To win the bruſh faith but he was fayne,
And faint as he flew, ſank the wild halloo,
Amid the ſobs o' the wind ſtifled rain;
He rode on his lane, never caring a crack,
Up a wild glen, from the darkening plain.

Nor fox and hound, whan he lookit around,
Could Mordyngton ſee, nought but rocks and whin.
The owlet ſhrieked an' the raven croaked,

An' a wailing ſob as of ſuffering
Came on the wind; the tall pines groaned,
And Mordyngton's beaſt he ſnorted and moaned.

He ſpurr't up a riſe, and ſaw wi' ſurprize,
A horſeman in black abreaſt o' him ride,
A wauchancy face, and a pair o' redde eyes,
Tho' Mordyngton raced, yet he kept at his ſide.
And a ſhimmering kind o' a flickerin' light,
Flaſhed from his garments and lit up the night.

"Gude e'en to ye, Mordyngton, faith but ye ride
Fiercely, and fell o'er the ſtibble and lea."
He touched the Laird's horſe on the withers and ſide,
And the charger was lamit ſuddenly.
The ſtranger he laughed wi' a ſhudderin' ſound;
"But the ſpunk's ſoon out o' your naigie," quo' he.

"My caſtell is mony a mile frae this."
"I'll gie thee my horſe inſtead o' thy own."
But Mordyngton pauſed, for a kind o' a fear
Ran thro' his marrow unto the bone;
Loud laughed his neebor, his e'en they rolled,
"My Belzebub's gude as ever was foal'd."

The ſtranger's ſteed was as black as the night,
The flakes were as white as the foam o' the ſea,
Frae his eyeballs they flaſhit a ſcorching light;
'Twas a noble aiver as ever mout be.
The ſtranger lap doun, and held his beaſt,
And doubtfully Mordyngton lighted neiſt.

"Come mount on my ſteed to ſair' thy need,
Thou laird o' Mordyngton ſae brave."
But he ſhrank away, and nothing did ſay,
For the ſtranger was black as a midnight wave.
Quo he, "It was tauld me, ye're doure and bold,
A cock wi' whyte feather art thou when all's told."

Mordyngton reddened up at that ſneer,
And he ſprung on the beaſtie in ire;
"Wert the horſe o' the devil, the father of evil,
I wad ride it below to the brumſtane fire.
Now lowſe thou the head, I'll try its ſpeed
In the name of the ſaints," Mordyngton cried.

Like one at the wrack, the ſteed ſtarted back,
And ſhuddert a wee, on its haunches he fell:
"Swear not by the ſaints, but in name o' the fiend,

And my horſe he ſhall carry thee well."
Mordyngton cried, and the deevil defied,
And awa' went the horſe ou'r valley and fell.

It ſtaid not for ditch or dale or hill,
For rock or for mountain or rifted paſs,
For river or torrent or ſtream or mill,
For moor or bog, meadows or moraſs;
Onward he ſwept, and his pace he kept,
And rivers and lakes like puddles he leapt.

Away, away, wi' a ſpeed like wind,
The charger he ſped wi' his rider in dread;
Towers and churches were left ahint,
So faſt the ſteed wi' Mordyngton fled.
Away to the ſhore whare the loud ſea roar,
Terror and fright in his boſom bred.

It gained the top o' a dizzy height,
Sax hundred fadom abune the wave,
Its noſtrils threw forth a ſulphury light,
And Mordyngton heard the ocean rave,
Ae moment and o'er the ſcaur they went,
Down, down, down, down to their watery grave.

Down to the ribs amaiſt o' hell,
  Lower they ſank like a plummet ſtone;
Still down adown the charger fell,
  Whilſt its rider he ſhrieked wi' mony a groan,
Still deeper and fleeter—they neared a light,
  Where a griſly monarch ſat on a throne.

He ſtopped their way—"Till the judgment day,"
  The viſion ſaid wi' a voice o' dread,
"Thou ſhalt hunt the fox ou'r ſcaurs and rocks,
  Till earth and the ſeas away have fled."
He hounded ſome fiends as a troop ruſhed in,
And Mordyngton ſpeeded awa' from the din.

* * * * *

His good roan reachit Mordyngton Hall
  Betimes next morning—wonder'd the groom
To ſee the merks o' a giant's hand
  Burnt on his hide wi' a ſcorching thoom.
The countra' they ſearched; 'twas vain, I ween,
  They never again ſaw Mordyngton.

On Sabbath morns, mid the noiſe o' horns,
  O' ſpectral dogs and a ghaiſtly train,

A ſhadow purſuing—the tally ho viewing,
Sweeping o'er lynn, ſcaur, mountain, and plain,
Mordyngton's ſpirit you yet may ſee,
The fyrſt in the chaſe wi' ſpur and rein.

And they ſing as they ride—"For the deeds o' our pride,
Done in the days o' our wickedneſs,
By morning's light, thro' the mirk midnight,
Oure the earth muſt we wander, our ſteeds we preſs;
Away! away! for ſuch ſinners no ſtay,
We ceaſe not our hunt till the judgment day!"

Lord Hepburn.

THIS ballad is original, and was never in print before. The hero, it may be ſurmiſed, was of the Hepburns of Lammer Moor, one of that family having played a principal part in the ſlaughter of the unfortunate Patrick Home, Prior of Coddingham. It appears from his tomb, now almoſt defaced, but which anciently adorned the chancel of Alnwick, that he was a companion of the Lion-hearted Richard, and "fought in the holy land;" his tomb about twenty years ago was broken open, and the coffin contained nothing but duſt and a few fragments of ſhamoy leather, a piece of which the author obtained.

Hepbron or Hepburn Hall is ſituated to the ſouth of Chillingham, and was once the noble ſeat of the family of that name. It was formerly a keep of conſiderable ſtrength; and in the diſturbed ſtate of ſociety at that time, it was not improbable that Hepburn would keep his revelry in the manner deſcribed in the ballad.

The caſtle is now a roofleſs ruin, but yet of ſuch conſiderable ſtrength as almoſt to bid defiance to the waſting hand of time. The lower apartments are uſed for the purpoſe of confining cattle in.

The ſteer and the ſtot with the bawſant face.

that is, a black and white face. Burns in his Twa Dogs uſes the ſame expreſſion.

His honeſt ſonſie bawſant face
Aye got him friends in ilka place.

The word is peculiarly Scottiſh, but yet in frequent uſe on the Border.

They rouſed the deer in Roſedean dell.

Roſedean is ſituated on the ſouth ſide of the village of Ilderton, and was ſo ſecluded with trees, as almoſt formerly to be hidden from ſight. The Ildertons are an ancient family, who have retained their poſſeſſions in Roſedean ſince the time of Edward I. On Roſedean Edge is a deep ſquare entrenchment, which appears to have been uſed for a Roman poſt, being ſo ſituated that it could obſerve the neighbouring Britiſh ſtrongholds, a circumſtance which often determined the Romans in the choice of their military poſts.

Onward they rode thro' Roddam woods.

Roddam houſe is boldly ſituated on an eminence

that forms one of the ſouthernmoſt banks of a deep romantic dell, finely clothed with wood. In days of yore it was a thick foreſt, and the retreat of the Cheviot deer.

By Langley Ford, and Lilburn's Stream.

Lilburn is pleaſantly ſeated on a ſlight riſing ground a little north of the "hill burn." It is well ſheltered with wood, and there is much of that wild and gloomy grandeur about it which characteriſed the reſidence of a Northumbrian chieftain. The ancient Tower of Lilburn is now in ruins. Langley Ford is a celebrated paſs at the foot of the Cheviots.

By Cheviot's fatal chaſe.

The ſcene of the battle of "Chevy Chaſe," in the celebrated ballad of that name, is laid at the foot of this mountain; and though there is nothing but ballad authority for it, it is highly probable that not only one, but twenty ſuch battles might have happened between two rival chieftains jealous of the invaſion of their hunting ground. The limits of the two kingdoms were then unſettled, and even at this very day there are debatable lands about theſe hills, whoſe proprietorſhip is not definitively ſettled.

Through Wooler's ſtreets by Humbledon.

Wooler is a ſtraggling little market town at the foot

of the Cheviots. There are two principal hills compoſing the Cheviots, with about a dozen leſſer ones. The Cheviot was a ſpot famous in Border warfare, as the ſcene of many a bitter raid; hence Lord Hepburn's queſtion to the little page in the beginning of the ballad, as to whether

Moſſtroopers from Hawick town,
Harried his maſter's bowers?

is not out of place, for perhaps no part of the Border was more diſtinguiſhed for the production of heroes of this claſs, than the fertile and now peaceful valley of the Cheviots.

Humbledon or Homildon was the ſcene of battle between the celebrated Harry Percy, ſurnamed Hotſpur, and Archibald Earl of Douglas, in which the latter was defeated. It is about a mile and a half from Wooler. To the north-eaſt, a large ſtone on the lower part of the field points out the place where Hotſpur's ſtandard floated over the field of death.

And away to Copeland's ancient halls.

Copeland Caſtle was anciently the reſidence of that celebrated hero Sir John de Copeland, who took the King of Scotland priſoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham. It is ſituated cloſe to Millfield Plain, on the right bank of a tributary ſtream that falls

into the Till a few miles below, and might have nurſed "Copeland's bonny flower," the object of Bertram's predatory incurſion.

For Mitford's chieftan but this morn
My maſter's child hath taen.

It would ſeem ſuch a proceeding was common enough on the Border even a hundred years ago; the laſt event of the kind that happened, was about fifty years ſince, at Coldſtream, on the Tweed. The famous Flora Macdonald's mother, intimately connected with the life and fortunes of the unfortunate Prince Charlie, was actually carried off by her huſband, and then married.

Then faſt he rode to Welldon Bridge.

Weldon Bridge is nine miles from Morpeth, and about ſix from Mitford, which ſtands on the left bank of the little ſtream, Font, which, about an arrow's flight below, glides into the Wanſbeck; a river which diſcharges itſelf into the ſea, at a place called Cambois, nine miles to the eaſtward. The tide flows to within four miles of Morpeth, and tradition reports that Michel Scott, whoſe fame as a wizard is not confined to Scotland, would have brought the tide up to the town had not the courage of the perſon failed upon whom the execution of the project depended.

The Bertram mentioned in the ballad was one of the Bertrams of Bothal; for a more general account of whom the reader is referred to Percy's Hermit of Warkworth. Mitford is ſtill the property of Bertram Oſbaldiſtone, and that it was a place of ſome renown is apparent from the chronicles of one Reginald, a monk of Durham, who lived in the time of King Stephen. Bertram was a great friend and companion of the notorious Middleton, commonly known by the name of the "Biſhop ſtealer," concerning whom a ſingular tradition will be found in Surtees' "Hiſtory of Durham." The puniſhment of Bertram, at the hands of the bereaved and deſpairing Lord Hepburn, is in perfect keeping with the deeds of the early ages, and though a more civilized age may ſhudder at the vindictive nature of the execution, it may perhaps be palliated by the rape and murder of the fair daughter of Copeland.

Lord Hepburn.

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

LORD Hepburn he was a baron bold,
And dwelt in Northumberland,
Of yeomen brave full mony a wight
Ranged up at his command.

By Chillingham there won'd this chief,
For a Queen he were a Peer,
Ane knicht more pawky, doure, an fell,
Ne'er chargit on a ſpear.

For he had fought 'neath the Lion herte,
In the wars of the Holy Land,
And won mair glory than of gow'd,
Wi' the ſweep o' his devilt brand.

The ſteer, and the ſtot with the bawſant face,
The wethers forbye the quey;
Are rowting where his caſtle ſtood,
For a hind holds it in fee.

In days lang ſyne that keep o' ſtrength,
Rang wi' the voice o' mirth;
The yeomen birled the gude red wine,
To ſongs o' fame and worth.

The Baron ſat beneath the dais,
And looked on ſilently:
Each buirdly ſwatcher toomed his cup,
And leuched at the minſtrelſy.

* * * * *

"Look out, look out, my gude warder!
What means that ſuddent blaſt?
From Bartiſan ſee what betides;
Mak bolt and ſtaple faſt."

The watchman rouſed up frae the ſplore,
Came ſtoitin to the board;
"A little page frae Millfield Plain,
Wad ſpeak to Hepburn's Lord."

" Let down the brig and bring him in,
He comes from my ancient fere;
What wind blaws Scotſmen o'er the march,
He ſends his flunkeys here?"

There cam' to the board a little page,
And doff't his bannett low,
But in his eye grief tearful hung,
And his face was all in woe.

" Now why that look, thou pretty page?
What news o' Copeland's Lord?
Sit down and reſt thy weary ſhanks,
And pledge the merry board."

The page put by the cup o' wine,
For his heart run o'er wi' grief;
" It ill befits a page ſuld drink,
When ſadly mourns his chief.

" For I hae that upon my heart,
And ſomething at my tongue,
Will mak' thee leave the feaſt and fray,
To redde my maſter's wrong."

" What, are the Scots upon the grund,
And have they reived thy towers?
Or moſſtroopers from Hawick town,
Harried thy Lady's bowers?"

" Lord Hepburn, na' thieving Scots are come,
Na troopers taen our ſteers;
But heavy tidings do I bring,
Whilſt loot I down theſe tears.

" For Mitford's chieftan but this morn,
My maſter's child has taen,
And bore her aff upon his ſteed,
Frae the holms o' Millfield plain.

" My maſter ſends to thee, Sir Knight,
To help him in his need;
To bring him back his winſome bairn,
And gar the traytor bleed.

" And thou ſhalt have her for thy pains,
A guerdon fair and free;
And we will fill thy yeomen's caps
Wi' gow'd, gin need there be."

Then up and ſpake the Cruſader,
" My merry men, follow mè;
Let ne'er be ſaid that blude red gold
Drew us to tak the lea.

" But I will aid my ancient fere,
And by my croſs I ſwear,
In ſaddle to ride wi' the bloodhounds bark,
Wi' banner and wi' ſpear.

" Never to draw at my bridle rein,
Till I win his bonny bairn;
And Bertram ca' as a manſworn knicht,
For having raught this harm.

" Up, up, and ride, my yeomen bold,
And ſaddle me my ſteed;
Lift up my father's ancient flag,
To ſerve auld Copeland's need.

" My morion and my coat of airn,
My ſhield and ſword of might:
Bertram ſhall give account for this,
And either fly—or fight.

"That fayre maid is my trothed bride,
Her love is pledged to me;
Gin I not ſlay the fauſe traytor,
Chriſt's grace ne'er let me ſee."

Up lap each yeoman at his word,
With a whoop and ſhout of mirth;
Each ſaddled then his neighing ſteed,
To bear him oure the earth.

Lord Hepburn ſtood by his nick'rin ſteed,
And into harneſs ſprung;
The yeoman gat to ſaddle tree,
Whilſt the hirſels lap and flung.

Hepburn the reins he gathered up,
And gave his ſteed the ſpur,
And ſhot like an arrow right oure the lea,
As the grey gled ſkims the air.

And after him ſyghte cheerfully,
Each ſpearman's beaſtie loups;
Whilſt bridle bit, wi' ſhields and ſpurs,
Wi' the hoiſtin rings and joups.

And foremoſt o' that little band,
Lord Hepburn ſpurred amain,
His father's banner flutter'd wide,
His plume waved o'er the plain.

And now they turned from the beaten bent,
Adown a beech maſt glade,
And pleaſantly they rode along,
In the greenwood's leafy ſhade.

For O 'tis merry in the woods,
In the month o' cheerful June,
Wi' ſpears in reſt, and a foe in the bus,
When the wood merle ſings in tune.

They rouſed the deer in Roſedean dell,
With mony a whoop and ſhout;
And loud their trumpets pealing blaſts
Brought Roſedean's chieftain out.

Nae talk of lichtin down was there,
The news abroad is told;
An they purſue the coward knicht,
Whilſt fleſh and bones may hold.

" Na Chriſtian knicht that wadna fight,"
See Roſedean's band appears,
All ready harneſſed, and they mount
Full ſaxteen Border ſpears.

Onward they rode thro' Roddam's woods,
By Cheviot's fatal chaſe,
By Langley ford and Lilburn's towers,
They held their rapid pace.

And away to Copeland's auncient halls,
They led their mounted powers;
Thro' Wooler's ſtreets, by Humbledon,
And on by Ewart's towers.

" What news, what news?" Lord Hepburn ſaid,
As they neared Till's ſullen tide;
" We'll harry the halls of Mitford yet,"
Young Hetton o' Chatton cried.

" A traytor faûſe and bold is he,
His knightly worth to ſtain;
Ere ſinks the moon weſe warm his hands,
By the flaſh o' his own flame."

Quo' Hepburn, "Tho' were he in numbers backed,
By the men of Wanſbeck dale,
So ſtrong our arm we'll ſtrew his might,
Like ſnow in the winter's gale."

"But ſtay," cried Copeland; "light you down,
And taſte a ſtoup o' wine,
Were but my daughter here to fill,
I'd give my lands and kine."

* * * * *

"This early morn yon robber loon,
Like eagle on a dove,
Pouncet upon my fair dochter,
For his unhallowed love.

* * * * *

"Sound boot and ſaddle to reſcue her,"
He wrung old Copeland's hand,
So ſtrong the grip o' his iron gluve,
Few could that graſp withſtand.

He mought not ſpeak, ſo ſore his heart,
Nor take a long adieu;
But he waved his hand to the aged chief,
And o'er Millfield plain he flew.

Black Ringan was the beſt of ſteeds
That e'er bore knight in mail;
But Hepburn put him to his ſpeed,
As he ſpurred o'er hill and dale.

So faſt he ſpurred, ſo faſt he rade,
By Till and Breamiſh wave;
A moment mought he never ſtop
His horſe's ſides to lave.

On by Pow Burn, thro' Glanton's town,
By ſtraggling Whittinghame,
By bridge of Roſs, o'er ſtream and hill,
By more than I could name.

He ſlacked his pace on Rimſide fell
Till he came to Framlington,
Then faſt he rode to Welldon Bridge,
And word ſaid never one.

Fytte Second.

NEVER a man who walketh well
Upon a crooked path,
But it ſhall hap in courſe of time,
A ſtumbling ſtep he hath.

Never a day, how fair the morn,
In golden beauty 'gins to peer;
But clouds will come and rain will fall,
No matter the ſeaſon of the year.

Never a joy but had a grief,
Never a young roſe 'gan to blow,
But had a canker at the heart,
A lover a croſs, and hope alſo.

The ſentry looked from Mitford tower,
Along the wood, up to the ſky;
But he ſat him down, in drowſy ſtate,
For the ſlumber weighed upon his eye.

He heard a tramp of many feet,
A murmur'd hum frae armed men;
He ſeized his ſpear and ſtarted up,
And careful glowr'd down the glen.

The Wanſbeck ruſhed with a ſullen ſough
Over its deep and ſtony bed,
Font's little ſtream o'er pebbles brawled,—
And he ſhut his eyes, and ſunk his head:

He heard the neigh o' a battle ſteed,
And he looked along from the keep;
He ſaw a raven and corby crow,
Tearing the carcaſe of a ſheep.

He heard the check of a tough croſs bow,
And a fyſſel thro' the air;
An arrow it pierced him thro' the paps,
And he word ſpake never mair.

All was ſilent in bower and room,
Where Copeland's daughter wept;
All was ſtill where Bertram's lord
Beſide the maiden ſlept.

Long did ſhe weep, long did ſhe wail,
Long did ſhe ſob and ſigh,
When the ſmoke rolled up from the hall below,
And the red flame leapt on high.

Up ſtarted the guilty Bertram then,
In a ſwither from his ſleep;
His foemen's ſhouts rang in his ears:
They had fired his towers and keep.

His yeomen ruſhed unto the wall,
And kept their foes at bay,
And plied the ſpear and faulchion keen,
Till the flames drove them away.

Hepburn he dealt a giant's blow,
With his axe on gate and door;
But his craven foe on his courſer fled,
With the lady him before.

Away, away down the glen they ſwept,
Like a whirliwind they paſt;
With a wild "hallo," his foemen flew,
And gained on Bertram faſt.

The ſteed was good Sir Bertram rode,
But the lady ſhe crippled his pace;
Black Ringan crept the nearer him,
And ſtretched out in the race.

The hinds of Longhirſt grange awoke,
And looked towards Morpeth town;
When a knight with a lady on his ſeele,
Like the wind came ruſhing down.

Falſe Bertram he looked at Bothal towers,
As his ſteed ſtrained o'er the lea;
"Were I but there, I wad na care
For the beſt that follow me."

What beſt to do, where beſt to go?
Theſe thoughts ran thro' his mind;
With a wild "halloo" his deadly foe,
A furlong rode behind.

"Lady, yeſtreen I ſtole thee from
Thy father's aged arms,
Lord Hepburn ſhall never call thee his,
Or claſp thy peerleſs charms.

"My foes will tire my bonny mare,
That ſlackens in her pace,
There is but this to reſcue me,
And ſtay them in the race."

He drew his dagger from his girdle,
And pierced her breaſt of ſnow;
The blood ran trickling from the ſeele,
For a furlong's ſpace or moe.

He looſed his hold, and the maiden fell
Withouten gaſp or ſound,
With one ſad look, like a light ſnow flake
She ſettled on the ground.

Sir Bertram's ſteed ſprung freſher on,
The lighter for the load;
"Some of thoſe knights will ſtay their courſe
For yon that's in their road."

Lord Hepburn he ſaw the caitiff ſtrike,
With a wild and burſting eye,
At ſight of her blood, he writhed in his ſeat
Like a man in agony.

He ſtopped not in the headlong chaſe,
For a moment he bowed his head,
And he lifted his horſe, leſt its armèd hoofs
Should bruiſe the form of the dead.

Some ſtopt to pick the maiden up,
Some followed ſtern Hepburn's lord;
But few held out that headlong pace
When they came to Ulgham ford.

The warder on Widdrington's Caſtle,
Much wondered at the ſight,
To ſee Sir Bertram unmailed and nak'd,
Ruſh paſt with arrow flight.

Roſedean drew up his panting ſteed,
And its bridle did he ſlack;
Lord Hepburn the only one I ween
That followed Sir Bertram's track.

His teeth were clenched, his eyes were ſet,
Like a man in a dreadful ſtrife;
He rode for revenge, whilſt Sir Bertram fled
For ſafety and for life.

Warkworth's Lord was taking the air
By Coquets Banks of green,
When his hawks ſhrieked out, and his hounds did yelp,
As frightened they had been.

Bareheaded a chief came ruſhing down,
And he wav't a bloody knife,
While after him there rode a knight
With his ſpear couched for the ſtrife.

"So ho, ſo ho, Sir Bertram bold,
Light down from off your ſeat,
And pledge me in a cup of wine;
Your face is all in heat."

But never ſtayed Sir Bertram bold,
But urged his failing beaſt
To win the ſhore, where his trim ſea boat,
Might bear him to the Eaſt.

His poor jade ſtaggered to and fro,
With his knife he drew its blude,
And prick'd it on—black Ringan ran
In courage unſubdued.

Lord Hepburn he rode him fairly down,
As his charger wat his feet,
And with one thruſt of his heavy ſpear
He caſt him out oure his ſeat.

Sir Bertram ſtruggled fearfully,
But faint was his breath and limb;
When his foeman ſtern his arms did bind,
For the ſtrength was gone from him.

Lord Hepburn his eye flaſh'd ſparks of fire,
But never a word he ſaid;
Grimly he looked on his enemy,
Then drew his battle blade.

His face was as dark as the lift in Yule,
And his ſtony brow he kept;
Tho' after a time he bowed his head,
And ſyne a wee he wept.

Then with a voice, which trembled with
A huſky inward throe,
Quo he, "That hand of thine, this morn
Hath ſtruck a daſtard's blow.

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" Did ever knight or warrior
A woman ſlay in ſtrife?
Wae worth the man who ſtruck a maid
I meant to make my wife."

" But like a grim wolf on a fauld
My wee pet raviſhing;
And for that deed I mean to hack
Thy right hand from its limb."

His trenchant weapon flaſhed thro' air,
And Bertram's right hand lopped off;
He held it up intill his face,
And maddened him wi' bitter ſcoff.

" A ſtone or a ſtake, and a gibbett I'll make
For a caitiff vile as thou;
Here ſhalt thou ſtand upon the ſand
Till the waters over thee flow."

He bound Sir Bertram 'till his ſpear,
Then thruſt it in the ground;
The riſing waves wi' ſnowy faem
Stole ſilently around.

Lord Hepburn mounted his black ſteed,
And ſpurrit it full weel;—
Around the ſpear Sir Bertram twined,
Like an ether or an eel:

The ſea flowed to Sir Bertram's waiſt,
And oh, he ſhrieked ſo ſore;
And every waſh of the poppling wave,
His gaſping lip cam' o'er.

Three times before the flood tide's height,
A ſhriek o' agony was heard,
In Amble Grange, in Felton huts,
And the peaſants o' Warkworth with fright were ſcared.

* * * * *

The waves ebbed paſt lone Coquets Iſle,
The ſun o'er Cheviot glory flung,
When faſtened to Lord Hepburn's ſpear,
The body of Sir Bertram hung.

Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun.

THIS is a tradition, common amongſt the fiſhermen of Holy Iſland and the Main, which I have woven into a ballad. The feat of Sir Gillum is not original, ſome Iriſh Knight on the coaſt of Ireland having performed the ſame action; the prophecy and the reſults being the ſame. Who Sir Gillum of Middelton was, I am at a loſs to diſcover. Romero, who is introduced as King of the Holy Iſle, was governor thereof in the time of Edward the Third; he was afterwards governor of Coldingham, where he was ſurpriſed with his companions, and brutally murdered by a marauding party of Scots. He was given to piratical expeditions on his own account, and inherited his plundering propenſities from his forefathers, who no doubt had often launched their ſea bark to the inſpiring ſtrains of the Scalds and Minneſingers.

Bede calls Lindisfarn a Semi Iſland, and as he juſtly obſerves, twice a continent in one day; for at the

flowing of the tide it is encompaſſed by water, and at the ebb there is an almoſt dry paſſage both for horſes and carriages to and from the main land; from which if meaſured in a ſtraight line it is diſtant two miles eaſtward; but on account of ſeveral quickſands, paſſengers are obliged to make ſo many detours that the diſtance is almoſt doubled. The water over theſe flats at ſpring tide is only ſeven feet. At the north-weſt part of the iſland, a tongue of land runs into the ſea about a mile in length. At the ſouthernmoſt point is a rock of a conical figure, whereon is the Baron's "Caſtle of red rock ſtone," almoſt perpendicular, ſixty feet in height, and crowned by a ſmall fortreſs. There are four caves or *coves* as they are called, to the north-north-eaſt of the iſland, and in one of theſe Sir Gillum

Stabled his dappled ſteed
In a cave on the eaſtern ſhore.

The largeſt of theſe caves is upwards of fifty feet long, with an entrance juſt large enough to admit a man.

The principal feature of any intereſt on this iſland is its venerable abbey now in utter ruins.

"The abbey," ſays Pennant, "retayns at this day one ſingular beauty; the tower has not formed a lantern, as in other cathedrals: but from the angles, arches ſpring, croſſing each other diagonally to form a canopy roof." One of theſe arches yet remains un-

loaded with any ſuperſtructure, ſupported by the ſouth-eaſt and north-eaſt pillars, and ornamented with zigzag moulding: a "granite rainbow," as a gentleman termed it. The whole abbey is compoſed of a ſoft red free-ſtone, and renders the aſpect of the place dark and forbidding.

"*In Saxon ſtrength that abbey frowned.*"
Marmion.

The rock on which the caſtle of "red rock ſtone" ſtands, is inacceſſible ſave only by a winding path, belting the rock on the ſouthern ſide. A fortreſs in this ſituation, before the uſe of gunpowder, muſt have been impregnable; the caſtle being above any engine's reach, and the rocks too high to be ſcaled. A ſmall detachment was kept here during the war, but was diſcontinued in 1819.

Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun.

WHEN days are long and nights are ſhort,
And the ſky is bright and ſheen,
And merrily ſing the cuſhat and merle
From out the leavis ſo green.

When trouts leap at a Summer fly,
And hay be newly mawn,
To ſee his luve in the Holy Iſle,
Gaed Gillum of Mydeltoun.

He cantered ôver the Fenham flats,
When the tide was back the while,
Which once a day doth change that ſpot
From Continent to Iſle.

The quickſands lurk by Manuel's head,
And deep is Waren's Bay;
Yet gallantly with eident hand
Sir Gillum rode on his way.

Romero's daughter looked from her bower
Over the wave-ribbed ſand,
And ſhe ſpied Sir Gillum, her own true knight,
Midway the iſle and the land.

She donned her kirtle o' Lincoln's green,
Which was of the ſilk ſo fair,
And ſhe went forth to the eaſtern ſhore,
To taſte the caller air.

Sir Gillum he ſtabled his dapple ſteed
In a cave on the eaſtern ſhore;
Its roof and ſides were of the rock,
And the ſand drift was its door.

Romero is proud, and is almöſt King,
Of Farn and the Holy Iſle;
No man dare ſay to this Baron, "nay,"
Yet hope to live the while.

Romero was drinking at the board,
In his caſtle of red rock ſtone,
A youth cam' in, and before his ſtool
He laighly louted down.

"Thy dochter walks on the eaſtern ſhore
With Gillum of Mydeltoun;"
The Sea King wi' gobelet in his hand,
He ſtrake the youth on the croun.

"Thou lieſt, thou churliſh loon," he cried,
"With Gillum of Mydeltoun!"
And he churned his teeth like a boar in rage,
And girned at the trembling loun.

"Gillum he ſlew my ſiſter's ſonne
Laſt Whitſun tryſt was a year;
His mither ſall weep his loſs the night
Were he a Soldan's peer.

"Bring me a rope, and an oaken ſtaff,
And I will bind him faſt;
Short be his ſhrift, for he ſhall ſwing
From yonder tall top maſt."

The mother wept for her dochter's fame,
That ever ſhe gave her birth;
Quo' he, "Our abbey has dungeons enow
To hide her ſhame from earth."

He girded his ſword unto his thigh,
A ſting that oft had ſtang;
And he's away wi' henchman an' rope
Mydeltoun's heir to hang.

Theſe yonge luvers walkit on the ſea ſhore,
The Baron he gnawed at his thoomb;
O they were twa pullets in gleeſome play,
When the fox crawls thro' the broom.

Gillum he kiſſed fayre Annie's cheek,
As pleaſantly did they chat;
The Baron he mutter't between his teeth,
"I'll notch thy face for that."

He waited untill the riſing tide
Covered the yellow ſand;
Then roſe he up from the waving bent
With his faulchion in his hand.

" I will not leave thee, fayre Annie, but kiſſe
Thy ſweete lips o'er and o'er;
An armful of ruſhes ſhall be my bed,
In my ſteed's cave on the ſhore."

"Twere better thou goeſt," fayre Annie ſhe cried,
" For a ſwieven I had of thee;
That a ratton it louped into my neck,
And rugget me grievouſly."

Sir Gillum he heard a voice loud cry,
" Bold traytor, turn and ſtand!"
And he ſaw the Baron upon the bent,
Wi' his faulchion in his hand.

" Yield thee or fight thee, bold traytor,
My top maſt to ſwing doun;"
" I will do neither, an I wiſſe,"
Quoth Gillum of Mydeltoun.

" Thou art my Annie's father," he ſaid,
" Albeit an enemy;
I will not battle againſt thy hand,
For the love 'tween Annie and me."

The Baron and henchman cloſed on him,
When Sir Gillum he drewe his blade;
And whiſtled the ſword around his head,
As ſtern defence he made.

He clove the henchman to the teeth
Wi' a downright wicked blow;
Parted his head, as the halflings fell
Upon his ſhoulders low.

He threw the Baron a heavy fall,
And bore feyre Annie away,
Untill he gained the eaſtern neuk,
And heard his charger neigh.

He placed fair Annie in ſaddle ſeat;
And then ſprung up afore,
And plunged his gude ſteed in "the ſea,"
And ſwam for Fenham ſhore.

"A purſe of gold for a coble boat,
To catch yon curſed thief;
A beggarly Scot to be her mate,
Good lord, I had as lief."—

Four fiſhermen ſprang to their boat,
Four fiſhers I trow were they;
Wi' a heave and ſhout they ran her out,
And their boat launched in the ſea.

Three times the ſurging waters waſhed
Fair Annie from her place,
And thrice Sir Gillum held her faſt,
Within his cloſe embrace.

Three miles and more is Fenham ſhore
Unto the Holy Land;
And like a ſwan, the ſteed it ſwam,
Till he reached the yellow ſand.

The ſteed it ſwam, and the coble ſhot,
Whilſt the fiſhers rax'd at the oar,
Was ne'er ſuch a race, the ſteed I ſay
Firſt landed at Fenham ſhore.

* * * * *

As Gillum rode up Cheſter Hill,
He met a woman old;

She craved him there to give her alms,
For in ſooth her limbs were cold.

He drew a noble from his purſe,
And gave it yon eldern dame;
"Pray for me, gude wife," he ſaid, "for the road
Is not oft trod I came."

She gave an eildricht laugh at the gold:
"Thy fortune I will prie,
Not every knight ſo gallant and brave
Doth give his gold ſo free."

She told him then ſome proven truths,
That long ago had paſt;
"The bonny beaſt you ride upon
Shall be your death at laſt."

He patted the neck of his courſer fleet,
"Good mother, you do but jeſt;
For Rupert is gentle, ſwift, and good,
As a child at a nourice breaſt!"

"The wierd is written in heaven," ſhe ſaid,
"And ſcartit in hell below;

Rupert will lay thee on thy bier
In mickle dool and woe."

" Alas and well a day!" he cried,
" That ever it ſhould ſo fall;
That I muſt ſlay the nobleſt ſteed
That was ever ſtabled in ſtall."

He rode fleete Rupert down to the ſands,
For his herte was ſad with woe;
The tears were in Sir Gillum's eyes,
For he loved that courſer ſoe.

Slowly Sir Gillum he lighted doun,
Took off the ſaddle and reins;
Quo' he, " I am about to make
Small guerdon for thy pains."

He drew his ſword ſo ſharp and bright,
And turned away his eye,
For his heart was ſoft, that he might not ſee
That peerleſs charger die.

But love o' life will turn the ſcale,
In man or beaſt at need;

Sir Gillum jalouſed the ſafer way,
Was e'en to kill his ſteed.

He ſtruck fleete Rupert aneath the leg,
The blood ſpun frae the wound,
Till the noble charger moaned in pain,
And ſo fell on the ground.

He turned his eye to Sir Gillum's face,
And ſaid, but with nae tongue,
" Did I carry thee thro' the ruſhing tide
For thee to do this wrong?"

* * * * *

Sir Gillum is happy, Sir Gillum is proud,
For a mother is Annie his bride;
And wi' a frien' in the ſweet ſpring time,
He walkit forth in his pride.

He paſſed where the bones o' his proud charger
Were bleaching in the wind;
And Sir Gillum he ſaid, " A better ſteed
In Englonde thou couldſt not find,

" Than was the fleete one that lieth here;
The tod and the corby crow
Have fed upon his peerleſs limbs,
And his fleſh and blood alſo.

" 'Twas told me once that my fleete Rupert,"
He ſaid in laughing mood,
" Should be my death; ſo I ſlew the ſteede,
That my life ſhould ſtill be good."

He careleſs kicked his horſe's head,
Whitening in ſun an' the rain,
When a ſplinter o' bone ſtrake into his foot,
And cauſed him mickle pain.

The leech he cannot cure that wound,
And ſtill it mortifyes;
In ſpite of ſkill, or of earthly will,
Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun dies.

" A fooliſh wierd has proven ryghte:
Farewell, my fayre Annie,
For the faithful ſteed I ſlew in my need,
Is now avenged on me.

" Where Rupert's bones lie in the miſt,
O Annie, lay my corſe;
And let that knight take moſt delight,
To cheriſh the ſteed that has borne him in fyghte,
And never ſlay his Horſe."

Lady Nell.

THIS is merely an Engliſh verſion of the beautiful Scotch Ballad, "Bonny Lady Anne," which I ſubjoin to enable the reader to form his own judgment of their reſpective merits.

THERE'S honey on my lady's lips,
And jewels 'mongſt her hair;
A veil of ſendal ſhrouds her breaſts,
What eye would wanton there?
What hand dare touch her lily arm?
Her waiſt what lover mell?
What mouth dare kiſs the cherry lips
Of bonny Lady Nell?

She kiſſes the leaves of the red red roſe,
Wet with the dew o' the South;

But no Baron's lips, or yeoman's breath
Muſt touch her pretty mouth.
A belt of pearls, with a brooch of gold,
Her waiſt becomes full well,
For ſhe's a wife fit for a king,
The peerleſs Lady Nell.

Her bower is ſcented with flowers ſweet,
The daintieſt earth e'er fed;
And they look on her cheek, in rivalry,
And with ſhame they hang their head:
Her ringlets fall from her queenlike brow,
And her voice is a ſilver bell,
And her looks with grace and beauty beam,
The lovely Lady Nell.

The cloud of morning hath a bloom,
A plumlike, cherry ſtreak;
And there's its marrow to be ſeen
Upon my ſweet love's cheek;
Her eye brow is an arch of love,
And her eye becomes it well;
The breath of May comes from her mouth,
My bonnie Lady Nell.

I gaze with joy as ſhe walks along,
There's grace in this ſtately dame;
But to be the bride of a wand'ring man,
'Twould ſtain her high born name.
I dare not tell her of my love,
My fortune is ſo fell;
But I eye her afar, and I kiſs the flowers
Touched by my peerleſs Nell.

I am but her page: and with high diſdain
She'd turn her eyes from me;
I have a mother and ſiſters twain,
I give them all my fee;
She comes and goes like a thing of light,
Her charms no lips can tell;
But my bleſſing and love, I know not which,
Fall on my Lady Nell.

O were I a knight of ſome degree,
With a ſquire at my command,
I might bow down, and ſeek to win
Her taper lily hand.
I cannot eat, I lothe my meat,
My boſom is a hell;
Still maun I live, and love, and grieve,
For bonny Lady Nell.

Bonny Lady Anne.

THERE'S kames of hinny atween my luve's lips,
And gowd amang her hair,
Her breaſts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal e'en keek there;
What lips daur kiſs, or what hands dare touch,
Or what arm o' luve dare ſpan
The hinny lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waiſt o' Lady Anne?

She kiſſes the lips o' the bonney red roſe,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor nae ſemple lip
Maun touch her lady mou;
But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waiſt maun ſpan,
O ſhe's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonny Lady Anne.

Her bower caſement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' ſiller thread,
And comely ſits ſhe in the midſt
Men's langin e'en to feed;
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek
Wi' her milky, milky han',
And her every look beams wi' grace divine,
My bonny Lady Anne.

The morning cloud is taſſell'd wi' gowd
Like my luve's broidered cap,
And on the mantle, which my luve wears,
Is mony a gowden drap:
Her bonny e'ebrows a holy arch,
Caſt by nae earthly han'
And the breath o' heaven's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Anne.

I wondering gaze on her ſtately ſteps
As I beet a hopeleſs flame,
To my luve, alas! ſhe manna ſtoop,
It wad fyle her honoured name;
My e'en are bauld they dwall on a place,
Where I darna mint my han';

But I water, and tend, and kiſs the flowers,
O' my bonnie Lady Anne.

I am but her father's gardener lad,
And poor, poor is my fa',
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
Wi' fatherleſs bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady goes,
Wi' a fu' and kindly han',
O their bleſſings maun mix wi' my love,
And fa' on Lady Anne.

Hedgely Moor.

THE circumſtances on which this ballad is founded are ſimply theſe: In 1463, Sir Ralph Percy, with the Lords Hungerford and Roſs, encountered the Yorkiſts under the banners of Lord Montacute on Hedgely Moor. Although the fortune of the day was againſt the Lancaſtrians, and fatal to the noble Percy and his illuſtrious band of Northumbrians, yet his honour and theirs was untarniſhed; for in the true ſpirit of their chivalric virtue, which they devotedly cheriſhed, each preferred a death couch on Hedgely Moor, " with his back to the earth and his feet to the foe," to a daſtardly and ignoble flight.

The white roſe waves be north the Tyne.

York's ſtandard was decorated with a white roſe, whilſt that of Henry's bore a red roſe; after the defeat of the Lancaſtrian party, it became a proverbial ſaying in

the North, "That the white roſe had put down the red."—*Hall's notes on Widdrington.*

Rouſe up and march, my merry men.

In the ſtruggles and contentions between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter, the Earl of Northumberland joined the party of King Henry; and through his aſſiſtance Queen Margaret was enabled to meet the Duke of York in the field, reſcue her captive huſband, and ultimately to vanquiſh her enemy at the battle of Wakefield Green on the 30th October, where both the Duke and his ſecond ſon, young Rutland, were ſlain. The young Duke of York, however, having been proclaimed in London under the title of King Edward the IV. left that city on the 12th of March, 1481, at the head of a powerful and well appointed army, and directed his courſe northward. Sir Ralph de Percy, who bears a conſpicuous part in this ballad, was the fourth ſon of the ſecond Earl of Northumberland, and grandſon to the immortal Hotſpur.

The morning air the miſt had chaſed
From doun Ros *Caſtle's lofty hill.*

On a lofty eminence, at the head of Chillingham Park, is a circular double entrenchment, called Ros Caſtle. Antiquaries have pronounced it a fort of the ancient Britons. The word *Ros* in the Celtic language ſignifies a promontory.

Where ſtray the bulls by Chillingham.

The caſtle of Chillingham is deeply emboſomed amidſt lofty fine woods; it is built in the Elizabethan ſtyle, and is now the ſeat of Earl Tankerville.

O'er Hepburn's oaks and darkſome tower.

See the ballad of "Lord Hepburn."

Dun Bewick heard the lark's ſhrill call.

There was formerly an old tower here, but all traces of it are now loſt; though within the recollection of perſons living, vaults and part of the walls were ſtanding. Bewick Caſtle was in all probability the hold of ſome border freebooter of that name.

Harehope now ſhewed his heath-clad brow.

A lofty eminence in a line with Bewick Hill.

And Eglingham her wild woods ſhook.

An ancient village; the ſeat and manor of the Ogles.

Grim Beanly ſmiled.

Beanley lies to the ſouth of the river Beamiſh or Till; it was the barony of the Earls of Dunbar, the deſcendants of Coſpatrick. The expatriated Earl of Northumberland was on the ſervice of in-borough and out-borough between England and Scotland, that

is, he was appointed to obſerve the "egreſs and ingreſs" of thoſe who travelled between the two kingdoms. The eſtate of Beanly was granted for ever by King Edward III. to Henry Percy in 1334, and is ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Henry Percy.

and Crawley frown'd
From cliff and ſcaur with proudfu' look.

Crawley was a Roman ſtation; the preſent roofleſs tower is of a comparatively modern date, and may have formed one of the chain of fortreſſes built acroſs the country, for its protection againſt the Scots.

But Alnwick's towers and Percy's hold
Are harried by his mortal foe.

After the battle of Towton, Queen Margaret went over to France to ſolicit the aid of Louis XI. who ſupplied her with a ſmall force, which was entruſted to the command of Peter de Breze, an experienced and able warrior. After encountering innumerable difficulties, de Breze landed on the coaſt of Northumberland, and was beſieged in Alnwick Caſtle by Lord Haſtings, Sir John Howard, and Sir Ralph de Grey. Margaret being anxious to relieve the garriſon, united to her intereſt the Earl of Angus, and ſuddenly advancing to Alnwick, threatened an attack upon the beſieging army; the latter immediately prepared to repel the onſet, and in the confuſion Angus ſelected a

party of his ſtouteſt horſe, and, conveying them to the caſtle gate, a ſervice the Borderers were well calculated to perform, the brave de Breze ſallied out with his garriſon, and every ſoldier mounting behind a trooper, the whole got ſafely away, and the caſtle was taken poſſeſſion of by the foe.

Sir A. Gely, either through treachery or want of proviſions, ſhortly after ſurrendered the caſtle to the Queen's forces; but Edward of York approaching with a powerful army, ſhe was compelled to retreat northward, leaving but a ſlender garriſon in Alnwick Caſtle. Edward, finding no enemy in the field, laid ſiege to the caſtles of Alnwick, Dunſtanborough, and Bamborough.

On Chriſtmas Eve, 1462, Bamborough ſurrendered, and its brave defenders, the Duke of Somerſet and Sir Ralph de Percy were received into favour: three days after Dunſtanborough yielded.

Ill may my father's ſon now brook.

The bold and indefatigable Queen was yet unſubdued, and, having cultivated the friendſhip of the Northern Chieftains, ſhe again entered Northumberland. Sir Ralph de Grey having changed his politics, ſurpriſed Alnwick Caſtle and Bamborough, and held them for the Queen. The Duke of Somerſet and Sir Ralph de Percy looked upon theſe preludes as ſucceſsful omens,

and, deſerting the proud and imperious Edward, joined Queen Margaret once more.

Along the ridge of Wooperton.

Wooperton is ſituated between Glanton and Wooler, and forms the high ground of Hedgely Moor; from its riſing ſo ſuddenly from the plain, the archers might, with more preciſion, aſſail the coming foe.

The eaſtern warden eke was he,
And boaſted Neville's noble name.

Edward of York appointed Sir John de Neville Lord Montacute (a brave and vigilant leader) to be warden of the eaſtern marches.

The Border prickers ſhew their ſkill.

The Borderers occaſionally acted as light cavalry, riding horſes of ſmall ſize, but of extraordinary activity and ſtrength; they could, in caſes of emergency, collect a body of horſe to the amount of a thouſand or more.

Hungerford and Roſs.

Theſe two noblemen, the companions in arms of the undaunted Percy, fled at the onſet of the battle, and left him, with his brave Northumbrians, to be cut to pieces by the overwhelming forces of the eaſtern warden.

But lightly from the ground he ſprung
Full thirty feet and moe.

At a ſhort diſtance from the old Croſs are two ſtones, ſunk into the ground twelve yards apart, called by the country people "Percy's Leap." Tradition ſays, that Sir Ralph de Percy, on receiving his death wound, ſprung the diſtance marked out by thoſe ſtones.

I've ſaved the bird within my breaſt.

After the ignominious flight of his allies, Percy and his faithful followers ſuſtained the conteſt, but at length were overcome by numbers; the Chieftain and his gallant Northumbrians, diſdaining to quit the field of battle, were ſlain almoſt to a man, bravely fighting for Henry VI. whoſe cauſe they had eſpouſed. Percy, when dying, ſaid, that "he had ſaved the bird in his boſom," meaning that he had kept his oath to Henry, and preſerved his allegiance.

The white roſe dyed its leaves in blood.

The Croſs, which is erected to commemorate this battle, conſiſts of a ſtone pillar fixed as a pedeſtal, with the Percy and Lucy arms cut upon it in relief. Tradition reports, this croſs marks the ſpot where Sir Ralph de Percy fell; at all events, it points out the field of battle, and preſerves the memory of the gallant

Percy and his followers. It was much dilapidated, and the preſent Duke of Northumberland has cauſed it to be repaired, and ſurrounded with an iron railing. It ſtands in a field which formed a portion of Hedgely Moor, ſixty paces eaſt of the road from Morpeth to Wooler.

The Battle of Hedgely Moor.

THE White Roſe waves be north the Tyne,
On Yorkis creſt, and lo, its thorn,
Has made Northumbria's gallant hearts,
Lament the day or they were born.

Sir Ralph de Percy's trumpets rang,
To gather yeomen from the Glen,
And Simonſide has echoed back;
"Rouſe up, and march, my merry men."

"No longer now my yeomen bold,"
Sir Percy ſaid, "muſt we bide here;
Since England's Red Roſe droops her head,
When is her haughty rival near."

To morrow's ſun may wiſtfu' ſhoot
On mony ſhields and border creſt;
And mony flags may flutter 'boon
The heath whare lies a knight at reſt.

The morning air the miſt had chaſed
From doun Ros Caſtle's lofty hill;
The vapours rolled alang the Glen,
And clothed the banks o' ſullen Till.

Where ſtray the bulls by Chillingham,
Where Wooler water rowls its tide,
Where Glen and College to the Till,
The Till to Tweed, does ſwiftly glide.

O'er Hepbron's oaks, and darkſome tower,
Morn threw her weeds o' foggy gray;
Dun Bewick heard the lark's ſhrill call,
That uſhered in the fatal day.

Harehope now ſhew'd his heath clad brow,
And Eglingham her wild woods ſhook,
Grim Beanly ſmiled, and Crawley frown'd,
From cliff and ſcaur with proudfu' look.

The ſun ſhines coldly in the lift,
To gild Aln's ſtream it hath no power,
Its rays, they winna warm the ground,
Or tinge the bent on Hedgely Moor.

It ſhall be tinged with other hue,
It ſhall be warm't with other heat,
The ſetting ſun that heath ſhall view,
Changed to the warrior's winding ſheet.

The mavis, that now ſings ſae ſweet,
Ere night ſhall chaunt a deathfu' ſong;
O'er Chieftains ſtiffened in their clay,
And ſtrew'd the bluidy broom among.

Inſtead o' heath bells clad in dew,
Or bonny knowes to pleaſe the eye,
The moon ſhall ſhed a ghaiſtly light,
Whare bleeding warriors ſilent lie.

There ſhall be heard the dying curſe
O' fell revenge, o' muttered prayer,
And maidens ſobbing all around,
While ſearch they for ſome lover there.

And Percy's Croſs o' ſculptured ſtone,
That points this feud of eldern day,
Shall fade, for time with conſtant pace
Doth bring with it its own decay.

The trumpets ſang in waefu' breath,
Their echoes ſkud upon the gale,
From lofty Cheviot's mountain ſide,
To the green ſlopes of Teviotdale.

But Alnwick's towers, and Percy's hold,
Are harried by his mortal foe;
And Ida feels the iron hand,
Which lays bauld Dunſtan's turretts low.

"Fierce Greyſtock," quoth the Percy then,
"Now waſtes my father's ancient hall,
Wi' mony ſouthrons of renown,
Whoſe martial names I canna' call.

"De Breze's ſuccours come not up,
Alone I ſtand upon the lea;
And here maun I in ſhame retreat,
The bracken buſh to ſhelter me.

" Ill may my father's ſon now brook
Such ſhame, it fills my e'en with tears;
Thus forced to loiter north the Tweed,
And tak' up wi' the Scottiſh ſpears.

" Beſhrew my heart, I'll ſouthward go,
For here no longer may I ſtay;
Yon caterans' paſtime ſhall be ſhort,
Tho' Alnwick's towers be their prey."

Each archer claſped his Baldrick on,
New ſtrung his bow, new whet his ſword,
And Scotland's Chiefs have joined the war,
That good Kynge Henry be reſtored.

Queen Margaret was a woman bold,
Her troops were all in ſteel arrayed;
Her ſtandard flew amid the van,
Whare the Red Roſe its leaves diſplay'd.

Earl Percy and his men were there,
The Widdringtons, a gallant few;
Keen hunters on the hill and plain,
For deftly could they bend the yew.

Lords Roſs, and Hungerford, and Carr,
All Chieftains of a mounted band,
With Engliſh bill and Scottiſh ſpear,
Were marſhall'd 'neath their high command.

Along the ridge of Wooperton
Sir Percy plac'd his archers light;
The Yorkiſts they muſt breaſt the hill,
Clad in their heavy mail to fight.

Lord Montacute's White bannered Roſe
Had croſs the ſtreams of ſullen Till,
Ah! gentle river, didſt thou ſpare
So fell a fiend that came to kill.

The eaſtern warden eke was he,
And boaſted Neville's noble name:
And Howards, and Bracys, Cuthberts and Johnſons
To combat all at Hedgely came.

With them five hundred horſemen rode,
In martial pomp and gliſtering mail;
The yird it ſhook beneath their hoofs,
Their trumpets flouriſhed on the gale.

Next came his archers, good and true,
Stern men from Tees and Weardale ſide,
And Border prickers and ſpearmen,
And Hobiler's with them did ride.

And Reivers wild, who ſpoil do love,
A motley, mingled roving train;
Moſs troopers frae' the Scottiſh march,
Who only fought for ruth and gain.

Now Montacute has taen his ground,
His bannered White Roſe fluttered wide;
His trumpets with a martial din,
Sir Percy's proweſs loud defied.

Short ſpace had paſt, when down the hill,
Upon a fleet and gallant grey,
Sir Percy ſpurred with right good will,
And thus unto his men did ſay:

" Now forward for the red, red Roſe,
My merry archers, take good aim;"
The bowſtrings twanged, as the arrowed ſhower,
Swept glancing o'er the field o' fame.

Far down the hill the arrows flew,
Like a cloud of driving hail,
And many a knight at ſtirrup ſwung,
Girt in his heavy mail.

Three times before that feathered flight
The horſemen backward drew;
They ſtrove in vain to top the hill,
Whilſt the archers bent the yew.

"Bring up the ſpearmen," Neville cried,
And he curſed the broken ground;
"Wheel the light troops ayont the hill,
And Percy's band ſurround."

Wi' ſteady ſtep the ſpearmen came,
The Border prickers ſhewed their ſkill,
And daſh'd the archers' rear upon,
When they had crept behint the hill.

The Lancaſters their bows flang by,
With ſwords they fiercely ran,
On Neville's ſpearmen did they fall,
And charg't them in the van.

The men of Tees and Wear were good,
As e'er loot arrow fly;
They wheeled in line, and met the charge,
Of foemen valiantly.

The ſpears were caſt aſide in wrath,
They trampled on the uſeleſs bow,
And to it hand to hand they went,
'Twas thruſt for thruſt, and blow for blow.

Sir Percy ſhouted "Hungerford,
And Roſs, upon the Yorkiſt rank;"
But the coward loons they took to flight,
And galloped o'er the northern bank.

The warden charged the Lancaſters,
Their ſhafts were ſped in fight ſae vayn,
And Neville's ſpears are bearing down
Sir Percy and his gallant train.

No arrows hurtled thro' the air,
And uſeleſs lay the twanging bow;
But levell't ſpears were forward bent,
And ſwords gave many a mortal blow.

On foot the noble Percy fought,
Whole ranks were hewn down by his hand,
And limbs and heads were ſhred away
Like poppies by his ſweeping brand.

Now back to back the warriors ſtood,
But what might ſic a remnant do?
And ſcattered o'er the bloody moor
Were billmen keen and archers true.

To right and left, before, ahint,
The torrent of the war rolled by;
"The Red Roſe yet," Sir Percy cried,
For off the field he ſcorned to fly.

His ſhouts rung round the bluidy field,
A ſpearman thruſt his body thro';
But lightly from the ground he ſprung
Full thirty Engliſh feet or moe.

His death pangs gave him giant ſtrength,
Backward he drave the foe;
What brand with his could ſtand a wyte,
What ſhield reſiſt its blow?

The creſcent on his helmet top,
No bigger than a bee,
Was hacked to flinders by the ſwords
Of his bold enemy.

And many a mother's ſon lay there,
Within that bluidy ring,
And many a banner fell to erthe,
Ere Percy took his ſpring.

Sore hackit was his golden mayl,
And eke the ſword he drew,
And from the chinks of his habergeon
The blood was ſeeping thro'.

But failed his life, he backward ſank,
As Montacute upon him preſt;
The laſt words theſe, the Percy ſaid,
"I've ſav'd the bird within my breaſt."

A ſterner field was never fought,
When York his cauſe made good;
But dearly was the conqueſt won:
The white roſe dyed its leaves in blood.

Kynge Malcolme

IS an original ballad; firſt printed in the preſent collection, and founded on the hiſtorical facts ſubjoined. Alnwick Caſtle appears to have been a place of great ſtrength immediately after the Norman Conqueſt; for, in the reign of King William Rufus, it underwent a remarkable ſiege from Malcolm the third, King of Scotland, who loſt his life before it, as did his ſon Prince Edward. The moſt authentic account of this event ſeems to be that given in the ancient Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, of which a copy is preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. This informs us, that the caſtle, though very ſtrong, was in danger of being taken by aſſault; and being cut off from all hopes of ſuccour, was on the point of ſurrendering, when one of the garriſon undertook to reſcue it by the following ſtratagem. He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the caſtle tied to the end of his ſpear, and preſented himſelf in a ſuppliant manner before the king's

pavilion, as being come to ſurrender up the poſſeſſion. Malcolm too haſtily came forth to receive him, and received a mortal wound. The aſſailant eſcaped through the river, which was then ſwoln with rain. The Chronicle adds, that his name was Hammond, and that the place of his paſſage over the river, was long after known by the name of 'Hammond's Ford;' probably where the bridge was afterwards built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldeſt ſon, incautiouſly advancing to revenge his father's death, received a wound, of which he died three days after. The ſpot where Malcolm was ſlain is diſtinguiſhed by a croſs, which was reſtored in 1774, by Elizabeth, Ducheſs of Northumberland, who was immediately deſcended from the unfortunate king, by his daughter Queen Maud, wife of King Henry I. of England. The weſt ſide of the croſs bears the inſcription, 'Malcolm ye third, King of Scotlande was ſlain on this ſpot, beſieging Alnwick Caſtle, Nov^br. 13, A. D. M.XCIII.' On the eaſt ſide, 'Malcolm's Croſs decayed by time, was reſtored by his deſcendant, Elizab^th Ducheſs of Northumb^d, M.D.CCLXXIV.' The Croſs has three ſteps to the pedeſtal; on the north ſide are ſculptured a crown and thiſtle, and on the ſouth ſide a lion rampant, with other devices. The pedeſtal and capital of the old Croſs ſtill remain amongſt the adjoining trees.

The Death of King Malcolme.

THE ſun was glinting thro' the ſhaws,
And flowered the elder tree,
When Malcolme, King o' braid Scotland,
Roſe up from the dew wet lea.
Sing oh ſo mournfully, ſo dulefully.

He held wild Morkall in Alnwick Towers,
Wi' a ring o' armed men;
And all his warriors tented round,
Were thouſands three and ten.
Sing oh, &c.

He preſſed ſo ſorely on the walls,
They were like to eat the ſtane;
They ſlaughtered hounds and pinin' yauds,
Picked rattons to the Bane.
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he ſwore to eat his gluves,
Or ere he yields the wa's,
And they are made of the good doe's hide,
That louped in Durham's ſhaws.
Sing oh, &c.

His bauldeſt men can hardlings bear
The weight o' their iron graith;
A mother wad ſcaircely ken't her ſon
In that grieſly band o' death.
Sing oh, &c.

In was upon a day in Spring,
When the ſcent came frae' the thorn,
The Scottice monarch ſummon't them,
With three waughs o' the horn.
Sing oh, &c.

"Come doun from out your caſtell grey,
That wons upon the hill,
Or by the rood, we'ſe ſhed your blood,
For we are ſworn to kill."
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he glinted ower the walls,
" So draw off a ſpace your men;
I yield my truſt nae help arrives,
And Alnwick Caſtle's taen.
Sing oh, &c.

" But give to me your kingly word,
Ere I draw aſp or bolt,
Ten minutes to come, ten minutes to gae,
Your faith and truth as a Scottice king,
I'ſe meet you on the holt.
Sing oh, &c.

" And I'll give up my Caſtle's keys
To thee, thou Scottice king;
The braveſt men in a' the Merſe
Can dow but as they ding."
Sing oh, &c.

" My hand and gluve, my faith and troth,
I give to thee alſo;
And I'll grant thee thy liberty,
With leave to come and go."
Sing oh, &c.

Wight Hammond mounted then his ſteed,
And he look'd to girth an' ſtrap;
And wi' the keys on his Border ſpear,
Out ower the Brig he lap.
Sing oh, &c.

He pricked his charger cannily,
For the brute had na' that force;
Nae corn in the garner, or oats in the bin,
And the fire will leave a horſe.
Sing oh, &c.

There was a fechtin in his mind,
For his cheek was deadly wan;
And he purſet his broos like one beſet
With a deep and deadly ban.
Sing oh, &c.

His mind was ſet to do a deed,
And he ſtruck his rowells hard,
The beaſt ſprung forth with na' corn in his wame,
He near fell o'er the yird.
Sing oh, &c.

He forded the Aln at the fall o' the hill,
An arrow's flight from the towers,
And on the knowe King Malcolme ſtood,
Surroundit by his powers.
Sing oh, &c.

Bauld Hammond check'd his bridle rein,
Some ten yards frae the King;
He lowered his baſſen'd cap, and ſtood
Up in his ſtirrup ring.
Sing oh, &c.

" I bear the keys o' Alnwick Gates;"
He ſaid wi' ſaucy air;
" I hold them forth, let him wha likes
Come tak them gin' he dare."
Sing oh, &c.

A ſcore o' Chiefs put forth a ſtap,
But Malcolme ſtaid them a';
" Now feint a hand ſhall tak thoſe keys,
Save him wha gives the law."
Sing oh, &c.

He walkit thro' the yellow broom,
Fell Hammond he waited near;
He met him full, and in Malcolme's eye
He thruſt his Border ſpear;
Sing oh, &c.

And turning round fled down the bank,
And ſquattered thro' the ford,
And gained the Caſtell; brig and baulk
Right willingly were lower'd.
Sing oh, &c.

Oh Jeſu! 'twas a fearful ſight
To ſee that kingly man;
Strake thro' the ſkull, whilſt royal blood
Left cheeks and haffets wan.
Sing oh, &c.

Then ſiccan a cry o' wild revenge,
Did earth and heaven ſtoun;
The birds that ſkim'd alang the air,
For very fright fell doun.
Sing oh, &c.

The Scots are arming for the fight,
O ſiccan a fearful ſhout,
They ruſhed red wud to the Caſtle gates,
Like a herd o' frightened nowte.
Sing oh, &c.

Now haud thy ain thou wild Morkall,
For the Scots rage all below;
Thou'ſt fought in mony a battle field,
But never ſo wild a foe.
Sing oh, &c.

From bendit bows, like winter's ſleet,
Shafts flyter thro' the ſky;
They bend the bonny mangonel,
And the ſtanes in ſhowers fly.
Sing oh, &c.

Some on ilk ither's ſhouthers mount,
Whilſt reeking tar and pitch,
With blocks and bars and het water,
Fell warriors in the ditch.
Sing oh, &c.

O, O, the ſin! O, O, the din!
That men ſhould warſle ſo,
They backward bore the bloody King,
From that green and fatal knowe.
Sing oh, &c.

Bauld Hammond's ſpear hath gaſhed his brows,
His ſkull is bark't and riven,
And the prieſt wi' words o' grace and luve,
The dying King hath ſhriven.
Sing oh, &c.

Yedward the Prince, that fated thruſt,
Doth honours to thee bring;
Of braid Scotland and Combernauld,
It makes thee mighty King.
Sing oh, &c.

The battle ſounded loud and clear—
Frae' his bed o' ruſhes dried,
Like one ſtrong in life the King louped up,
And his ſlogan wild he cried.
Sing oh, &c.

Sightleſs and feckleſs did he turn
His face to the fechtin band;
He could na' ſpeak, but he fetched his breath
And deadly ſhook his hand.
Sing oh, &c.

O but for ae' glance o' his eagle eye,
O' heaven's bleſſed light;
To die as ſhould become a Chief,
In the midſt o' yonder fight.
Sing oh, &c.

He warſled wi' his agony,
And to die like a mangy tyke—
His Kingly ſoul flew frae his lips,
In a wild unearthly ſhriek.
Sing oh, &c.

His ſoul and life fled from his fleſh,
His hawkis eyes were ſhent;
He backward fell, a bloody corpſe,
Ere his body touched the bent.
Sing oh, &c.

The deed ſtack to the bauld Hammond,
And for his jouſt ſae grim,
Becauſe he pierced King Malcolme's eye,
Piercy they curſon't him.
Sing oh, &c.

They biggitt a croſs whare Malcolme fell,
Where Hawthorn bloſſoms wave;
I tell na lie, for ye yet may ſee,
King Malcolme's bloody grave.
Sing oh ſo dulefully, ſae mournfully.

The Dame of Haggerſtonne.

THIS Ballad is partly original, and partly taken from a few verſes that appeared in the *Lady's Magazine*, ten years ago. The hero is Wilkie of Ladythorne, a ſmall property on the coaſt. Haggerſtane or Eggerſtane Hall, is half way between Belford and Berwick; the Haggerſtones were an ancient family; one of them diſtinguiſhed himſelf greatly at the battle of Otterburn, and ſeveral of the family fell at the great fight at Flodden.

The Dame of Haggerſtonne.

A LADYE ſits in Haggerſtonne,
And looketh ſo ſad I ween,
For with her at confeſſional
A ſtately Prieſt hath been.

And whilſt ſhe told her bedes of gold,
The Lady oft began;
But ſhe thought of the Prieſt, 'Tis pity, ſhe ſaid,
He is ane holie man.

His voice that whiſpered in her ear
Had ſuch a ſilver tone;
No maid could look upon his eyes
And her ſins think upon.

And then ſhe told her beads again,
And her ſecret half began;
But 'tis pity, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe looked at the Prieſt,
He is ane holie man.

His air was like a belted lord's,
A courteous Prieſt was he;
Did he but wear the ſpur and ſword,
A gallant Knight he'd bee.

And then agayn acroſs her beads
Thoſe trembling fyngers ranne;
But ſhe looked at the Prieſt, 'Tis great pitie
He was ane holie man.

A tourney's held by Berwick Walles,
And high born dames are there,
And Knights from every ſhire and town
Proclaim their Ladyes fayre.

Then in there rode a gallant Knight,
And his iron gluve let fall;
" The Dame of Haggerſtonne," he cried,
" Is the fayreſt of them all."

And o'er the heads of Knight and Squire
That Ladye's bright eyes ranne,
For ſhe thought of the Prieſt, and the Lady ſighed
That he was a holie man.

This gallant Knight he held the field
'Gainſt comers all the daye;
And thoſe who ran a courſe wyth hym
Upon the ground muſt laye.

It was in running three courſes
With Swintons Somerville,
He loſt his caſque by his foeman's ſpeare,
And rocked in ſaddle ſeele.

He gave the ſpur to his proud charger,
And roſe in ſtirrup ring,
And down upon Sir Somerville
His biting ſword did bring.

He cut thro' ſteel and good armour,
Vantbrace and plated ſhield;
"Take that," quo' he, "for my helmet's loſs,"
And Swinton rolled on the field.

The blood ruſhed to that Ladye's cheek,
And her cheek fluſhed red to wan;
And croſſed herſelf, as well ſhe mought,
For the Knight was her holie man.

The night comes over Berwicke town,
There's revel in Haggerſtonne Hall;
But Wilkie of fayre Ladythorne,
Is braveſt of them all.

"Mayds I've confeſſed in France and Spayn,
And eke in Germanie;
But ne'er, in ſooth, may I hope agayn
To meet with a Dame like thee:

"For none ſo fayre and bright as thou,
Have I ſeen in any lan';"
"Nor I, in ſooth," quo' Haggerſtonne's Dame,
"Saw ſiccan a holie man."

The bells o' Berwick Church ring out,
And the Knights and Dames are there;
And the ſtately Dame of Haggerſtonne,
Comes forth a bride ſo fayre.

Quo ſche, "Gin thou hadſt luved me firſt,
Why not as a gallant Knight
Have ſought my hand in gentleneſs,
To win a ladye bright."

"Oh then," ſaid he, "I ſought to woo
Thee for thy peerleſs ſelf;
Nor never a mammon mind had I,
To win thee for thy pelf.

"A loſel Knight is he at beſt,
Who courteth for red gold;
True love is not mean merchandiſe,
That can be bought and ſold:

"But where we love, true Knights will wed,
Deſpiten ſtate or birth;
I loved thee for thy ſelf alone,
And not thy tocher's worth."

A rippling ſmile came o'er her face,
When ſhe took the good Knight's han',
And ſhe bleſt herſelf, that many a ſin
She ne'er told to the holie Man.

The Slaughter of the Biſhop.

THE ſlaughter of the Biſhop is mentioned in Brand's Hiſtory of Durham; what was the *offence* of this prelate, the hiſtorian does not ſay; perhaps it was a queſtion of tithes, or more probably ſome eccleſiaſtical change, to which the people offered reſiſtance, and in the heat of their fury, they broke in upon him and ſlew him. "The old Chapel by the gate," as the Chronicler avers, might well anſwer to the old Chapel in Gateſhead. The watch word of the murderers was "gude redde, ſhorte redde, ſlay ye the Biſchoppe," meaning probably, a good riddance; or as "redde" ſtands for counſel in the old ballads, it may have meant the latter.

He hath broughte King William's honde.

That it was a weighty matter affecting ſome reformation in the Church, we are led to believe by the Prieſt being armed with King William's word (that

is, the parchment), with the law or order ſigned by the King (William I.).

The Black Friars and the White,
And eke the lowlye Greye.

There were Monaſteries of all theſe orders in Newcaſtle, during the period of which we write. There are ſquares ſtill known by the name of "Black Friars, White Friars," and ſeveral lanes called "Grey Friars, Low Friars, Crutched Friars," &c.

And, My maſters, he ſayd, what means this effeir?

"Bodin in effeir," a Border phraſe, to come armed for battle.

Roſe high as Saynt Nicholaſſe.

See the Ballad of "Earl Moray."

He clave the woode, when ſtrange to tell
Out guſhed a ſtreame of bloode.

A miracle occurred on the feaſt of St. Oſwin (which the author has copied in the preſent ballad). "On the feaſt of the paſſion of Saint Oſwin (a Saxon martyr and king), as a ſailor was cutting a piece of wood on board his ſchippe at Newcaſtle-on-Tyne, he ſaw blood guſh out of it in great abundance; recollecting the feſtival he gave over work, but a companion of his,

regardleſs of the miracle, perſiſted in his profane buſineſs; and upon ſtriking the wood, the blood guſhed out in ſtill greater abundance. Both clergy and laity were informed of this, and approved the miracle; the wood was carried to Tynemouth, where the Saint's bodie was interred, to be there preſerved in teſtimony thereof."

Bede,
Knowne for hys ſanctitie.

See the life and writings of the Venerable Bede.

The Slaughter of the Biſhop.

THE Biſchoppe has come with King William's worde
To the Chapell by the gate;
But he may rue his journeyings,
Or ere it be too late.
Gude redde, ſhort redde, ſlay ye the Biſchoppe.

The people are there, with hanging looks,
And no man cries, "God bleſſe
Thee thou Biſchoppe of King Willyam,
Arrayed in holyneſſe."
Gude redde, &c.

He hath broughte Kyng Willyam's honde,
Written on parchment fayre,
Gif any like to ſee the wordes
They in his face ſhall ſtare.
Gude redde, &c.

The Black Friars and the White,
And eke the lowlye Greye,
Walk two's and two's wyth the proud Biſchoppe,
A fayre ſighte by my faye.
Gude redde, &c.

In and upon the Gateſhead ſtreets,
The people gather and ſille,
Wyth ſticks ſtelle headed, ſtaves and ſtones,
The Durham Prieſt to kille.
Gude redde, &c.

They gather about the holye chappelle,
And talk of his perfidie;
How that he has graſpit all the tythes,
And ſwept the fat off the lea.
Gude redde, &c.

Ruddie his hue and whyte his haire,
Firm was his browe; albeyte his eyes
Flamed in his hede lyke coals of fyre,
As rounde he looked in wonder wyſe.
Gude redde, &c.

The ſtowne of tongues grewe threateninge,
As the Biſchoppe tended maſſe;
But the ſhoutinge and the people's groans,
Roſe highe as Saint Nicholaſſe.
Gude redde, &c.

The Biſchoppe ruſhed to the altarr ſtone,
For he was a haſty manne;
And, "My maſters," he ſay'd, "what means this effeir?"
When aroſe arounde the banne.
Gude redde, &c.

They cloſed uppone the Durham Saynt,
To ſplit his ſhaven crowne,
When he helde the precioufe croſſe aloofe,
Where our Savioure lookèd downe.
Gude redde, &c.

But the howlinge men of the gate
Preſte on to ſlaye the Prieſte,
So he withdrew into the chappelle,
As a ſanctuarie of reſte.
Gude rędde, &c.

Uppe came Ringan of Lymington,
And Roger of the fenne,
Ned of the Huddocks, St. Dunſtone's Cocke,
And a hoſt of ſhrieking menne.
Gude redde, &c.

The Biſchoppe ſtoode, and his ſnowy hairs
Were ſtreaming in the blaſt;
Quo he, "Have ye ſome reverence—"
But the croſſe from his gripe they caſt.
Gude redde, &c.

He haſtened to the altarr ſteppes,
And there his courage keppe;
A lowſel lifted his partizan,
And clave the chappelle ſteppe.
Gude redde, &c.

He clave the woode, when ſtrange to tell
Out guſhed a ſtreame of bloode!
"A mirackle," the Biſchoppe criede
From the altarr where he ſtoode."
Gude redde, &c.

" It ſhalle not ſave thee," fierce Ringan ſayde,
And the Biſchoppes ſkulle he clave,
When bloode and brains flew all aboute,
On chappelle walle and pave.
Gude redde, &c.

There was a fearfulle crie wente uppe
For horror at what was done;
They fled their wayes, and the Prieſtte was lefte
Deade! on the altarr ſtone.
Gude redde, &c.

The Monkes of Jarrowe came up the Tyne,
Wyth St. Cuthbert's banner a' ſtreame,
And the dyrge roſe for the Biſchoppes ſoule,
The rowers' ſonge betweene.
Gude redde, &c.

They gatheret uppe the ſlaughtered Prieſtte,
In his gory robes bedighte;
Oh holye Chryſte! his crimſonne bloode
Had dyed his ſtole ſo whyte.
Gude redde, &c.

They never lyfted oarre or ſayle,
When they hove the bodie aborde;
When the boate it grounded in Jarrow Slake,
As of its owne accorde.
Gude redde, &c.

Not all the menne in Chriſtendie,
Forbye Northumberlande,
Coulde thruſte the boate a fadom's lengthe
From off the tail of the ſande:
Gude redde, &c.

But a gentil winde came from the weſt,
And they ſung Saynt Cuthbert's hymn,
And the bodie dryfted to the lande,
As faſt as itt coulde ſwym.
Gude redde, &c.

They buryed hym in ſolemn wyſe,
In Jarrow Monaſterie,
Where lived and prayed the holie Bede,
Knowne for hys ſanctitie.
Gude redde, &c.

The Lament of Clavering.

THIS Ballad is founded on a tradition prevalent in Northumberland. Near Stanton townſhip, in the pariſh of Long Houghton, the remains of a ſtone croſs are yet to be ſeen, of which Hodgſon, in his Hiſtory of Northumberland, gives this account. "On the Lime Kiln Flats, about a quarter of a mile north of the village, a ſtone croſs ſtill ſtands in a field, on the eaſt ſide of the way, which the country people aver was ſet up in memory of a gentleman of the name of Clavering, being ſlain on the ſpot by a party of Scots." In this ballad (founded on this tradition) I have repreſented him as belonging to the houſe of Callaly: for Clavering is a Northumbrian name of great antiquity; and the pedigree of the houſe of Callaly might perhaps throw a light on this unfortunate gentleman's deſcent. I had in view, during the compoſition of this ballad, the exquiſite ſong of "Balow my Babe." The "Braes of Yarrow," might alſo have ſerved for a

model; but the latter ballad has neither the pathos nor tenderneſs of "Lady Anne Bothwell's lament."

The Monckes at Brynkburn hys dyrge ſhall ſing.

This priory was founded in the reign of Henry I. by a Baron of Mitford, and from diſcoveries made at various times, Brinkburn ſeems to poſſeſs claims to great antiquity. Hiſtorians have aſſerted that here, in former times, a temple ſtood, devoted to the worſhip of Jupiter: ere the Chriſtian Prieſts, in this ſecluded retreat, built the preſent Priory for the veſpers of the Virgin Mary. Brinkburn Priory is aptly named, ſtanding as it does on the brink of a burn or brook, on the right bank of the river Coquet, ſix miles above Felton. Hodgſon in his Hiſtory of Northumberland writes: "Hidden as it now is, tradition reports that it was ſurrounded with a thick foreſt in early times, which obſcured the rays of the ſun at noon day, ſo that a turret of the building could not be ſeen by a paſſer by. On a ſultry Summer's day, when a univerſal drought prevailed, a party of Scottiſh moſſ-troopers, loaded with the ſpoils of a ſucceſsful foray, and fatigued with the heat of the ſun, entered the ſkirts of the ancient foreſt. Their intention was to add the ſpoils of the Priory to their already accumulated plunder; but after much ſearch, not being able to diſcover the wood-emboſomed pile, they began to

proceed homeward. The Monks, overjoyed at the retreat of their enemy, cauſed the great bell of the Priory to be rung, and the brethren aſſembled to offer up thanks for their deliverance. The Scots had unfortunately proceeded but a ſhort way from the Priory when the ſound ſtruck on their ears; they marked the direction from whence the ſound proceeded, and the leader of the band immediately ordered his followers to return, and ſearch out a paſſage through the woods by which they might approach the Priory. With the unerring ſagacity of their own blood hounds the ruthleſs band proceeded, and on obtaining a glimpſe of the ſacred edifice they ruſhed forward, and having broken open the ſacred pile, entered tumultuouſly, and profaned the ſacred edifice by their furious execrations. The unfortunate Monks were at prayers when thus diſturbed, and riſing in the utmoſt diſmay, fled to the woods, &c. Meanwhile, the work of pillage commenced; every corner was ſearched, and every valuable taken. They then ſet fire to the building, and retired homeward laden with ſpoil. The Monks crept from their various places of concealment, and gazed with looks of ſorrow and helpleſſneſs on the burning pile. Deprived of ſhelter, they were obliged to accept the hoſpitality of the neighbouring peaſants, until their ſanctuary could be rebuilt."

The Lament of Clavering.

WAES me for the gentle Clavering,
Who fell at the Stanton Stone;
The Monckes of Brinkburn hys dyrge ſhall ſing,
And his bonny burdie moan.

The fauſe Scots met on the Nine Kilns Flat,
To redde the Teviot raid;
Waes me for gentle Callaly,
That ever he ſholde be ſlayed.

The ſun blinked owre Rimſide fell,
When Clavering left his home,
He tryſted me and his ſiſters twa
At gloaming back to come.

The Scottiſh ſpear has gored his breaſt,
And he'll come back nae mair;
But I'll waſh the wounds with my briny tears,
And wipe them wi' my hair.

His ſark was of the ſilk ſae fine,
And his doublet theſe fingers ſewed,
Had flowers upon it bonnily,
Wi' ſtems o' twiſted goud.

They're watered now wi' a bloody ſhower:
That ever it ſhould be ſo,
And my poor heart for evermore
Muſt dwell with cark and woe.

O ſtarkly girn his gaping wounds,
And his hair is ſteeped in bluid;
His ſword is feckleſs in his hand,
Slayn by a villain's mood.

Gaſhed is the face that took my eye,
When luve I gave to thee;
Thoſe locks of thine, fayr Clavering,
Now reſt upon the lea.

I'll waſh the clotted blood awaye,
That blinds his hazel e'en,
I'll wrap him in a ſnowy ſhrowd,
Beneath the heather green.

I gave to him a true love token,
Ere he rode forth that day;
Oh bonny luve! and was thy haſte
So ſwift, thou couldſt nót ſtay?

How do I for thee ceaſeleſs weep,
When thou poor lifeleſs thing,
Neer heeds my ſabbing or my ſighs,
My woman's ſuffering.

That breaſt which I have lain upon,
Is riddled with a ſpear;
That manly breaſt o' bravery,
That heart that kent na' fear.

The ſilly peeſe whaup mourns its love,
The merle with the drooping wing,
Croons for its ſlaughtered partener,
And I for my Clavering.

The beſt in all the Glendale ward,
Lies ſtark upon the lea;
No kinſmen have his bluidy fall
Revengit furiouſly.

But woman's words have nae revenge,
And man can't waken him;
So leave it to the Lord o' hoſts,
And to his vengeance grim.

The flower is gone from Callaly,
The bonnie dove taen wing;
Waes me, waes me, out and alas
For gentle Clavering!

The Gloamyn Buchte.

THIS beautiful Ballad firſt appeared in a ſmall volume of poems, publiſhed at Jedburgh in 1824, entitled "Border Ballads," by James Telfer. It has been long out of print, and the Ballad given here is the only one in his collection approaching to the "ſpiced crantz of other days, grey with the miſt of antiquity." This Ballad has appeared in "Richardſon's Table Book," and the introduction informs us, "After the general diſperſion of the fairies (ſee the note on the Ballad of the 'Gramarye,') a few would ſeem to have lingered amongſt the receſſes of the Border, until a comparatively modern date. They are the laſt faint glimpſes of our ſuperſtition, which to me ſeem like the remaining and broken columns of a ruined temple, obſerved when day has departed, and immediately before they are ſhrouded in the ſhadow of night." Many anecdotes might be related in illuſtration of this Ballad: we ſhall confine ourſelves to one.

"My father," ſays Robin Oliver, "lived at the Hyndlee and herded the Brockalaw; weel it was the cuſtom in thoſe days to milk the yowes (ewes), and my father was buchtin the Brockalaw yowes to twa liſh, young clever hizzies yae night after ſunſet: nae little daffin and gabbin went on I warrant, till at laſt juſt as it began to get darkiſh, my feyther chanced to look alang the lea at the head o' the bucht, and what does he ſee but a little wee creature, a' clad in green, and wi' lang hair yellow as gowed hingin down his ſhoulders: comin ſtraight to him, whyles gien a whink o' a greet, and a' atween hands raiſin a ſtrange unyirthly cry, 'O hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburn? O hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburne?' Inſtead o' making the creature any anſwer, my feyther lap owre the Bucht dyke to be near the laſſes; he could only ſay, 'Bleſs us too! what's that?' 'Ha, ha, Patie lad,' quo' Beſſy Elliot, a free ſpoken Liddeſdale wench, 'there's a wife come for ye the night, Patie lad.' 'A wife,' ſaid my feyther, 'the lord keep me from ſiccan a wife as that!' And as he confeſſed, till the day of his death, he was in ſiccan a fright, that he fand every hair on his head riſe like the birſes (briſtles) o' a hurcheon (hedgehog). Weel, there was nae mair ſaid, and the creature, it was na bigger than a three year auld laſſie, but feat and tight, lith an limb, as ony grown woman, and its face was the doonright perfection o' beauty; only

there was ſomething wild and unyirthly in its e'en; they could'na be looked at and leſs be deſcribit. Well, as I was ſaying, it did no more moleſt them, further on that it taiglet on about the Bucht, aye now and then repeatin its cry, 'Hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburn?' And they could come to nae ither concluſion, but that it had *tint* (loſt) its companion. When my feyther and the laſſes left the bucht, it followed them hame even to Hyndlee Kytchen, where the woman offered it ſome ewe broſe; but it wadna tak anything, till at laſt a ne'er do well of a cowherd callant, made as if he wad grip it by the noſe wi' a pair o' red het tangs, when it appeared to be offendit, for it left the houſe and wandered down the Burn, crying its auld cry wearyer and far more waeſome than ever, untill it came to a buſs of ſeggs (ſedges), where it ſauntit and was never mair ſeen."

The moudies (moles) powtelit out o' the yirth
And kiſſed the ſynger's feet.

This verſe and the ſeven ſtanzas following, are truly beautiful. In the deſcription of the auditors of the "yowling yowte," the figures are grouped together with ſo bold a hand, that we wonder how ſome glaring abſurdity or offenſive image does not riſe up to ſtartle the eye or the imagination. But it is not ſo. What graphic painting is there here—

The hurcheon raxed his gory chafts,
And gepit in girning joy.

and in

The ſtynkyn brokke (badger) *wi' his lang lank lyſke*
Shotte up his gruntle to ſee.

How beautifully are the various comers of earth and ſky introduced, with a wild imagery and ſublime conception, worthy of Shakſpere, from the "pert little eſkis," to the "tade, that held up her auld dun lufes (hands)." The "mawkin," that "goggled in the ſynger's face," is exquiſite: the eye of the hare being uncommonly large and beautiful, the truthfulneſs of the alluſion is at once apparent.

O where is tiny Hewe?
And where is little Lenne?

The "wee bairnys" ſong is highly characteriſtic; and the wild and groteſque chorus adds an indeſcribable zeſt to the whole. As Shakſpere had the wondrous felicity of ſaying what he thought in the moſt appropriate and forcible words of our language; ſo it almoſt appears, that Telfer has done all that could be written to deſcribe a ſong of the fairies, as he has choſen the very words and ideas that could embody it, and nothing more. There is the ſtamp of no common genius on the "Gloamyn Buchte."

We have been aſſured that " Telfer is one of thoſe whoſe merit the world has been ſlow to recogniſe, and alas ſtill ſlower to reward." We are ſorry for it; pity, that the man, who penned ſuch exquiſite lines, ſhould ever know the gripe of poverty. Among our forefathers the voice of the minſtrel was like the breath of Spring, quickening into life not only mute but immaterial things; and if the leafleſs tree and naked rock appeared in their barrenneſs as they do now, they gave the more relief to the luxuriance around them, rendering the green blade and the bloſſoming bough the more attractive: even ſo was the voice of the minſtrel, calling the attention from the dull things of this earth, and rendering the croſſes and misfortunes of this world bearable by the magic which he threw around them.

We may remark, that a " Buchte" is a ſheepfold; milking the ewes was common enough in the time of Burns, and it is ſtill followed in ſome of the paſtoral diſtricts of Scotland.

The Gloamyn Buchte.

THE ſun was redde as a furnace mouthe,
As he ſunk on the Ettricke hyll;
The gloamyn gathered frae the eaſte,
The dowye world to fille.

When bonny Jenny Roole ſhe milket the yowes,
I'th' Buchte aboon the lynne,
And they were wild and ill to weare,
But the hindmoſt buchtfu' was inne.

"O mylk them well, my bonny Jenny Roole,"
The wilye ſhepherde woulde ſay,
"And ſing to me the 'Keache in the Creele,'
To put the tyme away."

"It's far oure late, ſhepherde, at e'en,"
Replyed the maiden fayre,
"The fayres wad hear me," quo bonny Jenny Roole,
"And wi' louting my back is ſair."

He's taen her rounde the middle ſae ſma,
Whiles the yowes ran by between,
And out o' the Buchte he's laid her downe,
All on the dewy green.

The ſtar o' love in the eaſtern lifte,
Was the only e'ee they ſaw;
The only ſound that they might hear,
Was the linne's deep murmuring fa'.

Oh, who can tell of youthful love,
Oh, who can ſing or ſay?
It is a theme for minſtrel meete,
And yet tranſcends his laye.

It is a thraldome, welle I weene,
To hold the hearte in ſylke;
It is a draughte to craze the braine,
But mylder 'tis than mylke.

"O ſing me the ſong, my bonny Jenny Roole,
Now, deareſt, ſing to me;
The angels will liſten at their little holes,
And witneſs my vowes to thee."

"I mayna refuſe," quo bonny Jenny Roole,
"Sae welle ye can me winne;"
And ſhe ſatte in his armes and ſweetely ſung,
And her voice rang from the linne.

The liltings o' that ſilver voice
Might well the wittes beguile;
They clearer were than ſhepherd's pipe,
Heard o'er the hylles a mylle.

The lyltings o' that ſylver voyce,
That roſe and felle ſo free,
They ſofter were than lady's lute,
Heard on Italian ſea.

The lyltings o' that ſylver voyce
Was melody ſae true,
They ſprang up thro' the welkin wide
To the heaven's key-ſtane blue.

"Sing on, ſing on, my bonny Jenny Roole,
Sing on your ſonge ſae ſweete."
"Now Chryſt me ſave," quo the bonny laſſe,
"Whence comes that waeſome greete?"

They turned their gaze to the mourning cleuch,
Where the greeting ſeemed to be,
And there beheld a little greene bairne,
Come o'er the darkſome lea.

And aye it raiſed a waeſome grette,
Butte and an eirie crye,
Untill it cam to the Buchte fauld ende,
Where the wynſom pair did lye.

It looked around with its ſnail cap eyne,
That made their hearts ſae grou,
Then turnd upright its graſs greene face,
And opyned its goblin mou;

Then raiſed a yowle ſae loud and lange,
Sae yelliſh and ſae ſhrille,
As dirled up to the twinkling holes,
The ſecond lyftte intill.

I tell the tale as told to me,
I ſwear ſo by my faye,
And whether or not of glamourie,
In ſoothe I cannot ſay.

The yowling yowte ſae yelliſh was,
Butte and ſae lang and loude,
The ryſyng moon like ſaffron grewe,
And holed ahint a cloude.

And rounde the boddom o' the liftte,
It rang the worild through,
And boomed agaynſt the Mylky Waye
Afore it cloſed its mou.

Then neiſt it raiſed its note and ſang,
Sae wytchinglye and ſweete;
The moudies powtelit out o' the yirth,
And kiſſed the ſynger's feet.

The waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
The thieffe foumart cam nigh,
The hurcheon raxed his gory chafts,
And gepit wi' girning joy.

The todde he came frae the ſcrethy holes
And courit fou cunningly;
The ſtynkyn brokke wi' his lang lank lyſke
Shotte up his gruntle to ſee.

The kydde and martyn ranne a race
Amang the dewy ferne;
The mawkin goggled in the ſynger's face,
The enchanting notes to learne.

The pert little eſkis they curled their tails,
And danced a myrthſome reele,
The tade held up her auld dun lufes,
She lykit the ſonge ſae welle:

The herone cam frae the witch pule tree,
The howlet frae dead woode knowe,
The auld gray corby hoverit abune,
While tears doun his cheekes did flow.

The yowes they lap out oure the buchte,
And ſkippit up and doun;
And bonny Jenny Roole in the ſhepherd's arms,
Fell back out oure in a ſwoone.

It might be glamourye or not,
In ſooth I cannot ſay,
It was the witching tyme of night,
The hour o' gloamyn greye,
And ſhe that lay in her luver's armes,
I wis was a weel faured Maye.

Her pulſes all were beating trewe,
Her heart was louping lighte;
Unto that wondrous melody,
That ſemple ſonge of mighte,

THE SONG OF THE ELF.

O WHERE is tiny Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
And where is bonny Lu,
And Menie o' the Glen?
And where's the place o' reſte,
The ever changing hame?
Is it the gowan's breaſt,
Or 'neath the bell of faem?
Chorus, Ay lu lan, lan dil yu' &c.

The faireſt roſe you findde
May have a taint withynne,
The flower o' womankynde
May ope her breaſt to ſinne;
The foxglove cuppe we bringge,
The tayl of ſhootyng ſtern,
And at the graſſy ryng
We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.
Chorus, Ay lu lan, lan dil yu' &c.

And when the bluſhing moone
Glides downe the weſtern ſkye,
By ſtreamer's wing we ſoone
Upon her toppe will lie;
Her higheſt horne we'll ryde,
And quaff her yellow dewe,
And fra' her ſhadowyye ſyde
The burnyng days we'll view.
Chorus, Ay lu lan, lan dil yu' &c.

The ſtrain roſe high, the ſtrain fell dow',
Then fainted fitfullye,
And bonny Jenny Roole ſhe lookit up,
To ſee what ſhe might ſee.

She lookit highe to the bodynge hille,
And laighe to the darklyn lea;
She hearde the ſounds ſtill ring in the lifte,
But naethyng coulde ſcho' ſee.

She held her breath wyth anxious care,
And thought it alle a dreme;
But an eerie nicher ſhe herde in the linne,
And a plitch platch in the ſtreame.

Never a worde ſayd bonny Jenny Roole,
Butte "Shepherde let us gange,"
And never mair at a Gloamynge Buchte
Wald ſhe ſyng another ſange.

The Outlandiſh Knight.

A Border Ballad.

THIS Ballad I have copied from a broad ſheet in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman of Newcaſtle; it has alſo been publiſhed in "Richardſon's Table Book." The verſes with inverted commas I added at the ſuggeſtion of a friend, as it was thought the Knight was not rendered ſufficiently odious without this new trait of his diſhonour. There is in Monk Lewis's Tales of Wonder, a tranſlation from a German Ballad, on the ſame ſubject or nearly ſo; for the Knight goes to church, and meeting with a lovely mayden,

He ſkipped o'er benches one or two,
"Oh lovely maid, I die for you;"
He ſkipped o'er benches two or three,
"Oh lovely maid, come walk with me."

The maiden complies; but it appears the Knight

proves to be a " moſt perfidious monſter," as Trinculo ſays of Caliban, for he entices the pretty maid to croſs the river in a boat, and when in the centre of the ſtream he ſinks with his prey into the waves. Campbell's well known Ballad of " Lord Ullin's Daughter," is on the ſame ſubject.

Who the author of the " Outlandiſh Knight" was, I have no means of diſcovering, as it is one of thoſe Ballads that paſs down the ſtream of time unclaimed, and whoſe authorſhip is left for the antiquary to diſcover.

The Outlandiſh Knight.

AN Outlandiſh Knight from the north lands came,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me to the north lands,
And I ſhould his fair bride be.

A broad, broad ſhield did this ſtranger wield,
Whereon did the red croſs ſhine;
Yet never, I ween, had that ſtrange Knight been
In the fields of Paleſtine.

And out and ſpoke the ſtranger Knight,
This Knight of the ſtrange countrie;
"O mayden fayr, with the raven hayre,
Thou ſhalt at my bidding be.

" Thy ſire he is from home, ladye,
For he hath a journey gone;
And his ſhaggy blood-hound is ſleeping ſound
Beſide the poſtern ſtone.

" Go bring me ſome of thy father's gold,
And ſome of thy mother's fee;
And ſteeds twain of the beſt, that in the ſtalls reſt,
Where they ſtand thirty and three."

* * * * *

She mounted her on her milk white ſteed,
And he on a dapple grey,
And they forward did ride till they reached the ſea ſide,
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and ſpoke this ſtranger Knight,
This Knight of the north countrie;
" O mayden fayr, with the raven hayre,
Do thou at my bidding be.

" Alight thee from thy mylk white ſteed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six maids have I drowned where the billows ſound,
And the ſeventh one ſhalt thou be.

" But firſt pull off thy kirtle fine,
And deliver it unto me;
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween,
To rot in the ſalt, ſalt ſea.

" Pull off, pull off, thy ſilken ſhoon,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too fine and gay,
To rot in the ſalt, ſalt ſea.

" Pull off, pull off thy bonny green plaid,
That floats in the breeze ſo free,
It is woven fine with the ſilver twine,
And comely it is to ſee."

" If I muſt pull off my bonny ſilk plaid,
O turn thy back to me,
And gaze on the ſun, which has juſt begun
To peer owre the ſalt, ſalt ſea."

" Thou art too ſhameful, fayr maid," he ſaid,
" To wanton ſo with me;
I've ſeen thee in thy holland ſmock,
And all to pleaſure me."

" If thou haſt ſeen me in my ſmock,
The more ſhame thee betide;
It better beſeem'd that tongue not tell,
But rather my ſinne to hide.

" Who ever tempted weak woman
Unto a deede of evil;
To tempt the firſt and then to twit,
Beſeemeth but the deyvil."

He turned his back on the fayr damſelle,
And looked upon the beam;
She graſpt him tight with her arms ſo white,
And plunged him in the ſtreme.

The ſtreme it ruſhed, and the Knight he roar'd,
And long with the waters ſtrave;
The water kelpies laughed with joy,
As they ſmoored him in the wave.

" Lie there, lie there, thou falſe hearted Knight,
Lie there inſtead of me;
Six damſels fayr thou haſt drownèd there,
But the ſeventh has drownèd thee."

The ocean wave was the falſe one's grave,
For he ſunk right haſtily;
Tho' with bubbling voice he pray'd to his ſaint,
And utter'd an Ave Marie.

The fair Flower of Northumberland.

THIS Ballad has been known about the Engliſh Border for many years, and I can remember a verſion of it being ſung by my grandmother. It treats of the betrayal and deſertion of a daughter of "the good Erle of Northumberland;" but which Earl, or in what age it happened, there are no means of aſcertaining, further than he was a Scottiſh Knight, who proved untrue to his vows. "The fraud of man was ever ſo, ſince Summer firſt was leafy," ſo writes Shakſpere, who took it in turn from that truly old Engliſh Ballad, "It was a Friar of Orders Grey," attributed with I know not what juſtice to Beaumont and Fletcher. I have added the laſt verſe but one, as I thought the ends of Ballad juſtice would not be fulfilled, if the falſe Knight ſhould eſcape condign puniſhment. Chopping the ſpurs from a Knight's heel, was the

very height of degradation, a kind of knightly drumming out; whilſt breaking the ſword over the culprit's head was always reſorted to, preparatory to execution for treaſonable or diſgraceful offences.

The fair Flower of Northumberland.

IT was a Knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Was taken priſoner, and left forlorn
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

Then was he caſt in priſon ſtrong,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Where he could not walk or lay along,
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

And as in ſorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The Erl's ſweet daughter walks that way,
And ſhe is the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And paſſing by like ane angel bryght,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The priſoner had of her a ſight,
And ſhe the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The ſalt tears ſtanding in his eye,
And ſhe the fair Flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he ſaid, "take pity on me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And let me not in priſon die,
And you the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair Sir, how ſhould I take pity on you?
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Thou being a foe to our countrie,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he ſayd,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"Through thy ſweet love here was I ſtay'd,
For the fair Flower of Northumberland."

" Why ſhouldſt thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

" I ſwear by the bleſſed Trinity,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I have no wife or children, I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

" If courteouſly thou wilt ſet me free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I vow that I will marry thee,
So ſoon as I come to fayre Scotland.

" Thou ſhalt be a lady of caſtles and towers,
Follow my love, come over the Strand,
And ſit like a queen in princely bowers,
Were I at home in fayre Scotland.

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And ſtole her father's ring away,
To help this Knight in fayre Scotland.

Likewiſe much gold ſhe got by ſleight,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And all to help this forlorn Knight,
To wend from her father in fayre Scotland.

Two gallant ſteeds, both good and able,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
She likewiſe took out of the ſtable,
To ride with the Knight to fayre Scotland.

And to the jaylor ſhe ſent the ring,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Who the Knight from priſon forth did bring,
To wend with her into fayre Scotland.

This token ſett the priſoner free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Who ſtraight went to this fair lady,
To wend with her to fayre Scotland.

A gallant ſteed he did beſtride,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And with the lady away did ride,
And ſhe the fair Flowyer of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
" Good Sir, how ſhould I follow you here,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?

" The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And on my ſaddle I ſhall not keep,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

" Fear not the ford, fair lady," quo' he,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
" For long I cannot ſtay for thee,
And thou the fair Flower of Northumberland."

The lady prickt her gallant ſteed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And over the river ſwam with ſpeed,
And ſhe the fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Thus have I done for love of thee,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode ſhe all one winter's night,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Till Edinborough they ſaw in ſight,
The faireſt town in all Scotland.

"Now chooſe," quo' he, "thou wanton Flower,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
If thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland.

"For I have a wife, and children five,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
In Edinborough they be alive,
Then get thee home to Northumberland.

"This favour thou ſhalt have to boot,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I'll have thy horſe, go thou on foot,
Go, get thee home to Northumberland."

"O falſe and faithleſs Knight," quo ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"And canſt thou deal ſo bad with me,
And I the fayre Flower of Northumberland?

" Diſhonour not a lady's name,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
But draw thy ſword and end my ſhame,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her ſtately ſteed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And left her there in extreme need,
And ſhe the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Then ſat ſhe down full heavily,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
At length two Knights came ridin by,
Two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Saying, " Courteous Knights, take pity on me,
For I am the fair Flower of Northumberland.

" I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And by a falſe Knight, who brought me here
From the good Erle of Northumberland."

They took her up behind them there,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And brought her to her home again,
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

They chopped the ſpurs from the falſe Knight's heels,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And broke his ſword upon his head,
For wronging the Flower of Northumberland.

All you fair maydens, be warned by me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Scots never were true, nor ever will be
To lord, or lady, or fair England.

Lady Jean.

BOTHAL CASTLE, the ſcene of this Ballad, is ſituated on the Wanſbeck, three miles from Morpeth. It was built by the anceſtors of the "Bertram," mentioned in the Ballad of Lord Hepburn, and in ancient times it was a place of conſiderable ſtrength. It is related by tradition, that a "Scotch Knight, named Dunbar, bearing a fox's tail in his helmet, as a challenge for any man to fight him, travelled throughout England, and going towards his own country, was encountered by Syr Robert Ogle, and ſlain with a pole-axe, which remained as a trophy until very lately in the great hall of Bothal Caſtle." The Lord Dacre, mentioned as the intended bridegroom in the Ballad, may have been the "Dacre" of Flodden Field. (For an account of whoſe family, ſee *Scott's* "*Lay of the laſt Minſtrel.*") He was warden of the Eaſtern March in the reign of Henry VIII. The Umphreville or Umfraville, mentioned alſo as the lover of Lady Jean,

was deſcended from a very powerful family, of which there were ſeveral branches. In the reign of Henry V. we find one "Sir Robert Umfraville," proſecuting John de Manners, Sheriff of Northumberland, and his ſon, for having killed William Heron, Eſq. and Robert Atkinſon.

There was formerly at Alnwick an Abbey of Premonſtratenſian Canons. In the Chronicles of this houſe, preſerved in the library of King's College, Cambridge, there is an account of a banquet given by Walter de Hepſcotes, the Abbot, A. D. 1376, on the day of the Aſſumption of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary, to Henry, the Fourth Lord of Alnwick, and thirteen Knights, amongſt whom occurs the name of "Ingram de Umfraville." The principal ſcion of the family ſettled at Otterbourne at a very early period; and we find that at the "Battle of Otterbourne" between the Douglas and Percy, Sir Ralph de Umphreville performed good "yeoman's ſervice."

Who the author of this Ballad is, I know not: it appeared in "Richardſon's Table Book," with the initials R. W. appended to it. It is an old Ballad, and like other renowned lyrics, whoſe authors are enveloped in myſtery, it has become a "waif" and "ſtray" to any Poetical Lord of the Manor who may chooſe to lay claim to it. We may ſuppoſe Scott to have ſeen it; if ſo, I am ſtrongly inclined to believe

that it furniſhed the "Young Lochinvar" of the great Noveliſt. The incidents are nearly the ſame as in the "Bridal of Netherby," only the hero Umphreville, though much talked of, is like the "great Timoleon" in the "Grecian Daughter," never ſeen.

Lady Jean.

BY Bothal's tower, ſweet Wanſbeck's ſtream
Rins bickerin to the ſea;
Aloft, the breezes of the morn
The banners waving free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonny bowers,
There's mirth within the ha';
But oure the cheek of Lady Jean,
The tricklin tear drops fa'.

She ſits within her chamber high,
Her couſin's by her ſide;
Yet ſweir is ſhe to don the dreſs
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haſte! Lord Dacre's on his way,
Ye hae nae time to ſpare;
Come let me claſp that jimp girdle,
And braid your gloſſy hair.

"Of a' the ladies in the land,
Yeſe be ſurpaſſed by nane;
The lace that's on your velvet robe,
Wi' goud 'ill ſtand its lane.

"This jewelled chaplet ye'll put on,
That broidered necklace gay;
For we maun ha' ye buſkit well
On this your bridal day."

"O Ellen, you would think it hard
To wed againſt your will;
I never loved Lord Dacre yet,
I dinna like him ſtill.

"He kens, tho' oft he ſued for love
Upon his bended knee;
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

" And he has gained my mother's ear,
My father's ſtern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Although he claim my hand.

" O Ellen, ſoftly liſt to me,
I ſtill may ſcape the ſnare;
This morn I ſent to Otterbourne,
The tidings would be there.

" And hurrying on, comes Umphreville,
His ſpur is ſharp at need;
There's nane in a' Northumberland
Can boaſt a fleeter ſteed.

" Ah, well I ken his heart is true,
He will, he muſt be here;
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave
The pennon o' his ſpear."

" Far is the way, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love comes
You'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

" Wi' ſtately, ſolemn ſtep, the prieſt
Climbs up the chapel ſtair;
Alas! alas! for Umphreville,
His heart may well be ſair.

" Keep back, keep back, Lord Dacre's ſteed,
Ye mauna trot or gang;
And haſte ye, haſte ye, Umphreville,
Your lady thinks you lang."

In velvet ſheen ſhe wadna dreſs,
Nae pearlins oure her ſhone,
Nor broidered necklace ſparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up roſe ſhe frae her cuſhioned ſeat,
And tottered like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the roſe, and then
Turned whiter than the wa'.

" O Ellen, thraw the caſement up,
Let in the air to me;
Look down within the caſtle yard,
And tell me what you ſee."

" Your fayther's ſtan'nin on the ſteps,
Your mother's at the door;
Out thro' the poſtern comes the train,
Lord Dacre rides before.

" Fu' yauld and gracefu' lichts he doun,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnett plume,
And ſhakes your father's hand.

" Liſt, lady, liſt! a bugle note,
It ſoundeth faintly clear;
Up, up! I ſee abune the wa'
Your true love's pennon'd ſpear."

And up fu' quick gat Lady Jean,
Nae ailment had ſhe mair;
Blyth was her look, and firm her ſtep,
As ſhe ran down the ſtair.

As thro' amang the apple trees,
An' up the walk ſhe flew,
Untill ſhe reached her true love's ſide,
Her breath ſhe ſcarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would ſee the bride
He ſought her bower alone;
And dowf and blunkit grew his looks,
When Lady Jean was gone.

Sair did her father ſtamp and rage,
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up and aff with Umphreville
To bonny Otterbourne.

Syr John le Sprynge.

(Very ancient.)

THIS old Ballad occurs in Sharpe's Biſhopric Garland, a collection of Songs and Ballads publiſhed in the beginning of this century. The Knight, who was murdered in the arms of his leman "in his bower at Houghton," as it is headed in Sharpe's Collection, would ſeem to have been a cruſader, and had probably fought 'neath the "honour-giving banner" of Richard I. or Edward I. (who in the cruſade was wounded by a poiſoned dagger). At leaſt the verſes hint as much.

Ere the waning Creſcent fled;
When the Martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Chryſt's ſoldiers dead.

The creſcent was the ſymbol of Saladin, and it is on record, that an anceſtor of the Percies won a Paynim

ſtandard in ſingle fight from the Sultan of Trebizond, and afterwards adopted the cognizance as his own.

That Syr John le Sprynge was untrue to his marriage vow, is the only ſuppoſition we can put upon the concluding lines,

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiſs no leman gay.

Infidelity ſeems to have been his crime; probably ſome of the kinſmen of his infuriated and jealous wife tracked the unfortunate Knight to the bower, and when

At dead of night, in the ſofte moonlyght,
In his garden bower he lay,

they broke in upon the guilty ſlumbers of the unguarded Knight.

St. George's banner was the "oriflamme" of the Engliſh Cruſaders, and hence the Ballad ſtates that

He fell not in the battle field,
Beneath St. George's banner bryght.

St. George ſeems to have been the tutelary Saint of Engliſh Knights, from the days of King Arthur downwards.

The murdered Knight, it would appear, was buried in the "ſouth aiſle" of the Church in Houghton; and until a few years ago, there was in the ſouth aiſle, the

figure of a Knight in armour, in the attitude of prayer; the tomb being curiouſly ornamented with ſculptures of the Holy Family in niches. Above, on a ſlab of marble, were his arms, with this ſolemn inſcription, "Praye for the Soule of Syr John le Sprynge."

The Knight's family would ſeem to have been an ancient one, and their caſtle was probably at Houghton, or near it; and to this they added their patronymic appellation, calling it Houghton le Spryng, to diſtinguiſh it from another town of the ſame name, as there are ſeveral Houghtons in the ſhire of Durham.

Syr John le Sprynge.

PRAY for the ſoule of Syr John le Sprynge,
When the black Monks ſing,
And the veſper bells ring,
Pray for the ſoule of a murdered Knight,
Pray for the ſoule of Sir John le Spryng.

He fell not before the paynim ſword,
Ere the waning Creſcent fled;
When the martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Chryſt's ſoldiers dead.

He fell not in the battle field,
Beneath St. George's banner bryght;
When the pealyng cry of victory,
Might cheer the ſoule of a dying Knyght.

But at dead of night, in the ſoft moonlight,
In his garden bower he lay,
And the dew of ſleepe did his eyelids ſteep,
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower,
Wyth his paramour,
Did his ſoule from his body fleete,
And through miſt and mirk and moonlight grey,
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreadful judgment ſeat.

In the ſouthermoſt aiſle his coat of mail,
Hangs o'er the marble ſhrine;
And his tyltyng ſpere is ruſtyng there,
His helm and his gaberdine.

And aye the maſs prieſt ſings his ſong,
And patters many a prayer;
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And aye the lamp burns there.

And ſtill when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of Saynt Barnaby bryght,

The dying taper faintly burns,
Wyth a wan and wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, whilſt the armour's clank
Affrights the prieſt on his knee.

And high over head, with heavy tread,
Unearthly footſteps paſs,
For the ſpirits of air are gathering there,
And mock the holy maſs.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiſs no leman gay;
For he that ſinks in ſin to ſleepe,
May never wake to pray.

Judge not, ſinner as thou art,
Commune with thy ſecret herte,
And watch, for thou knowſt not the houre,
But to Jeſus bright, and Mary of might,
Pray for the ſoule of the murdered Knight,
That died in the moonlit bower.

The Death of Red Eric.

THIS Ballad is by Mackay Wilſon, and appeared in his Tales of the Border, January 16, 1836, a few months ere he died. It ſeems to be an imitation of "Young Lochinvar:" the hero being one of the Delavals, of Seton Delaval, near Blyth, for a deſcription of whoſe family and princely manſion (before it was deſtroyed by fire) ſee an entertaining account in Howitt's Viſit to Remarkable Places. Red Eric is perhaps the ſame Scandinavian adventurer mentioned in the "Death Song of Rognor Lobgrod;" but the ſuppoſition is merely conjectural.

The Death of Red Eric.

RED ERIC, the Dane, o'er the ocean has come,
His courſe was as fleet as the wind driven foam,
As the ſtorm riſen ſea ruſhes wild o'er the ſtrand,
He has harried the ſhores of Northumberland.
There was wailing and weeping in cottage and hall,
O'er the plundered domain of the Lord Delaval.

The gallant young Baron went forth with his train,
To bring home the bride to his princely domain;
'Twas the Lady Editha, fair flower of the Tyne,
In beauty how peerleſs, in grace how divine:
Oh, ne'er was the maiden in cottage and hall
More fair than the bride of the brave Delaval.

The bridal train trooped adown Hallowell Dale,
The laſt rays of ſunlight ſtill gleam'd on their mail,
And brightened their banners and ſteel headed ſpears;
When, hark! a loud ſhout fills each warrior's ears,
And the towering flames leap aloft o'er the wall,
And whirl round the caſtle of Lord Delaval.

His vaſſals come crowding in, tears round their lord,
They had fled from the fierce Scandinavian horde;
Their daughters were ſtolen, diſhonour'd their dames,
Their cattle were ſlaughtered, their roofs were in flames,
Thus wretched they knelt, and for vengeance did call
On Eric the bloody, from Lord Delaval.

Dark red grew his brow, and his glances more keen,
He leaped from his ſteed, and knelt on the green,
Then raiſing his helm, "May I never," he cried,
"Preſs the couch of my Edith, my beautiful bride,
If ought elſe I think of, ere vengeance doth fall,
On the ſavage deſtroyer of fair Delaval.

"On the land, on the ocean, by night or by day,
Alone or amid his barbaric array,

The ſavage deſpoilers I ſwear to purſue,
And my ſteel in the breaſt of the Chief to imbrue,
Or a blood boltered corſe 'neath his weapon to fall,
So ſpeed me, St. Cuthbert!" quo' brave Delaval.

Again to her home Lady Edith has gone,
And away rode her Lord on his war ſteed alone;
He ſought every day each cliff on the coaſt,
For the ſhips of the fierce Scandinavian hoſt;
And often for vengeance on Eric did call,
"Fierce ſavage, prepare thee to meet Delaval."

As the gates of the Abbey of Tynemouth he paſſed,
The warder was fled, and the gates all were faſt;
But a warrior ſtood near, in bright armour arrayed,
Him courteous ſaluting, brave Delaval ſaid,
"Knowſt aught of Red Eric, whom fiends ſhall enthrall,
For the woes he has wrought upon fair Delaval?"

"Leave thy ſteed, and I'll ſhew thee," the ſtranger he cried;
In an inſtant brave Delaval ſtood by his ſide:

"Doſt thou ſee thoſe dark galleys drawn up on the ſand,
And their crews round their watchfires, that blaze on the ſtrand?
Then theſe are the Norſemen that fired yonder hall;
And I am Red Eric, thy foe—Delaval!"

"Ha, ha! have I caught thee?" the Baron exclaimed,
And forth in the moonlight his faulchion it flamed;
And there all unſeen was brave valour diſplayed,
As the ſun ſhould have witneſſed, the world have ſurveyed,
Oh, ne'er did ſuch ſtrokes upon habergeon fall,
As when bloody Eric fought Lord Delaval.

They ſtruck and they parried, they wounded and bled,
Till the turf that they trampled was ſlippry and red,
Their bucklers were ſplintered, their helmets all riven,
In their fleſh the ſharp fragments were wofully driven,
Till a heart-ſplitting ſtab cauſed Red Eric to fall,
With a howl of deſpair 'fore brave Delaval.

He has hacked off the head, ere blood ceaſed to flow,
He has hied to the horde, who are waiting below.

He flung it among them, his war cry he raiſed,
The Norſemen all ruſhed to their galleys amazed;
They have left the loſt maidens, their plunder and all,
And have fled, terror ſtricken, from young Delaval.

Nor yet are they ſcaped, for a tempeſt aroſe,
And wrecked on the beach Northumberland's foes;
Some periſhed engulphed in the depths of the wave,
And ſome to the ſerfs they had mocked, became ſlaves.
Now his bride in his arms, and his ſerfs in his hall,
Who, who is ſo happy as brave Delaval?

The Laird of Roſlin's Daughter.

THIS is a fragment of an apparently ancient Ballad, related to me by a lady of Berwick on Tweed, who uſed to ſing it in her childhood. I have given all that ſhe was able to furniſh me with. The ſame lady aſſures me that ſhe never remembers having ſeen it in print, and that ſhe had learnt it from her nurſe, together with the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens and ſeveral Iriſh legends, ſince forgotten.

The Queen, the miſtreſs of Captain Wedderburn, was probably Mary Queen of Scotland. Roſlin is ſix or ſeven miles from Edinburgh, and the Laird's manſion was probably not far from Drummond of Hawthornden's.

The ſparrow ſhall toot on his horn.

The ſparrow is conſidered an amorous bird, and the firſt to pair on St. Valentine's day—hence the alluſion.

He anſwered then ſo readily.

The cuſtom of gaining a mate by ſolving a riddle is very old. In the Arabian Nights, the Prince of Perſia gains the Sultan of Caſhmere's daughter by anſwering a conundrum. Pericles, Prince of Tyre, diſcovers his intended wife's criminality by her riddle; and Samſon forfeited his

Thirty changes of raiment,
Of woman never born,

by incautiouſly truſting his wife with the anſwer to the riddle, which he had put to his wife's kindred. "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle."

Julius Cæſar owed his exiſtence to an operation, which has ſince been called after him; and Shakſpere ſpeaks of Macduff as being "from his mother's womb untimely ripped." The "gentil Engliſh Prieſt," we may ſuppoſe was introduced to the world in a ſimilar manner.

The Laird of Roſlin's Daughter.

THE Laird of Roſlin's daughter
Walked thro' the wood her lane;
And by came Captain Wedderburn,
A ſervant to the Queen.

He ſaid unto his ſerving man,
"Wer't not agaynſt the law,
I would tak' her to my ain houſe,
As lady o' my ha'."

He ſaid, "My pretty ladye,
I pray give me your hand;
You ſhall have drums and trumpets
Always at your command:

" With fifty men to guard you,
That well their ſwords can draw;
And I'll tak ye to my ain bed,
And lay you next the wa'.

" I'm walking in my feyther's ſhaws,"
Quo he, " my charming Maid,
I am much better than I look,
So be you not afraid;

" For I ſerve the Queen of a' Scotland,
And a gentil dame is ſhe;
So weſe be married ere the morn,
Gin ye can fancy me.

" The ſparrow ſhall toot on his horn,
Gif naething us befa',
And I'll mak you up a down bed,
And lay you next the wa'."

* * * * * *

" Now hold away frome me, kind Sir,
I pray you let me be;
I wont be lady of your ha',
Till you anſwer queſtions three.

" Queſtions three you muſt anſwer me,
And that is one and twa,
Before I gae to Woodland's houſe,
And be lady o' your ha'.

" You muſt get me to my ſupper
A chicken without a bone,
You muſt get me to my ſupper
A cherry without a ſtone.

" You muſt get me to my ſupper
A bird without a ga';
Before I go to Woodland's houſe,
And be lady of your ha'."

" When the cherry is in the bloom,
I'm ſure it has no ſtone,
When the chicken's in the ſhell,
I'm ſure it has nae bone;

" The dove ſhe is a gentil bird,
And flies without a ga';
So I've anſwer'd you your queſtions three,
And you're lady of my ha'."

* * * * *

" Queſtions three you muſt anſwer me,
What's higher than the trees?
And what is worſe than Woman's voice?
What's deeper than the ſeas?"

He anſwered then ſo readily,
" Heaven's higher than the trees,
The devil's worſe than woman's voice,
Hell's deeper than the ſeas."

" One queſtion ſtill you muſt anſwer me,
Or you I laugh to ſcorn;
Go ſeek me out an Engliſh prieſt
Of woman never born?"

" Oh then," quo he, " my young brother
From mother's ſide was torn;
And he's a gentil Engliſh prieſt,
Of woman never born."

* * * * *

Little did this lady think,
That morning when ſhe raiſe,
It was to be the very laſt
Of all her mayden days.

* * * * *

Loudon Jock's Courtſhip.

A VERY OLD BALLAD, NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

THIS is original as far as I have been able to diſcover. I took it down from the recital of an old drover, called A. Pringle, who attended Kelſo Market. It repreſents the foray of a freebooter; and the circumſtances mentioned in the Ballad, are ſuch as we may conſider likely to have occurred in a "raid," made by a freebooter of little note. The ſlaying a bullock was one of the means reſorted to, to baffle the ſagacity of the bloodhound, as neither perſuaſions nor threats could induce the hound to continue the purſuit when once it had lapped blood, its fine and acute ſenſe of ſmell being then deſtroyed.

The promiſe of a ſet of bells to the Abbot of Melroſe is highly characteriſtic of the Borderer of the

time. In the Chronicles of Weſtmoreland, publiſhed by a humble Bard, we find that "one Beſwick, a lifter of cattle, was returning over Brough Fells with ſome kye he had ſtolen, and on their making a great rowting (bellowing), he promiſed in his heart to make their voices heard over hill and dale for many a long year, that folks ſhould remember 'Beſwick's Raid.' He kept his vow, and transformed the 'kye' to a fine ſet of bells, which adorn the ſteeple of Brough Church; and when the people hear the Brough bells ring, they ſay 'There's Beſwick's kye rowting.'" The circumſtance of Old Scot of Harden ſerving up a pair of ſpurs in a diſh, is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his Minſtrelſy.

Jock o' the Loudons muſt have been a true Borderer and moſs-trooper. Theſe men retained in their wild glens and foreſts all the manners and indomitable courage of the early Britons; they were moſtly divided into Clans, each commanded by ſome Chief of celebrity, at the ſound of whoſe war cry they readily aſſembled. Amongſt theſe freebooters were ſeveral of a broken clan, who owned no fealty to any particular Chief, except where intereſt or humour ſwayed them: and it was a perfect matter of indifference to them, whether they preyed on the property of their neighbours or on the frontier; every man's hand being againſt them and theirs againſt all. Where ſecurity,

plenty, and helpleſſneſs offered to the freebooter an eaſy raid, he cared not on whom the loſs might alight.

In the reign of Edward I. and II. rapine, murder, and bloodſhed reigned on the Borders; and to ſo alarming an extent had the evil reached, that to ſuppreſs theſe wild and turbulent doings officers were created with the title of Warden of the Marches, which were divided into three, the Weſtern, the Middle, and the Eaſtern.

The "hot trail," or "hot trod," was a gathering together of the wronged perſon's kinſmen, for the purpoſe of purſuit, "maintained with a lighted piece of turf carried on a ſpear, with hue and cry, bugle and blood hound;" and all who heard the alarm were compelled to join in the chaſe.

Smailholm is ſix miles from Kelſo, and on a ſmall eminence to the ſouth-weſt, is the "Smailholm Tower," where Scott paſſed ſome of the happieſt days of his childhood. Earlſtoune is the birthplace of the celebrated "Thomas the Rhymer," of whoſe manſion only the ruined "gable" remains. *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.* The ſecond part of "Loudon Jock" narrates the woful courtſhip of the hero, and merely illuſtrates the facility with which the marriage knot may be tied in Scotland.

Loudon Jock's Courtſhip.

OH its Jock of the Loudons was a reiver ſo bold,
And his tower was built upon Earlſtane burn.
Nae pleniſh had he, na ſtots or na queys,
Na dancing at harveſt, or feaſting at kirn.

In the miſt o' the nights he wad mount on his ſteed,
And a wheen dare deevils had bauld Loudon Jock;
Thro Earlſtane Row would they ſpatter like wud,
When they gaed on their reivings, their mailing to ſtock.

I ken na gif he was like auld Scot o' Harden,
Wha ſerved up his ſpurs whan kail broſe was there nane;
But Jock o' the Loudons was a mettleſome Billie,
That wad lived on a rock, and get milk frae a ſtane.

By Sprouſton there lived on a haugh a' ſouth farmer,
Ca'd Tam o' the Ladle, becauſe he loe'd kail;
Away in the miſt rode Jock and his fallows,
To lift every horn and to ſeiſe ilka tail.

They forded the Tweed in the thick o' the nicht,
When a hand's breath na billie his fallow could ſee,
And gude fortune it caſt them upon the far ſhore,
Where Tam o' the Ladle's nowtes lay on the lea.

Jock raked them thegither—by break o' the day,
He was o'er Smailholm hills and near hand to his hame,
When the bloodhound's loud bay cam alang on the wind,
And was ſcenting the reiver like a poynter his game.

"The de'il tak thy throat now, thou lubberly tyke,"
Cried Jock o' the Loudons, "my gear maun I tyne."
Quo Slippery Blaylock, "Gie me a fat owzen,
And I'll ſhew you a pliſkie we ance play'd lang ſyne."

"The beſt o' the drove, if ye ſave all the reſt."
Lang Blaylock he tuke Loudon Jock at his word,
And he up wi' the poleaxe and ſtrak 'tween the horns,
And the nowte like a maukin fell dead on the yird;

He whipt out his knife and he cuttit its throat,
And they left it to bleed as they banged o'er the lea;
"Gin the miſt keep this thick, I gain Makerſtoun ford,
And I'll gie a rich preſent to Melroſe Abbey."

The nowte rowted once, the nowte rowted twice,
Cried Jock in his fright, "Gin ye na rowte the mair,
I'll gie half o' the drove to the Abbot o' Melroſe,
To buy tower bells that they jouk in the air."

Tam Ladle, and Gumphery Diccon, Hugh Sprattle,
Lang Harry o' Birgham and Ralph o' the Knowes,
Cam daſhing alang, wi' the blood hounds and hot trod,
Turf bleezing on ſpears, wi' ſwords and wi' bowes.

The blood hound he bayed, and the blood hound he lap,
Till he fell o'er the ſtot that lay bleeding to dead;
His errand was dune, the blood it was ſpilled,
Deil ſtap the foot mair wad the blood hound proceed.

Jock got to his tower; in ſafety ance mair,
He ſair rued the bargain he made wi' the prieſt;
When ſafe from the blood hound, he jagged wi' a ſpear
That they rowted to ſave them, the hide o' each beaſt.

"The deil tak ſic varment," quo Jock as he thocht on't,
"How ſoon do ye tak a poor chield at his price;
But gin I had thocht ye wade rowted nae mair,
To gie half away, ſirs, gude faith I was nice."

Part Second.

JOCK lifted, and fought, gat in mony a ſcrape,
But it was all the ſame thing to this rattling chiel,
He wad aye ſpoil the horn, or elſe mak a ſpoon,
The crown o' the cauſey, a kirk or a mill.

He rade into Embro wi' gowd in his pouch,
To look at the ferlies and houſes ſae grand;
The caſtle, and Holyrood, the lang walk o' Leith,
Great joy for his coming ſoon Loudon Jock fand.

'Twas firſt hae this gill, and then aye anither,
Sine bottles of ſmall yill, and baups for his Kite;
And then cam' the feyther o't, ſiſter and brither,
And Jock ſtoited awa' at the heel o' the night.

Jock met wi' a hizzy upon the high brig,
That looks o'er the yird, as he ſtoited away;
Jock aye lo'ed a blink o' a bonnie girl's eye,
And ſhe ſpeered at the reiver his fortune to ſpae.

But Jock cam to queſtions, and being a fallow
Stout, buirdly, and ſonſy, he ſoon pleaſed her taſte;
And awa' went the twoſome haup jaup in their daffin,
Thro wynds and blind alleys no time for to waſte.

Scarce into the bed when the auld town guard rappit,
Jock banged oure the ſheets, thocht the ſhirra' was there;
"It's no but the guard cam here for to prie,"
And ſure eneuch hirplin they ſtumped up the ſtair.

"What the deil ſall we do now?" quo Jock in a heezy,
"They'll hae us to the Tolbooth for houghing our lane;"

" Hoot Billie, not ſae," replyit the wanton,
" Juſt ſwear yere my gudeman, and ſwith they are gane."

The auld guard cam ben, ſays one, " Wha's this woman?
His leman nae doot, but I'ſe harry her tail;"
" It's me and my gudewifye, ſin ye want to ken oo't,
Came here for a jaunt frae the waters o' ale."

" Your married wyfe is't?" " O, aye," quo Jock leuching.
" O gin we had kent that," ſaid one wi' a bow;
" But tent ye my billie gin ye are nae married,
Or ne'er had a wyfe, yeſe gotten one noo."

Jock gat up in the morning well pleaſed wi' his bargain,
And tendered the hizzie ſome gowd for the cruiſe;
" Nay, billie," quo ſhe, " ye ken I am your gudewife,
Sae tak' care o' the ſiller to pleniſh the houſe."

" The deil's in the jaud," then Loudon Jock ſaid,
But ſhe threep't ſhe was marry't wi' ſic a loud din;
Jock flang down the money, and lap on his horſe;
Gude faith but the gipſy was as far nor' as him.

She fee'd a grand writer, and Jock he was ſummoned,
For the town guard were witneſs he ſaid ſcho was wed;

"If lyin in bed is to marry, I muſt,
I'll gie her ſae muckle to leave me," he ſaid.

But ne'er a fit wad the young gipſy gan back,
"She was married," ſhe ſaid, "and ſhe wanted nae gear;
He had wyfed her, what matter in toll or in bed,
The tae was the tither, in ſpite o' all lear."

"I might had the pick of Roxburgh, and the Merſe,
Northumberland's dawties, for Lammerton toll;
Been wyfit at Caudſtream, at Paxton or Hutton,
And now to be trapped by an auld wyfes ſhe foal."

Jock gaed away hame, where he reivit and robbet,
Grew aulder and aulder, tho' ſtiffer and ſair;
He ſoon fand the want o' a huzzy to nurſe him,
And his thochts gaed to Embro each Winter the mair.

Till at laſt he took hame the braw laſs he had bedded,
Quo he, "I may well tak the uſe o' mine ain;"
And mony braw fellows and winſome young laſſes,
Begot from this marriage, in the countra' remain.

The Two Roſes.

THIS is a very ancient fragment. I obtained it from a gentleman at Hexham, with the aſſurance that it had been in his family for "many, many years." Another gentleman who poſſeſſes conſiderable antiquarian knowledge believes it to be the production of one Skelton, who flouriſhed in the reign of Henry VII. It is indeed a gem; and I have not the leaſt heſitation in affirming that it was the commencement of a long and beautiful Ballad, if we may judge of the wine by the lees that are left, according to Phædrus, or as ſculptors of the preſent day gueſs at the vaſt proportions and faultleſs ſhape of a figure of the Parthenon, by a fragment of its noſe or arm in their poſſeſſion. Skelton flouriſhed in 1497. He was patroniſed by Henry fifth Earl of Northumberland, on whoſe death he wrote an elegy. The battle of Flodden took place ſixteen years after the ſuppoſed date of this fragment, which enumerates the principal fields of blood, Hexham, Wakefield Green, and Towton, "The Engliſh Pharſalia."

The Two Roſes.

AS I lay half wyſe ſleeping,
In a pleachèd gardèn,
Beſeemed there was a nytingale
To a roſe buſh told this tale:

Fayre roſe buſh that groweth here,
Did ever nature from thy briar,
Give thee two wolves of white and redde,
To tear each other's throats in ſpeed?

White Roſe, in likeneſs heaven's lily,
That in brook its grace ſhall ſee;
Thou are the lillie perdie,
Thy beautie makes modeſtie.

Luckleſs ſoules by thee have ſhent,
Thys earth for heaven's bent.
To keepe thee dauncing topmoſt hyghte,
The Red Roſe hath ſlain the Whyte.

It was Saynt Albany's fatal ſtryfe,
Depryvèd me of brother's lyfe;
It was at Wakefyld's bleaching green,
Two brothers loſt, hard fate beſeem.

But Hexhame took my ounly ſonne,
Oh Chryſt, goodneſs to thee be donne;
To loſe thy lyfe on the Border,
Croul fatès, it was murther.

Oh Redde Roſe, ſo crimſonlee,
Waſhid in blood of enmitie,
Nor can I mynſtrelle to the Whyte,
Its leavis are blanchè wyth affryhte.

For York eke Lancaſteere,
Have fallen in battlye mony fere,
But Towton—och Pharſalè,
This bloody ſhew pale maketh thee.

The bonde of Adamme is ſhoare,
Never contentyon grypps more;
Devylls fyght here * * * *
Hell hath for this no compere.

Oh Redde Roſe, oh redde, ſweet redde,
Bloſſome over the deade;
Oh whyte, ſweete, ſweete whyte,
Gif to my hertis ſome delyghtt.

To be more in ſeaſone,
Withy myne gryfe * * *
* * * * *

Grizzy Cochrane.

THIS Ballad commemorates the matchleſs devotion and indomitable courage of Grizel Cochrane, when the tyranny and bigotry of James VI. towards his Scottiſh ſubjects, forced them to take up arms for the redreſſal of their grievances. One of the moſt formidable rioters as well as moſt prominent actors in Argyle's Rebellion, was Sir John Cochrane, anceſtor of the preſent Earl of Dundonald. For ages a deſtructive doom ſeems to have hung over the houſe of Campbell, enveloping in one common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cauſe of its Chieftains. The ſame doom befell Sir John Cochrane; for he was ſurrounded by the King's troops, and though he made a deſperate reſiſtance, was overpowered and conveyed to priſon in Edinburgh. His trial was brief, the judgment deciſive, and the jailor waited but the arrival of his death warrant from London to lead him forth to execution, when Grizel Cochrane, the

pride of his life, and the noble daughter of his houſe, determined on reſcuing her father from the ſcaffold. Having received his bleſſing, ſhe wended her ſolitary way to Berwick, diſguiſed in a palmer's weeds: and robbed the man of the London Mail as deſcribed in the Ballad. Every exertion was made to diſcover the robber, but in vain. Three days had paſſed: Sir John Cochrane yet lived, and before another order for his execution could reach Edinburgh, the interceſſion of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's Confeſſor might be ſucceſsful. Grizel now became his only companion in priſon, and ſpoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had now elapſed ſince the commiſſion of the robbery, and protracted hope began to make ſick the heart of the priſoner. The interceſſion of Dundonald had been unſucceſsful, and a ſecond time the bigoted and deſpotic monarch ſigned the warrant for Cochrane's death. "The will of Heaven be done," exclaimed the nobleman, when the jailor informed his priſoner of the circumſtance. "Amen," ſaid the heroic Grizzy with wild vehemence; "but my father *ſhall* not die." To ſave him, as the Ballad informs us,

She aiblins kenned a way.

Her maſculine garments were again in requiſition; again the rider had almoſt gained the Moor of Tweed-

mouth, bearing with him the doom of Cochrane; but Grizzy was at her poſt, and again deſpoiled him of his packet. By this ſecond robbery Grizzy inſured her father's life for fourteen days, the time then neceſſary to ride between London and the Scottiſh metropolis. But on this occaſion, Dundonald and ſeveral Lords of great worth and conſideration, uſed the time ſo effectually, that Sir John Cochrane was liberated and pardoned.

Grizel Cochrane, whoſe heroic conduct and filial affection we have imperfectly ſketched, was, according to tradition, the great grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great great grandmother of the celebrated Mr. Coutts, the Banker; but a few years ago the author of the Border Tales received a letter from Sir Hugh Stuart, ſon of Sir John, ſtating that his family would be glad to have ſuch a heroine as Grizel connected with their genealogy; but that they were unable to prove ſuch connexion. A few miles from Belford may yet be ſeen a ſolitary clump of fir trees, walled round, and ſtanding by the road ſide, which is yet called "Grizzy's clump," and pointed out as part of the thicket from whence Cochrane's bonny dochter fired on the carrier of the mail. We have loſt much of the wiſdom of our anceſtors, and amongſt other matters, the folly of ſending *one* horſeman with the mail, who had already been deſpoiled of his charge.

The warlocks are dancing threeſome reels.

Goſwick Links, Kyloe Hills, Lowlinns, &c. are places in the immediate vicinity of Grizzy's Clump. I am not aware that this Ballad was ever printed before, nor have I any knowledge if a Ballad on the ſame ſubject exiſts.

Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

LISTEN now baith great and ſemple,
Whilſt I croon to you my ſang,
Ere ſuchan anither damſell peers,
The world will ceaſe to wag ere lang:
For ſhe is the flower o'er a' the bower,
My bleſſings on Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

Her feyther lay lang in the Embro jail,
Wearin faſt to his end,
For his head maun be ſwept clean frae his ſhouthers,
When the warrant the King ſhall ſend;
Singing waes me, wi' the tear in her e'e,
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter mourn.

She kiſt her feyther's lyart locks,
  Unkempt for mony a day;
And ſhe ſaid, "To ſave my feyther's life,
  I aiblins ken a way:
Gie me thy luve, that I fortune prove?"
Quo Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She rode awa' thro' the ſtraggling toun,
  Of beggart Hadingtoun,
Syne by Dunbar, thro' the Copperſmith,
  Till to Berwick ſhe has come:
And ſhe rappit ryghte loud on the barrèd gates,
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She ſlept all night, and ſhe roſe betimes,
  And croſs'd the lang brig o' the Tweed;
And ouer the moor at Tweedmouth brae,
  Sair dragglit was her woman's weed;
And lightin doun by Haggerſton Shaws,
Did Cochrane's bonny Grizzy.

A cloak ſhe drew frae her ſaddle bag,
  Wi' trunks and a doublet fayre,

She cut off wi' a faulding knife,
Her long and raven hair;
And ſhe dreſſed herſelf in laddies claiths,
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

The horſeman rode intill Belford toun,
Wha' carry't the London Mail,
Bauld Grizzy ſhe ſought the hoſtel out,
And there wi' a couthy tale,
Forgathered wi' the London poſt,
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

She roared the loudeſt af them a',
Quo the fallow, "My canty chiel,
Deil blaw my pipes yere the crack o' the wa,'
And the beſt amang the hail."
In the dead of night did they gang to their beds,
And ſo gaed Cochrane's dochter.

She roſe ower the bed, ere the ſecond cock,
Went jimply alang the floor;
She's ſtown her fayther's death warrant,
Whilſt the lubbert loud did ſnore.
She's gained the hills ere the hue and cry
They raiſit on Cochrane's dochter.

But the King can write anither brief,
For a' the firſt be ſtown;
And once again the fallow rode,
Wi' the warrant frae London town:
Now out and alas, what can ſhe do?
For the heart o' Grizzy ſank.

The red ſun went down o'er the ſea,
And the wind blew ſtiff and ſnell,
And as it ſhot by Grizzy's lugs,
It ſounded auld Cochran's knell;
"But downa deſpair, 'tis a kittle carle,"
Said Cochrane's bonny dochter.

The larch and the tall fir ſhrieked wi' pain,
As they bent before in the wind,
And down there fell the heavy rain,
Till ſenſe and e'en were blind;
"A lang night 'tis ne'er ſees a day,"
Quoth Cochran's undaunted Grizzy.

The warlocks are dancing threeſome reels,
On Goſwick's haunted links,
The red fire ſhoots by Ladythorne,
And Tam wi' the lanthorn fa's and ſinks;

On Kyloe's hills there's awfu' ſounds,
But they frighted not Cochrane's Grizzy.

The moon beams ſhot from the troubled ſky,
In glints o' flickerin light,
The horſeman cam ſkelping thro' the mire,
For his mind was in affright;
His piſtol cocked he held in his hand,
But the fient a fear had Grizzy.

As he cam' fornenſt the Fenwicke woods,
From the whin buſhes ſhot out a flame;
His dappled filly reared up in affright,
And backward over he came;
There's a hand on his craig, and a foot on his mouth,
Twas Cochran's Bonny Grizzy.

"I will not tak thy life," ſhe ſaid,
"But gie me thy London news;
No blood of thine ſhall fyle my blade,
Gin me ye dinna refuſe:"
She's prie'd the warrant, and away ſhe flew,
Wi' the ſpeed and ſtrength o' the wild curlew.

Love will make a foe grow kind,
  Love will bring bloſſom where bud is naught,
Love hath ſoftened a kingly mind;
  Grizzy hath mercy to councillors taught.
Her friends at court have prieven the life
O' Grizzy's baniſhed feyther.

She's wedded unto a German knicht,
  Her bairnies blyth wi' her fire remain,
She's cuſt the laddies cloots awa,
  And her raven hair is growing again.
What think ye, gentles o' every degree,
Of Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy?

Earl Moray's Capture.

WHEN David King of Scotland, and ſon of the Bruce, returned from France to his own territories, about the year 1342, he was informed that during his abſence his people had ſuffered much from the inſolence of the Engliſh. Raiſing a large army, he gave the command thereof to Randolph Earl of Moray, who by way of repriſal made a hoſtile incurſion into England, and laying waſte the villages through which he paſſed, reached the Tyne and forthwith beſieged Newcaſtle. The command of the fortreſs at that time was entruſted to Sir John de Neville, a brave and chivalrous knight, as the following inſtance of daring ſkill and gallantry will prove. Taking advantage of a thunder ſtorm, which occurred at midnight, ſhortly after the arrival of the beſiegers, the heroic leader ſallied forth with two hundred ſpears, ruſhed into the enemy's camp, ſeized the Earl Moray while in bed, and

bore him a priſoner to the town. This bold achievement arouſed the moſt vindictive hoſtility on the part of the Scots, who on the following day renewed their attack on the walls with great vigour; but owing to the promptitude and intrepidity of the defenders they were beaten off and compelled to raiſe the ſiege. Advancing ſouthward they exerciſed uncommon ſeverity on the city of Durham, taking it and reducing it to aſhes, and putting to the ſword the whole of its defenceleſs inhabitants. See *Froiſſart. Brand. Didbin's Northern Tour.*

The above mentioned Ballad is remodelled from a few verſes that appeared in the "Table Book;" I have woven ſome of thoſe ſtanzas into mine, and rejected others; the incident of Sir John de Neville threatening to hang his priſoner on the lanthorn of St. Nicholas' Church, occurred in the reign of Charles, when the governor actually menaced with this ignominious puniſhment a Scotch General taken in aſſault.

And ſwore upon their ſworde.

No oath was recogniſed as ſo binding and ſolemn as one ſworn on the ſword; when the Chevalier Bayard was dying he thruſt his ſword into the earth, and gazing on the croſs hilts of his "honour giving" blade, ſo expired. The hilts were preſſed to the lips of the takers of the oath and kiſſed, as being ſymbolical of the croſs

of our Saviour. So Hamlet ſays,

Swear by my ſword.
Act I. Scene v.

The King at Prudhoe Caſtle ſlept.

Prudhoe Caſtle, is ten miles up the river, on the left bank of the Tyne.

The lanthorn was the fatal beam.

Saint Nicholas is famed for the airineſs, beauty, and lightneſs of the huge lanthorn which crowns its ſummit, being one hundred and ninety-three feet from the baſe of the building. Earl Moray's gallows in regard to height would have ſhamed the lofty gibbet of Haman.

To hang his father's fere.

Moray had been the conſtant companion in arms of the Bruce, and commanded the left wing of the Scottiſh army at the battle of Bannockburn.

Earl Moray's Capture.

THE Bruce's ſonne he came from Fraunce,
Unto his own fayre land;
When divers knights they kneeled to hym,
And ſayd, "King of Scotlande,

"Thy people from the ſouthron knaves
Do ſuffer ſcaith and ſcorne;"
Quo David, "I trow their ſhameleſs boaſt
Sall not by us be borne.

"Earl Moray's to the Border gone
With fifteen thouſand men;
Manye a widow weeps her ſonne,
In hamlette and in glenn."

He layed the countrie waſte arounde,
From the Tyne to colde Berwicke;
Withyn that ryde you would not ſee
A houſe, a ſtone, or ſtick.

The Kinge cam' to Newcaſtle toune,
Where Syr John the Neville ſted,
And ſayd, "Come give thy keys to me,
Or woe on thy ſouthron's head."

The walls were eathe to ſcale I trow,
The Scots were putte to rowte;
Syr John he cried, "Come crack this nutte,
And pick the kernel out."

A ſtirring day of warfare paſſed;
The ſonnes laſt troubled beam
Fell redly o'er Saynt Nicholaſſe,
And Tyne's black coaly ſtreme.

Then rayne fell, loud the thunder growled,
And the levin's flaſhing light,
With bolts of ruddy fire, daſhed
Into the darkened night.

Out ſpoke the noble Neville then,
Amongſt his warriors tall,
As they ſat o'er the watch fire,
In the Caſtle's loftie halle.

"Methynks in ſuch a night as this,
It were a fitting thing
To ruſh within the Scottiſh camp,
And try to ſeize their Kinge.

"Who'll go with me? for I will ride."
"Nay, uncle, I'll make one,"
Out cried his kinſman Errington,
And ſo his ſyſter's ſonne.

And not a manne of them ſayd nay,
When Neville gave the worde;
Then they plucked out the berry blades,
And ſwore upon their ſword.

Then there was buckling on of arms,
And rivetting of mayl;
The caſtle walls rocked in the blaſt,
So heavy was the gale.

Syr John upon his fleet charger
By the new gate appears,
And billmen, pikes, and ſpearmen come,
Full twice one hundred ſpears.

He led them from Newcaſtle walls,
Their ſteppes they picked with care,
The raine felle thick, the thunder growled,
And battled in the aire.

The Scots lay by the Barras bridge,
Wyth not a twinkling light;
The falling raine put out the fires,
So fellie was the nighte.

" Now every maun for his good King,
And for his ladye love,
Graſp your good ſword, and on the Scots,
In ſilence deftly move."

" Moray, awake! the Southrons come,
Their ſpears are in thy camp;
Heareſt thou not their whiſpering?
And hark their martial tramp!"

A ſhout and ſhriek of wild diſmay,
As each Southron ſword was plied;
And many a naked Scot was ſlain,
Sore ſlaſhed at the midnight tide.

The Neville like ane lion foughte,
Styll on Syr John he went,
O'er cloven ſkull and pierced mayling,
And won the Moray's tent.

Four of Earl Moray's chamberlayns
Fell by Syr John his ſteele;
The edge and force of Moray's blade,
Three Engliſhmen did feel.

Syr John he lap out owre the dead,
With ſwifte and actyve bound;
But the ſpearmen cloſed around the Earl,
And bore him to the ground.

The Kynge at Prudhoe Caſtle ſlept,
For had he preſent been,
Syr John would ta'en hym priſoner,
As Moray was that e'en.

They ſette the Moray on a ſteed,
Guarded on ilka ſyde,
With levelled ſpear and ready hande,
The watchful ſpearmen ryde.

"Our foes are rouſing from their ſleep,"
Thus did the Neville ſay;
"Better to flee than fight at odds,"
And ſo they took their way.

As through the grove the whirlwind ſweeps,
With all ſubduing force,
The ſtrongeſt oaks, the talleſt pines,
Uprooting in its courſe:

So thro the Scottiſh puiſſance,
Of the mad advancing foe,
Keeping at bay Kynge David's powers,
The Southron horſemen go.

No time is this to chink the cup,
The Scotch are at the walls;
"Up, up, and meet them merrily,
Syr John the Neville calls."

Portculliſes and drawbridges ſtond,
And eke each poſtern doore,
Firm as could oake and bars of ſteel,
Amid a ſiege ſo ſore.

King David led his blue caps on,
To mount the rampart walle,
No whit afraid, they climb the ſtones,
Tho' ſtricken down they fall.

There is the ſhout and roar of menne,
Whilſt on each Scotſman's heade,
The burghers with their naked arms
Pour melted pitch and lead.

Bricks, mickle ſtones, and blocks of wood,
On bleeding knights deſcend;
God of his mercy, trompettes ſounde,
This cruel ſtryfe to end.

The baulks of woode and tall ladders,
Are thrown from tower and walle,
And wounded menne with ugſome dint,
Below in torment crawle.

Sounde agayn trompette, 'tis a parle,
Syr John will yield the gate;
There came a voice from off the wall,
"I greet the Kyng his ſtate."

"Gin he not leaves Newcaſtle towne,
I ſweare by God his grace,
I'll hang Earl Moray by the neck,
From off Saynt Nicholaſſe."

Kyng David ſtood in rage awhyle,
Then ſounded from the walle;
Sir John he took the Moray then,
Up belfry ſtayres ſoe talle.

They mounted up the toilſome ſtayres,
And ſtepped on the Church toppe;
The lanthorn was the fatal beam,
And from it there hung a rope.

Earl Moray glanced out oure the wall,
And ſhudderit at the height;
Syr John he ſaid, "A fearful waye
Unto a tender ſight."

"It takes a manne fulle ten minutes
Up yon ſteep ſtayres to go,
And yette within one moment's ſpace,
You maye winne downe belowe.

"For by the holie Chryſt I ſweare,
Not hating thee for wronge,
If on the walles there mounts a Scotte,
That moment thou ſhalt honge."

King David ſaw the rope prepared,
To hang his father's fere;
So he raiſed the ſiege of Newcaſtle,
And drew offe bowe and ſpeare.

He followed out a ſheer revenge,
And harried Durham's citie;
Burnt houſe and holme to white aſhes,
And murdered all! ſad pitie.

The Merchant's Garland.

THIS is a verſion of a popular old Ballad, formerly in great circulation in this part of the kingdom. It was headed "The Factor's Garland, a pathetic hiſtory, giving an account of an Engliſh factor in Turkey, who ſeeing the dead body of a Chriſtian lying in the ſtreets, and refuſed burial, cauſes it to be interred. He alſo reſcues a beautiful young ſlave about to be ſtrangled, and brings her to his houſe in London, and makes her his houſekeeper: the young woman turns out to be a foreign princeſs. The factor is caſt on a deſolate iſland, from whence he is afterwards reſcued by the arrival of a ſupernatural looking being in a boat, who turns out to be the ghoſt of the Chriſtian whoſe body he buried in Turkey; the factor's arrival at the princeſs's court; his reception; marriage, &c. together with the reappearance of the ghoſt."

The old Ballad was publiſhed about one hundred years ago. The writer has ſeen it in a collection of

ſongs printed at London, 1738. "The intrinſic merit and intereſt of the Ballad," (ſo ſays the note to the original Lyric), "may be admitted as a ſufficient apology for its republication."

The hero of my verſion is a gentleman of whom I am bound by ties of gratitude to ſpeak kindly.

This bodie was a Chriſtian dog's.

Probably of one who had died, leaving no effects to cover the expenſe of his funeral.

To ſtrangle her on the ſhad.

"About two months ago there was found at day-break, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, with two wounds of a knife, one in her ſide the other in her breaſt. She was not quite cold, and ſo beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her." *Vide, Travels in Europe and Aſia, by Lady Mary W. Montagu.*

But his limbs frae the hunds I'll ſave.

All eaſtern travellers aſſert that the vulture and dog are the only ſcavengers in Turkiſh cities.

The Merchant's Garland.

SYR Carnegie's gane owre the ſea,
And's plowing thro' the main,
And now muſt make a lang voyàge,
The red gold for to gain.

Now woe befall the cogging die,
And weary the painted beuks;
A Chriſtian curſe go with all naigs,
And eke all hounds and cocks.

Three merchants of great London town,
To ſave the youth were bent;
And they ſent him as factor to Turkiſh ground,
For the gaming has hym ſhent.

Walking one night in the Turkey ſtreet,
He ſaw a dead carcaſe lie;
And ſpeered the reaſon for that, I wiſſe,
When they gave him this reply:

"This bodie was a Chriſtian dog's,
And the burial is not paid;"
"What is your burial?" quo Carnegie,
"Full fifty merks," they ſaid.

"'Tis a great ſum," quo Carnegie,
"But his limbs from the hunds I'll ſave;
There's thy gowd, ſhall it ever be ſaid
A Chriſtian wanted a grave?"

He walked away to the river's ſide,
And a damſel ſhe wept full ſad;
Two ſlaves with a ſack ſtood by her ſide,
To ſtrangle her on the ſhad.

She caught a blink o' Carnegie,
And in agony ſhe ſaid,
"If ever you wiſh to ſleep in God,
Oh, ſave a hapleſs maid!"

It moved him ſore, and he ſtay'd the ſack,
" What is her price, good ſir?"
" A hundred merks," the Turk replied,
" And that will ranſom her."

He ſaid, " I have but ninety merks,
Take that and let her live."
" A hundred merks you muſt pay down,
Or elſe there's no reprieve."

He tried him for this young maid's life,
With ſpeech and piteous worde;
" But nathleſs all," he ſayd, " I wiſſe
I maun the gowd afford.

" I have ten merks hangs by my ſide,
All in my ſheath of ſteele."
" Then give it me?—" quo Carnegie,
" Tak it in name o' the deil."

He ſtruck a blow with his good whinger,
There needed no ſecond one;
And on the cauſey of the ſtreet,
There rolled a ſhaven crown.

" Gin I had thought my gude whinger,
Wad quieted ye ſo ſoon,
I ſhould have ſaved my ninety merks,
And eke my breath, ye loon.

" Dry up your tears, my bonny mayd,
For your enemy is ſlain;
And I muſt ſeek my ſhip with ſpeed,
And croſs the raging main."

She ſaid, " I thank you, noble Sir,
And to England let me go,
You've ſaved me from a cruel death,
Some further kindneſs ſhew."

He brought her into London town,
And taught her the huſwife trade;
She kept the keys of his accounts,
And a willing clerk ſhe made.

But Carnegie muſt go once more,
The ſailor's chance to take;
And to the coaſt of fair Tunis
Another voyage make.

She ſewed for him a flower'd veſt,
And doublet ſo light and fayre;
" Dear Maſter, if you go to court,
I pray, theſe garments weare."

" Tell me the meaning of thy worde,"
And he preed her honey mou';
" Time that tells all will ſhew you this,
" But ſee that my bidding you do."

Fytte Second.

CARNEGIE ſailed o'er the faeme,
In the ſpring time of the year;
And this fair maid ſaw him depart,
With meikle hope and fear.

They made the land on a good Sunday,
And ſailed into Tunis port;
He took ſome preſents of rich value,
And went to the Prince's Court.

The Prince looked hard on Carnegie,
And ſaid with a troubled air;
" Chriſtian, who flowered you the veſt,
I ſee that now you wear?"

" A fair maiden; I ſaved her life
From ſlaves on Turkiſh erthe;
And carried herr to fayre London,
Not kenning of her birth.

" She knew I ſayled to Tunis port,
And gave this charge to me,
That if I came to your palace,
This veſt I ſhould lett you ſee."

The Prince outcried, " Behold this robe,
'Tis of the ſame ſpot and flower;
One hand ſew'd both, my daughter's dear,
Now bleſſed be this hour.

" Three years are paſt ſince did ſhe go,
To her uncle o'er the wave;
We thought her buried in the ſea,
Or captured for a ſlave.

" Her mother wept her life away,
For the child that ſhe thought dead;
And for her loſs, of briny tears
A fountain hath been ſhed.

" Now hoyſt thy ſnowy ſails with ſpeed;
And becauſe thou haſt ſaved her life,
I'll give thee a cheſt of jewels and gold,
And ſhe ſhall be thy wife.

" And if thou ſhould'ſt not haply live,
Who ever brings her me,
That man ſhall have a thouſand pounds,
Her rich bridegroom to be."

They ſet ſail to fayr London town,
Him and his rich convoy;
And arrived ſafe in the Thames river,
Withouten any annoy.

He ſtraight unto the Princeſs went,
And told her the wondrous news,
How he was to wed her, if his hand
The mayd wad not refuſe.

" Wert thou a beggar poor e'en now,
I would become thy wife;
For when they would have ſtrangled me,
You ſaved my precious life.

" I ne'er forgot the true token
Of your moſt generous love,
All men upon this rolling earth,
I prize you, Sir, above.

" Soe honey, love, ſell off your goods,
And let us o'er the main;
For wyth a daughter's love, I needs
Wad ſee my ſire again."

The ſhip ſayled once, the ſhip ſayled twyce,
Out owre the ocean wide;
When the wicked captain plotted how
To make this maid his bride.

Fytte Third.

ONE night when all were faſt aſleep,
He ſeized on Carnegie;
And heaved him quickly overboard,
Intill the ruffled ſea.

He watched the bubbles as they roſe,
As Carnegie ſank in the brine;
The ſhip plowed on, and the captain ſaid,
"This Princeſs now is meyne."

Daylight came out on the ſea,
When the Princeſs waked from ſleep;
The captain ſaid, "Your dear huſband
Is fallen into the deep."

The tears flowed from her violet eyes,
As he ſaid, "Fair lady, 'tis ſo;
But all menne are not Carnegie:"
But ſhe ſwoofed awa' in woe.

She went unto her father's court,
And kiſſing her he ſeth;
"Is this the gallant Scottiſman,
That reſcued you from death?"

Then ſay'd the wicked captain wight,
"Sir, as we fell aſleep,
He roſe to taſte the caller air,
And was drowned in the deep."

"Alas! my woe, and is it ſo?"
"Your Grace," the traytor ſaid,
"Has ſworn to wed her to that man,
That broughten home the mayd."

"That was my oath," then ſaid the Prince,
"And thou muſt be his bride."
"Grant me then forty days to mourn,"
The weeping Princeſs cried.

She mourned the noble Carnegie,
And bowed her lovely head;
But the fates had better cheer in ſtore,
For her huſbande was not dead.

He woke 'mid the waters of the deep,
When thrown out from the ſchip,
And ſwam about untill day light,
Tho' the waters touched his lip.

He ſaw afar a deſert iſle,
And ſwam for good dry land:
Tho' never he ſtrove ſo much in his life,
As did he to gain that ſtrand.

In this deſert iſle the merchant lay,
With not a ſhip in view,
When he eſpied a wee old man,
Paddling in a canoe.

He hailed the wee old manny ſair,
Untill he ceaſed to row;
"How cameſt thou hither, by what means,
And where is't thou wouldſt go?"

Carnegie told all his tale;
Said the old man, "Gif thou doſt lie,
As ſurely as I ſpeak to thee,
In ſorrow ſhalt thou die.

"What wilt thou give to gain the prince,
But, and to ſee thy bride?"
"The whole of my wealth upon this earth,"
Syr Carnegie replied.

"Then ſwear that thou wilt give to me
Thy firſt babe that is born,
When ſhall it come to thirty months?"
This has the merchant ſworn.

"For precious life is ſweet," he ſaid,
"And I do it the life to ſave;
Carry me unto fair Tunis,
And my firſt born thou ſhalt have."

Fytte Fourth.

THE wind blew freſhly from the weſt,
When a ſhip rode in the bay;
Syr Carnegie leapt from her decks,
And to Tunis took his way.

He came to the window of his love,
And the Princeſs ſaw him there;
And to the height of verie joy,
Was raiſed from ſad deſpayr.

He came and kiſſed her in his arms;
She cried, "Sweet joy and dear,
Where have you been, how ſcaped the ſea?
How is't I ſee thee here?"

He told her of the falſe captayne,
Surprizing him in his ſleep;
And how he ſwam unto the iſle,
And ſaved him from the deep.

The Prince he gave a noble feaſt,
Upon the ſilver lake,
Where ſports and dance of every kind,
Did various pleaſaunce take.

The Prince ſpoke to the falſe captayne,
"My dochter ſhall ye wed;"
When Carnegie from the cabin came,
New riſen from the dead.

The captayne turned payl ſoddenly,
And for mercy then he roared;
He claſped his hands, and with a ſhriek
Lap ſtraightway overboard.

They joined the hand of Carnegie
Unto his heart's dear joy;
And within two years or leſs,
She bore him a girl and boy.

The ſon was born ſo father like,
The daughter the mother mild;
When a ſtrange old man came in one day,
With "Carnegie, where's thy child?"

"What wants that man, dear Carnegie,
With ever a child of thine?
Go, ſend him from my father's court;"
But her huſband gave no ſign.

He told her parents and his wife,
Of the oath that he had made,
When fainting on the deſert iſle,
Or there he might have ſtay'd.

With a grim look the old man ſmiled,
And ſaid, "Thy promiſe keep."
The Prince, and eke the Tunis Court,
I wot did felly weepe.

Sair prayed the mother and eke the Prince,
The nobles, parents both;
To all which cried the wee auld man,
"I redde ye tent your oath."

"It maun be dune," quo' Carnegie,
"And you ſall hae your due;
So there's the babe, thou ſtrange auld man,
And the other, my wife, for you."

The mother ſhe kiſt it o'er and o'er,
"Thou goeſt the Lord knows where,
That ever I ſhould with my own fleſh part,
He will thee in pieces tear.

"But let this kiſs be on thy lips,
More than my tongue can tell;
I do it to ſave my huſband's word.
Thy mother's joy, farewell."

The ſmile came into that auld man's face,
And pleaſant his looks to view;
And ſomething heavenly his ſhape,
Unto all eyes then grew.

And he ſaid, "Remembreſt thou, Carnegie,
Of a body upon the ground,
When firſt thou cam'ſt to Turkiſh land,
To bury with fifty pound?

"I mought have never fand a reſt,
But in ſome wolfiſh maw,—
If thrown into the Boſphorus,
Have crammed a ſharkis craw,

"Had not thy mercy much avayled,
To give my poor remains
A Chriſtian grave, with holy rites,
And coffin for my banes:

"Therefore the Lord of life and light
Hath power given me,
To leave the manſions of the dead,
Awhile to ſuccour thee.

" That deed of grace ſhall ſave thy child;
Never good action yet,
But bloſſomed to a fertile tree,
With heavenly dew bewet.

" A good deed done is money put
At intereſt, that ſhall creep
Into a ſum at the final count,
And the doer the balance reap.

" I am the ſpirit of that dead bodie,
And my bleſſing on thee fall;
So keep your child for kindneſs done."
And he vaniſhed from the hall.

Then all took hands, and bleſſed themſelves,
And the good auld Prince likewiſe;
And the parents kiſſed their babie's cheek,
With tear drops in their eyes.

Now herein ſee high Heaven's hand,
In this merchant's life indeed;
No man on earth can well prevent
What have the fates decreed.

The Worme of Lambtone.

THE ſtory on which this ancient Ballad, full of plot and incidents, is founded, ranks amongſt the moſt popular traditions of Durham, and has been tranſmitted with very little variation for centuries from father to ſon, various facts having been preſſed into the ſervice, to eſtabliſh the commination of ſudden death that has been ſuppoſed to hang over the family of Lambton. The date of the ſtory is of courſe uncertain; but nine aſcending generations from the late General Lambton (in whom popular tradition affirmed the curſe to expire), would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight, of Rhodes, of whom this curious entry ſtands in an old MSS. pedigree in poſſeſſion of Middleton of Offerton. "Johanne Lambtun that ſlewe ye Worm was Knight of Rhodes and Lorde of Lambton and Wood apirton, eſther the dethe of 4 brothers ſans eſſhewe male, his ſonne Robert Lambton was drowned at Newebrigge." That the Knight ever

ſucceeded to the family eſtates, however, is contradicted by the proven pedigree. Popular tradition aſſigns the Chapel of Brigford as the ſpot where Lambton offered up his vows before and after the adventure, (a foundation, which, it has been ſhown, exiſted at a period antecedent to the earlieſt era aſſigned to the legend). In the garden houſe at Lambton are two figures of no great antiquity: a Knight in good ſtyle armed cap a pie, *the back ſtudded with razor blades*, holding the Worme by one ear with the left hand, and with his right thruſting the ſword to the hilt down his throat; and a lady wearing a coronet, &c. in the ſtyle of Charles the Second's beauties, with a wound on her boſom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand, which are ſaid to be the work of the Worm. A real Andrew Ferrara inſcribed on the blade, 1521, is ſaid to have been the identical ſword by which the Worm periſhed. The date of it ſeems to have been preſſed into the ſervice.

The title Worm was uſed with great latitude; generally it was repreſented as having four legs and ears, much in the dragon ſtyle. The Worm of Tinton, ſlain by a Scotch Knight, and the laidly, or loathſome Worme of Spindelſtone Heugh (for which ſee page 57), are alſo ſuppoſed to relate to ſome hiſtorical fact wrapped in dark allegory. There are ſeveral modern effuſions on the ſame ſubject; but I believe this to be the "original" one.

The Worme of Lambtone.

IN times of old lived by the Weare,
A chiefe of chivalrous fame,
Nor lord nor baron the country rounde,
Could boaſt a nobler name.

A wide domaine free of tillage and fief,
And many ſerfs had he,
That would fight with him on battle field,
And hunt on the greenwood lea.

One only ſonne did him father calle,
A youthe of daryng fame,
His pryde itte was to reyne the ſteede,
And ſhoote the wylye game.

No mother's earneſt wyſh avayle,
Nor pious abbotte's prayere,
To turn his mynde from dangerous ſporte,
Or gyve heede to Godlye care.

And oft to the lordlye caſtelle I ween
Would fatherly monkes repayr,
To join amid the revellrous ſhoute,
And ſumptuous banquettes ſhare.

And oft as the weſtern ſun did gild
The flankyng baſtion walle,
The clarion ſounde would call to feaſt,
Lord, dame, and ſerf, and all.

Then would the mynſtrelle band call forth,
To daunce in myrth and glee,
And the plume woulde nodde on eche fayr browe,
Each joyous hearte be free.

The face woulde weare its placid ſmile,
The eye its wytchyng ſheene,
The herte woulde thrill in boſome whytte,
Benethe a boddice clene.

The Knyghte wolde wende in mazy dance,
And deign a martial ſmile,
To her whoſe hande was locked in his,
As they trodde the daunce the whyle.

The Baron, whoſe youthful mirth was gone,
Kept to the feſtal halle;
And eche cuppe that touched his lippe,
Wolde ſome daryng deed recalle.

Suche were the ſcenes yonge Lambtone viewed,
And ſuch he loved to ſee,
The merry daunce, the honde and horn,
And ſpirits blithe and free.

And when the boundynge deere led onne
The hondes in jollye crye;
No huntſman on a fleeter ſteede,
In ſkylle colde hym outvye.

Oft wolde hee to the Weare's coole ſtreme,
In the noons of Summer hie,
Where the bowes caſte theyre ſhadows o'er,
To cozen the finnye fry.

One Sabbath morn he haſtened forth
Alonge the ſilverye ſtreme,
The friſkye troute in ſportyng moode,
Joyed in the mornynge beme.

And heedleſs of that hallowed daye,
He haſtened for rodde and creele;
He threwe in once and forthwyth drewe
Forthe what he deemed ane eel.

But no eel it was; its hede diſplay'd
Full four ſcore eyes or more,
And they caſt on hym a watchful gleme,
As he viewed itte owre and owre.

Yonge Lambtone ſwore, and threw itte in
To our lady's welle hard bye;
But aye as itte turns and ſhews ittſelfe,
It caſts on him an eye.

And aye there glances from its mouthe,
A barbed tongue and longe,
And anon itt folds and wrappes ittſelfe,
As iff intente on wronge.

One morne no trace of itt remayned,
In well or countrie rounde;
Tho' oft in ſearch the ſerfs went forthe,
When mornynge dewed the grounde.

Now ledde by hope of martial praiſe,
And a ſoldier's gallant name,
Lambtone goes to the holye warres,
The Chryſtan rights to claime;

Where the demon of warre led on,
And dethe ſhrekes mette the eare,
Was Lambtone ſeen with ſhield and ſworde,
Wyth his herte void of feare.

And ofte he mette the eyes' laſt looke,
Caſt on this world of woe;
And to his earr the dethe mone roſe,
From deareſt frend and foe.

But whyle he waged the war abrode,
And Lambtone's fame ran high;
The Worme before pentt in the welle,
Did all ſurmiſe outvye.

It tooke itſelf to Wear's cool ſtreme,
Nurſed by the flood ſo faſt;
It grew untill nine circling foldes,
A neighbring hille itte graſped.

To the byre it crawled att eve,
And at the mornynge breake;
To feed on the mylk that nine kye gave,
Itts mornynge meale to make.

But ſhould the boon ere be denied,
Then man and beaſte muſt fly,
Its hideous forme wolde loathly ſwelle,
And fire flaſh from itts eye.

The crie of woman's voice was herde
For her fond huſbande ſlayne,
And the wail of age and infant grief,
Fille ryver, woode, and playne.

Nor ſworde or ſpere 'gainſt it avayled,
No human proweſſe kylled;
For oft as itt was peirced or cutt,
The wound as ſoone itt filled.

And when a more chivalrous knight
In fight cutt itt in twayne;
Some magic ſpell or ſecret power
Its parts ynitt agayne.

Long did itt live the peſt of Weare,
Their drede itt the countrie founde,
Forr if nine kyes' mylk waſt refuſed,
It harried the countrie round.

Seven long yeares have paſt away,
Seven Summers and winters cold,
Seven Springs have budded the thorne,
Seven harveſts away have roll'd.

It was a Knyght on a Spryng morning,
Rode downe by Lambtone Tower;
A large ſtaghounde of mickle ſize,
Ranne on the Knycht before.

Yonge Lambtone 'twas come from the wars,
Wyth proweſs of wondrous fame,
Followed by one in lowly weeds,
Of holy Pylgrym's name.

He had aſſayled the Saracen,
Stoode wyth the bold and brave,
Trodde over Calvary's holy hill,
And kiſſed his Saviour's grave.

They heard a mayden cry, " Ah me,
For my cow wyth the crummie horne;
My brothers and my ſyſters die,
For the mylk thatte feeds the worme."

They heard a farmer doleful ſing,
" My lambs are eaten all;
The yowies mourn, nae graſs is there,
And empty is my ſtall."

Lambtone alighted off hys ſteed,
And blew ſae loud hys horne,
Hys father came to the outer gate,
Wyth aged looks forlorn.

Much they deplored this plague of Wear,
And thought oft of remeade;
And how ſo many Knights had failed
To make the monſter bleede.

The pylgrim wyth his croſſe in hand,
Greeted yonge Lambtone's lorde;
Said he, " Thy coat of mayl put on,
And take thy truſty ſword.

" Thy coat wyth razors ſette muſt bee,
Thy lance of well tried ſteel,
Attack this Worme when he hies to Wear,
To take itt's mornynge meale.

" For nere the hille, cloſe by the ſtreme,
The monſter's wont to reſte;
Around the rocke its huge form coil'd,
On the floode itt laves itts breſt.

" In thy returne from ſlaughterin,
Whate'er ſhalle meete thee firſt,
Muſt offered be as ſacrifice,
Elſe thy race is accurſed.

" Go take thy ſtand on the little rock,
And heed well what I've ſaide,
Or Lambtone's lords for nine deſcents
Shall ne'er die in their bedde."

Now Lambtone putte on his coatt of mayle,
Thick ſette wyth razors ſmall,
His welle tried ſworde bounde by hys ſyde,
And he left his father's halle.

He drew hys ſharp ſworde from itts ſheathe,
Thatte never fayled hys need;
"Chryſt now protect me in thys ſtryfe,
I make the monſter bleede."

The ſun was drinking up the dew,
And the flowers raiſed theyr head,
When the Worme unfolded from the hill,
And to the rocke he ſpedd.

He wryggled ſwyftly o'er the grounde,
Like a fallow or diſtrere;
Lambtone he waited for the Worme,
And trembled with his feare.

He ſtruck the Worme upon the head,
Soe hard and ſore a blowe,
Butte it ſcarcely touched the fearful beaſt,
Who angry wyſe did growe.

He threw hys folds about the Knyghte,
Its breathe almoſt hym ſped;
Butte cloſer as preſſt the eftſome Worme,
The more the monſter bled.

The razor blades hym cut ſoe ſore,
Till the ryver ranne wyth bloode,
The Wormis ſtrength began to fail,
On the rocke where Lambtone ſtoode.

He graſped hys ſworde wyth alle hys might,
And cut the Worme in two;
One half felle in the running ſtreame,
Which carried itte from view.

Soe thatte the Worme coulde not unite,
Itte hiſſed ſoe fearfully;
Another ſtroke hys neck upon,
And the Worme lay ſilentlie.

Lambtone blew his horn ſoe ſhrill,
For hys ſire to looſe hys hounde,
That he might ſlaye itte, as his vow
To heaven he had bounde.

But hys father in hys verie joy,
Ranne lyke a manne half wilde,
O'erjoyed the ugſome Worme was deade,
Slaine by hys Knyghtly childe.

When Lambtone ſaw hys father come,
He allmoſt fell wyth grief;
"I muſt not kyll my ſire," he ſaide,
"If never comes relyfe.

"Oh father, wherefore came you here,
And not fyrſt looſed my hounde?
The next thing that I ſee I'll ſlay,"
And loud his bugle wound.

His ſtaghounde heard the well known blaſt,
O'er hill and holt he flewe;
And comynge to the fatal rocke,
The Knyght hym fellie ſlewe.

Too late he made the ſacrifice,
"My vow is kept," he ſayde;
Butte the Lambtone Lordes, for nine deſcents
Ne'er died withyn their bedde.

Belted Will.

THIS Ballad is original, and is founded on a legend appertaining to Thirlwall, whoſe proprietors in remote times were called Barons, and held under the Kings of Scotland as Lords of Tindale. The townſhip and manor derives its name from the Roman *thralling* or barrier wall running through it. To "thirll," in the old Northumbrian dialect, means to bind or enthral.

Thirlwall Caſtle ſtands on a rocky precipice above the river Tiſſalt; there is no mention of it before 1369, in which year John de Thirlwall is called lord of it, and the manor of Thirlwall.

The legend on which part of the Ballad is founded is as follows. One of the Barons of Thirlwall returned from the foreign wars, laden with abundance of treaſure, amongſt which was a table of ſolid gold; his wealth was much ſpoken of, and often excited the cupidity of the numerous band of freebooters with

which the Border abounded; but the well known bravery of the Baron and the ſtrength of his followers prevented them from making an open attack. The gold table, it was affirmed, was guarded day and night by a hideous dwarf; ſome ſaid it was the foul fiend himſelf. In a predatory excurſion, the Baron was purſued home by the incenſed Warden of the March, who ſtormed his caſtle, and ſlew the Baron and moſt part of his retainers. The caſtle was ranſacked for the treaſure; but the gold table, dwarf, and money bags had diſappeared. Dungeons and vaults were ſearched, but nothing could be found; and after ſetting fire to the caſtle, the victors retired. The dwarf (according to tradition) during the heat of the engagement, removed the treaſure, and throwing it into a deep well jumped in after it, when by his infernal art he cloſed the well over himſelf and his charge: and it is ſaid that he ſtill remains under the influence of a ſpell, only to be broken by the virtuous ſon of a widow. About fifty years ago, a man who was ploughing in an adjoining field imagined that a certain part of the ground ſounded hollow when the plough paſſed over it. This having excited his curioſity, he ſtruck the earth violently, when he diſtinctly heard a ſtone drop, and ſtrike the ſide wall repeatedly, and end in a hollow murmur at the bottom of ſome deep well or pit. Impreſſed with the belief that this was the dwarf's well,

and that he was on the point of poſſeſſing unbounded wealth, he reſolved, like Goldſmith's Miller, to proceed cautiouſly, and returning at the dead of night, to explore the ſubterraneous cavity. But, alas, for the inſtability of earthly hopes; on his return he was unable to diſcover the place: day after day he recroſſed and ſearched the field, and night after night he ſtruck the ground in vain; the hollow ſound was heard no more, and the dwarf's well remains undiſcovered to this very day.

Naworth Caſtle, the abode of that famous warrior Belted Will, ſtood near Brampton in Cumberland. It was burnt down in 1844. Lord Morpeth is erecting a ſtately edifice on its aſhes. For a deſcription of this Border ſoldier and his dwelling, ſee Scott's notes to his Lay of the Laſt Minſtrel. In the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy for his father, Lord Hunſden, Warden of the Eaſtern Marches (and afterwards Earl of Monmouth) a ſingular picture will be found of the rude and lawleſs ſtate of ſociety, at the period when the ſcene of the Ballad is laid.

They went along a cloſe paſſage,
Built in the Caſtle wall.

Diſcoveries made during the removal of the ruins, corroborate this and other alluſions made in the Ballad.

Belted Will.

THE Baron of Thirlwall came from the wars,
Laden with treaſure bold;
Among the which a fayre tabel,
All of the beaten gold.

And men will ſpeak of the Baron's wealth,
Whatever he may ſay,
And how a griſly dwarf does guard
His treaſure night and day.

Mony a Border freebooter
Eyed Thirlwall's gude caſtell,
Thinking to win the bags of gold,
And eke the fayre tabel.

But the Baron hath retainers bold,
And ſwatchers mony ane,
And the caſtle walls are high to win,
Howe'er they fidge and fain.

The boldeſt ane o' a' his men
Was Jockey of the Sheugh;
The Baron loved him like a brither,
And that was fair enoo.

Jock could warſle, run or lap
Wi' ever a living man;
Never a wight in Cumbernauld
Could beat him at the ſpan.

But Thirlwall's Baron heeded not
The word o' Belted Will,
Who dwells within the dark Naworth,
The Border March to ſtill.

He can rule all the Border roun',
Wi' a peeled willey wan;
But Thirlwall's Baron gecks at him,
And a' the laws o' the lan'.

So faſt come tidings of ravin wrong
To Belted Willy's ear;
Quo' he, "By my belt I'll trap this man,
If I catch him in effeir.

"But he is like a wily tod,
That taketh to his hole,
An I can catch him on the turn,
Iſe ſmoke him frae his bole.

"He reaves and harries ilka ane,
Tho' he has goups o' gold;
Iſe lay a trap for him bedeen,
By which he ſhall be ſold."

Thirlwall's Baron heard his ſpeech,
Wi' ſcorn amaiſt he burſt;
"His anger it is like a haggis,
That's hetteſt at the firſt."

Sore ſmiled the wily Belted Will,
But in ſo dark a way;
Better that ſmile were wanting there,
Than on his lip to lay.

Jock o' the Sheugh tirled at the ſtring,
Of the Baron of Thirlwall's yett;
" Up, up, and riſe, my noble lord,
Some plunder for to get.

" There are a ſwatch o' Engliſhers
Coming frae Carliſle toun,
Well laden wi' the yellow goud,
For Annan are they boun."

" Gae tak a dozen o' my men,
And brattle o'er the lea,
Lay wait and watch untill they paſs
The Bowneſs witches tree.

" A dozen o' ye well may lick
Three ſcore o' Engliſh tykes,
Tak a' they have, and leave them ſae
To tell o' this wha likes."

Then Jock banged o'er the broomy knowe,
And reached the witches tree,
And wi' his dozen freebooters,
Lay doun on thir bellie.

FYTTE SECOND.

JOCK heard a ſound, and looked up,
" Ye fule," ſays one, " lig doun,
It's but a patrick on the wing,
Or a reaving tod in the broome."

Quo' Jock, " Gude Willie ye ſay wrang,
And ſo I'll prove to you;
Its no ane tod, its a baker's dozen,
That's low in the broome the noo."

There cam on twenty Engliſhers,
Wi' cloaks and ſaddle bags;
There cam on twenty travellers,
Mounted on goodly naigs.

" A ſhame upon yon forning crew,"
Quo' Jock, " the deil me flay,
Iſe have half dozen o' yon yauds
Before that home I gae.

" That they ſuld ride ſo cantily,
The deil pike out thar e'en,
And the muckle fiend their baggies gnaw,
For well ſtuffed hae they been."

Cam on thoſe twenty travellers,
With lang cloaks flowing doun,
Cam on theſe twenty travellers,
All thro' the yellow broome.

Then ſtarted up Jock and his men
Wi' ſic an awfu yell,
Ye might have heard it at the top
Of Skiddaw or Criffell.

" Come off your naigs ye ſorning crew,
Of ſouthron pock-puddings,
Or ye ſall hae the gude cauld ſteel,
So gie us a' your things."

" Weſe gie ye that," ſaid ane o' them,
" Yeſe no forget I wiſſe,
This mony a day gude Jock o' the Sheugh,
And that my Billie's this."

They threw the cloaks from off their hides,
And back and breaſtplate ſhone;
They grippit their ſwords, the firſt blow ſtruck
Was echoed with a groan.

Gude faith, but Jock had fund his match,
For the Southrons hacked about;
The Thirlwall boys were fain to fight,
But ſoon put to the route.

Of twelve o' Jock's gude freebooters
But three fled owre the lea,
The other nine lay ſtill eneuch
Beſide the witches' tree.

Poor Jock is doun upon his back,
Wi' a ſair clour on the head;
His billies all are ſtiffening,
And three o' them are fled.

Out ſpoke the twenty travellers,
"Why Jock, how's this of a',
Ye bid us to a meal gude faith,
And then ye rin awa?"

Quo' Jock, as they bund faſt his arms,
And raiſed him frae the lea,
" Gif I had kenned ye were Belted Will's men,
The devil might ſtopped ye for me."

Fytte Third.

THE Baron o' Thirlwall looked abroad,
From out his ſtrong caſtell,
And he ſaw three men come poſting on,
Out owre the fern and fell.

" I wad," ſaid he, " they run a race,
A thouſand merks I lay
Upon the wight in the red jerkin,
He wins the race this day."

The three men burſt in on his room,
" My lord," then each one ſaid,
" Jock o' the Sheugh is wounded ſair,
And nine gude fallows dead."

The dark ſpot flew to the Baron's cheek,
" Ye cowards one and a',
Gae join your bluidy billies then,
Whatever may befa'."

He ſtruck each man the neck intill,
And they fell on the floor;
" To fly without a ſingle blow,
Shews valour to be poor.

" Gif Belted Will ſuld harm a hair,
O' Jock o' the Sheugh his head,
I'll put the Border in ſiccan a bleeze,
Shall mak him flee with dread.

" Gif Jock o' the Sheugh hangs for this ploy,
The hail o' the March ſall weep,
Nae man ſall wauken in the morn,
That gangs alive to ſleep.

" Mony a mither ſall weep her lane,
With outen woe and alack;
Many a red cock craw betimes,
In a farmer's garth or ſtack."

They brought theſe words to Belted Will,
As at racket ball he played;
But the only anſwer he loot fall,
"Weſe ſune ſee that," he ſaid.

He went up to his own chamber
Wi' ane ſtout ſerving man;
He ſtript him o' his earlie's claethes,
And naked there did ſtan.

He pat aff ſilk and ſendal too,
And plume, and belt, and a',
And drew on druggett and hodden grey;
But he didna look ſae braw.

He went in that room a belted yerl,
And a ſerving man cam out;
He took a lamp frae the window neuk,
And lookèd ſharp aboot.

He lifted up the painted arras,
And a little door he ſpied;
The lad and him went in the wall,
Wi' quick and haſty ſtride.

They went along a cloſe paſſage,
Built in the Caſtle wall;
Sometimes up heights, then over baulks,
Syne forced to ſtoop and crawl.

Down ſteep ſteps they lower went,
Till they reached the founding rock;
At length the Earlie cam to a door,
And he ſhot back the lock.

They went into a dungeon high,
And Jock o' the Sheugh lay there;
He raiſit himſelf upon his crook,
To look upon the pair.

"Good e'en to ye," ſaid Belted Will,
"I am a ſerving man
Unto the Warden o' the March,
For as ſimple as I ſtan. .

"My name is Thomas Featherſtone,
As I now tell to thee,
Come of as good a kith and kin
As any the north countrie."

"I downa queſtion ye, my man,"
Quo' Jock wi' grueſome mood;
"But ye muſt mak me wun thro' walls,
Or elſe do me nae good."

"Haith lad, here's wine and gude paſty,
Sae never faſh your thoomb;
Ye've been in ſiccan a ſtate before,
For a' ye look ſae gloom."

"And that is true," quo' Thirlwall's Jock,
"Sae gies the gude red wine;"
They ſat them doun upon the floor,
As in a chamber fine.

"Then here's to thee!" quo Belted Will,
The very words he ſpak;
"The ſame to you," roared Jock o' the Sheugh,
And ſlapped him on the back.

Jock told him o' his wickedneſs,
From now ſince he could ſtand;
The frolics of his wantonneſs,
In England and Scotland.

Nine Engliſhmen he had murderet,
Beſide ſome orra thing:
"No much to crack about," quo Jock,
"Nor worth the mentioning."

How he had robbed and plundered a',
On Sabbath and wor-day;
"Are ye no ſorry for theſe things?"
Then Belted Will did ſay.

"Gude faith, my lad, I'm no that ſaft,
For were I free the morn,
I wad be off upon the auld ſcore,
As ſure as ye were born."

Up roſe his comrade frae the floor,
"At morning ye ſall die;
It were a ſhame to let ye ſcape,
Living ſo wickedly.

"Had'ſt thou but ſaid, Good lord, me ſave,
I am a ſinful man,
There were ſome hopes o' thy convert,
To lengthen out life's ſpan.

" Thou haſt rejoiced in all thou'ſt done,
In guiltyneſs content;
And thou ſhalt die:" ſo ſaying this,
He from the dungeon went.

Puir Jock leuked wi' a ſerious face,
Frae's hand there dropped the gill;
" Now ſave my ſoul, what have I ſaid?
That ſure was Belted Will!"

Fytte Fourth.

BY Brampton's town there ſtands an oak,
Upon a hill ſo high;
And Jock was broughten there betimes,
Upon the tree to die.

They ſtrapped him to the higheſt branch,
Of all that goodly tree,
And there the righteous chaplain prayed
For Jock's ſoul ſolemnlie.

Thirlwall's Baron ſaw the fight,
And ſwore revenge to have;
For better part o' a ſummer's day
He nothing did but rave.

He ſent a meſſenger ſae bold
To Will, wha cried in ſcorn,
" Better he looks intill his neſt,
I'ſe burn it ere the morn."

The Baron fled to his caſtell,
And guarded it ſae grim;
" The fiend tak Belted Will," he cried,
" 'Tis word and blow wi' him."

But ſcarcely had the midnight fell,
When ſpite o' a' his care,
Belted Will his caſtell ſtormed,
For a' he fought ſo ſair.

A tar barrel and reeking peat,
They laid unto his neſt,
Threw open gates and wide windows,
And the night wind did the reſt.

The Baron fled frae room to room,
By the flames o' his own ha',
" He's gien me light to go to bed,
Whatever may befa'."

He ruſhed into his inner room,
Where his golden table lay;
The devil in likeneſs o' a dwarf,
Kept watch there night and day.

Belted Will purſued him hard,
Amid the flame and ſtour,
For he cut the ſkirt frae the Baron's cloak,
As he whiſked thro' the door.

" Save me now thou grueſome elf,
And my ſaul and body's thine;"
The dwarf he jabbered hideouſly,
But never made a ſign.

Belted Will called for a ram,
To baſh the doorway doun,
The red flames thro' the keyhole flaſhed,
And filled wi' reek the room.

" My ſoul and bodie," the Baron ſaid,
Abjuring Chryſt his ſign;
The devil he grippit him in his arms,
" Now, Baron, art thou mine."

The door gaed ſplint'ring frae the poſts,
In ruſhed the enemie;
But Baron, dwarf, and goud table,
I wat they could na ſee.

And legends ſay the ugſome dwarf
Threw all into a well,
And by the glamour o' his art,
Caſt over all a ſpell:

Which never may be rendered vayn
But by a widow's ſon;
And he ſhall find the gold table,
When years away have run.

Belted Will looked up at the tower,
Where flaſhed the flames ſo red,
" The Baron's ſoul maun be in hell,"
The Border Warden ſaid.

"Now by my word, I rather had
Met him upon the field;"
Then Thirlwall's freebooters cried out,
"Ho! Belted Will, we yield."

Of horſe and foot five hundred ſtrong
Were muſtered on that morn,
To keep the caſtle o' gude Thirlwall,
Wi' ſword, and ſpear, and horn.

They drove them untill Cumbernauld,
All that were priſoners taen;
But many by the Warden's men,
In the blazing towers were ſlain.

And better they were, who on that night
Had fallen in the ſtrife,
Than thus to live of hope bereft,
A captive's weary life.

To count the ſad return o' day,
For many a lonely hour,
All thro' the night thro' the cold daylight,
In Naworth's dungeon tower.

The rare Ballad of Johnnie Faa
and the Counteſs o' Caſſilis.

THE incidents recorded in this Ballad muſt have occurred in the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland, or poſſibly in that of his father, James the Fourth, the King of the Commons, who commenced a regular proceſs of extermination againſt the Border reivers and moſſtroopers, hung Johnny Armſtrong at the gate of his own tower, and ſpread ſuch terror and diſmay over the country, that in the words of the time, "The ruſh buſh kept the cow." The reſidence of the Earl of Caſſilis was at Maybole Tower in Ayrſhire, if I am informed rightly, where the tragedy recounted in theſe verſes was perpetrated. I have heard this Ballad ſung repeatedly by Willie Faa, and have endeavoured to preſerve as much of his verſion as recollection would allow me. It appears doubtful whether the partner of the unfortunate Counteſs was Johnny Faa; for ſome

writers of the ſtory, in contradiction of this aſſertion, affirm that he was a favoured lover of the lady, one Sir John Pringle, who ſhould have married the Counteſs, had not the threats of her father (who I believe was Primate of Saint Andrew's), and her mother (a ſiſter of the Black Douglas), forced her to beſtow her hand on the jealous and cruel Earl of Caſſilis. The ſtory runs, that the repeated cruelties of the Earl having diſguſted the Counteſs, ſhe determined to leave her huſband, and fly to her father's reſidence, and for that purpoſe ſought the aſſiſtance of Sir John Pringle who, (having returned from the French wars, whither he had gone on the marriage of the lady) had been lately reſiding in the neighbourhood of the caſtle, for the purpoſe of ſeeing his firſt love. Burning with rage at the daſtardly conduct of the Earl, he lent himſelf to the eſcape of the unfortunate Counteſs, and with the aid of that celebrated vagrant leader, Johnny Faa, to whom he had performed ſome act of kindneſs, he diſguiſed himſelf as a gipſy, and carried her off. Earl Caſſilis however purſued the fugitives with a large force, and brought them back to the caſtle, where having the feudal privilege of "pit" and "gallows" at his diſpoſal, he immediately availed himſelf of it, and to the ſhame of knighthood, and againſt the laws of honour, hung Sir John and his gipſy aſſociates on a large elm growing in front of the caſtle. 'Tis ſaid that he compelled

the unhappy Counteſs to witneſs the execution of Sir John, and actually held her to the window, whilſt her unhappy lover ſtruggled in the agonies of death. The Counteſs was immured in a nunnery by her brutal huſband, who was ſoon after ſlain in a battle with the Engliſh near Edinburgh. Such is the tradition affirmed to be true by many writers.

I'm Johnny Faa o' Yetholm town.

Yetholm, on the borders of Northumberland, ſituated amongſt the receſſes of the Cheviots, has ever been the head quarters of the Gipſy tribes. The Faa's, (a corruption of Fall, their original deſignation), the Youngs, Armſtrongs and Gordons, ſtill look up to this ſtraggling village as their city of refuge. The author has more than once taken a leſſon in the Waltonian art, from old Willy Faa, the laſt deſcendant of the Kings of "Little Egypt." It was on ſeeing Johnny Armſtrong, the celebrated freebooter, at the head of his gang, that King James remarked,

What wants that knave, which a king ſhould have,
Forbye a ſceptre and crown.

The rare Ballad of Johnnie Faa and the Counteſs o Caſſilis.

THERE were ſeven Gipſies in a gang,
They were both briſk and bonny O,
They rode till they came to the Earl of
Caſtle's houſe,
And there they ſung ſo ſweetly O.

The Earl of Caſtle's lady came down,
With her waiting maid beſide her O;
As ſoon as her handſome face they ſaw,
They caſt the glamour o'er her O.

They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
Which was of the belinger O;
She gave to them a far better thing,
The ring from off her finger O.

The Earl he flang his purſe to them,
For wow but they ſung bonny O;
Gied them red wine and manchet cake,
And all for the Gipſy laddie O.

The Earl wad gae hunt in Maybole woods,
For blythſome was the morning O,
To hunt the deer wi' the yelping curs,
Wi' the huntſman bugle ſounding O.

The Counteſs went doun to the ha'
To hae a crack at them fairly O;
"And och," ſhe cried, "I wad follow thee,
To the end o' the world or nearly O."

He kiſt the Counteſs lips ſae red,
And her jimp white waiſt he cuddled O;
She ſmoothed his beard wi' her luvely hand,
And a' for her Gipſy laddie O.

"And och," ſhe cried, "that I ſhould love thee,
And ever wrong my Earlie O,
I ken there's Glamour in mine e'ee,
To follow a Gipſy laddie O."

Quo he, " Thou art ane Earl's ladye,
And that is kent fu' fairly O;
But if thou comeſt awa wi' me,
Thou'lt be a queen ſo rarely O.

" I'm Johnny Faa o' Yetholm town,
There dwall my min and daddie O;
And ſweet Counteſs, I'm nothing leſs
Than King o' the Gipſy laddies O."

She pull'd off her high heel'd ſhoes,
They were made of Spaniſh leather O;
She put on her Highland brogues,
To follow the Gipſy laddie O.

At night, when my lord came riding home,
Enquiring for his lady O,
The waiting maid made this reply—
" She's following the Gipſy laddie O."

" O now then," quo' the bonny Earl,
" That ever ſiccan a thing ſuld be;
All ye that love, oh never build
Your neſt upon the topmoſt tree.

" For oh the green leaves they will fall,
And roots and branches wither O;
But the virtue o' a leal woman,
I trow wad never ſwither O.

" Go ſaddle me my mylk white ſteed,
Go ſaddle it ſo ſadly O,
And I will ride out oure the lea,
To follow her Gipſy laddie O.

" Go ſaddle me my bonny black,
And eke my gray cowt quickly O;
Gin I hae not Johnny Faa his head,
The de'il may claw me tightly O.

" Have you been eaſt, or have you been weſt,
Or have you been briſk and bonny O,
Or have you ſeen a gay lady
Following a Gipſy laddie O?"

He rode all the ſummer's night,
And part of the next morning O;
At length he eſpied his own wedded wife,
She was cold, wet, and weary O.

The leddy ſabbed, the leddy cried,
And wrung her hands ſae ſadly O;
And aye her moan was to the Earl,
To ſpare her Gipſy laddie O.

"Why did you leave your houſes and lands,
Or why did you leave your money O,
Or why did you leave your own wedded lord,
To follow the Gipſy laddie O?"

"O what care I for houſes and lands,
Or what care I for money O?
So as I have brew'd, ſo I will drink,
So fare you well, my honey O."

They marched them to the gallows tree,
Whilſt the Earl ſtood at the window O;
And aye the ſmile was on his lip,
As he thocht on the Gipſy laddie O.

There were ſeven Gipſies in a gang,
They were ſo briſk and bonny O,
And they're to be hang'd all in a row,
For the Earl o' Caſſtle's leddy O.

Counteſs Joan's Garter.

DAVID King of Scotland, who figures in this Ballad, is the ſame mentioned in the Ballad of Earl Moray's Capture. He ſeems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in his ſieges, circumſtances obliging him to raiſe his beleaguering, or elſe by ſome unforeſeen caſualty to "ſheer off." He received a dreadful check at the battle of Durham, when the Engliſh army, commanded by Earl Percy, defeated him with great ſlaughter. Fifteen thouſand Scots were ſlain, amongſt whom were Charteris, the Chancellor; Keith, Earl Mariſchal; while the Earls of Douglas, Sutherland, Fife, Carrick, and Menteith, together with the King, were all taken priſoners. In conſequence of this dreadful defeat, the Scots were obliged to quit their claim to all the lands which they held in England; and alſo to give up Teviotdale, Liddeſdale, the Merſe, and Lauderdale; ſo that Cockſburnpath and

Soutra Hill became the ſouthern boundary of Scotland. David died in the Caſtle of Edinburgh on the 17th of May, 1370, in the 47th of his age, and 42nd of his reign. Hiſtorians aver that he was diſtinguiſhed for many excellent qualities, eſpecially for his juſtice and generoſity, though his merits as a man were greatly ſurpaſſed by his defects as a Prince.

The bonny Earl was no at hame,
But Joan and his Billie were.

This alludes to the Earl of Saliſbury, who was in England with King Edward the Third's army at Knareſborough. Joan was daughter of the Earl of Kent, and couſin to King Edward, of courſe a Plantagenet.

Sir William wi' fifty men
Pricked from the Caſtle wall.

Sir William Montague was brother of Robert Montague Earl of Saliſbury, and in his abſence, Governor of Wark Caſtle, which, as Mackenzie ſays, "ſtands upon a circular eminence formed by art, near the river Tweed, two miles weſt from Cornhill, and eaſt from Carham. No certain date can be affixed to the erection of this fortreſs; but from ſeveral circumſtances of hiſtory, it appears it was founded as early as the twelfth century. According to Leland, Henry II. cauſed the Caſtle of Werke to be made."

From its ſituation, this Caſtle was expoſed to repeated aſſaults, and it forms a prominent object in the bloody annals of the Border wars. On King Stephen's uſurpation of the Britiſh throne, David I. with great indignation croſſed the Border, and amongſt other fortreſſes which he aſſaulted was that of Werke (according to the Chronicles of Richard of Hexham), which, however, was bravely defended by Jourdain de Breſſis, nephew to Walter Deſpec, one of the leaders of the "Battle of the Standard." The garriſon, it is ſaid, were reduced to ſuch ſtraits that they killed their horſes for provender.

In the reign of Edward II. Wark was taken by aſſault. In *Leland's Collectanea*, it is ſaid, p. 540, "The Scottes came into the March of Englande and deſtroyed the Caſtles of Werke and Harbottle."

They carried one hundred and ninety mules,
Laden wi' wine and bread.

The circumſtances attending this adventure are as follow: while David II. was returning from his expedition to the Borders in 1342, the rear of his army paſſing by Wark Caſtle, laden with plunder, was ſeen by the garriſon with great indignation. Sir William Montague, the governor, with fifty horſemen made a ſally, attended with conſiderable ſlaughter, returning to

the Caſtle with one hundred and ninety horſes laden with booty. David incenſed at this daring attack, led his army againſt the Caſtle, but was repulſed with great ſlaughter; he then filled the ditches and battered down the outer walls. Proviſions failing the garriſon, it was reſolved to ſend a meſſenger to King Edward, then in Yorkſhire, with an account of the ſtate they were in; this was effected one dark and ſtormy night by Sir William Montague, who paſſed in ſafety through the Scottiſh camp. The Scottiſh Chieftains, unwilling to riſk the booty they had acquired, perſuaded King David to raiſe the ſiege, and croſs the Tweed, which was done ſix hours before the vanguard of the Engliſh army appeared. The joy of the Counteſs of Saliſbury for this relief, and her pleaſing deportment whilſt ſhe entertained the King at Wark, was the beginning of an amour, to which, it is ſaid, the famous inſtitution of the Order of St. George owed its origin.

Poor piteous ſtones, the lady ſaid.

This is avouched as an hiſtorical fact. It ſeems that the fair Joan was as daring in courage as ſhe was irreſiſtible in beauty.

"*Shame fall on him who thinks.*"

The well known motto of the Garter, "*Honi ſoit qui*

mal y penſe:—Evil be to him who evil thinks." Whether this illuſtrious order ſprang from the incident here related we know not; but from lighter cauſes greater events have ſprung. This Ballad is original, and was never publiſhed before.

Counteſs Joan's Garter.

IT was in the back end o' the year,
Fourteen hundred and forty-two;
That David King of all Scotlande,
Marched o'er the Border his bonnets blue.

They ſeized on cattle, flocks, and gear,
Of the men o' Northumberland,
And never a power o' Kyng Yedward,
Colde mak him haud his hand.

Laden wi' ſpoil he onward paſſed,
Till he cam to Wark Caſtell fayre;
The bonny Earl was no at hame,
But Joan and his Billie were.

Fayr Joan ſtood on the battlements,
And ſaw the Scots paſs by;
She was blude couſin o' Kyng Yedwârd,
And flaſhit her raven's eye.

"And is there never a knight," ſche ſaid,
"And I a Plantagenet,
Will charge upon yon cogging Scots,
Their plunder back to get?"

Stood forth Sir William Montague,
Her gude brither was he;
"Fair Joan, I'll charge for the Roſe of Wark,
And fight for a victory."

Gloaming gathered o'er the Tweed,
And darkneſs 'gan to fall,
When bauld Sir William wi' fifty men,
Pricked from the Caſtle wall.

The Scottis army lay encamped
Out ower by Carham woods,
They feaſted on beeves of Northumberland,
And broached the wine in floods.

When there aroſe upon their ears,
The neigh o' ſteeds in the night;
The clang o' ſhields, the ſhouts o' men,
And ſwords were flaſhing bright.

"For England and the Roſe of Wark,"
Shouted the Montague;
"For England and the good St. George,"
His comrades ſhouted too.

The Scots fell 'neath their horſes' feet,
The Engliſh fought the more,
For they brought death where'er they paſſ'd,
And terror ran before.

"Enough this night, off with our ſpoil,"
Sir William homeward fled;
They carried one hundred and ninety mules,
Laden wi' wine and bread.

The hungry Scots purſued them to
The very Caſtle wall,
The Counteſs wi' her wayting maids,
The drawbridge let doun fall.

Each held a torch in her lily hand,
"Well done, my knights, well done,
And ilka man ſall drink a cup,
Filled by the hands of Joan."

Have ye e'er ſeen a rat creep in,
And ſteal away the prize,
From 'neath the noſe of Grimauken,
Awhile ſhe cloſed her eyes?

If ye hae marked the jerfalcon,
Daſh on the eagle's prey,
And from the monarch of the ſkies,
The plunder bear away;

So looked Kyng David on his dead men,
All in the morning light;
"I'ſe hae yon Caſtel and its crew,
Before to morrow night."

But gentles, 'tis a proven ſough,
Naught is ſae hard to win,
As the badger or the wily tod,
When ye hae ſold the ſkin.

There rode a herald to the gate,
"Surrender to our Kyng!
And tak ſic mercy as he gives,
Or greater be the ſin."

"Surrender to your baby Kyng?"
Out ſpoke undaunted Joan;
"When was it a Plantagenet,
Was e'er ſae daſtard known?"

"I tak not my bode frae a woman's voice;"
Then out Sir William cried,
"Gif can Kyng David ſtorm our fort,
We ſhall his onſet bide."

"Ye boldly ſpeak; but ye may fare
The worſe for your raſh ſpeech:
But better manners ere the night,
I wat our ſwords will teach."

The Kyng led up his pick o' men,
To win the Counteſs' Towers,
Beleaguered he the walls of Wark,
Wi' all his nordern powers.

They plied the bonny mangonel,
And the ſtones and arrows flew;
Their places who in front rank fell,
The rearward ruſhed into.

Syr William at his ſquadron's head,
Beat David from the gate;
But oh the battle went full hard,
From early untill late.

"Poor piteous ſtones," the lady ſaid,
"They wound your bruiſed ſide;"
She wiped them with her handkerchief,
And taunting the Scots defied.

But David was o' the Bruce's blood,
The ſiege he wadna raiſe;
He filled the ditches and brayed the walls,
For full a dozen days.

"Quail not, ye dauntleſs Engliſh hearts,"
Joan ſhouted with a ſmile,
"Ere I will yield Wark Caſtle up,
'Tſhall be my funeral pile."

She gave her very jewels away,
In preſents to the brave,
And every man at arms who fell,
She dug with gold his grave.

But hunger, a bitter enemy,
Appeared unto their view,
And faint the cry of "Bonny St. George,"
Among the bowmen grew.

They ſhot the arrows from the bow,
And when they had no more,
They took long ſpears and charged the Scots,
And backward ſtill them bore.

They called a council in the night,
Each man cam in his mayl;
The ſpirit had left that gallant few,
And the Counteſs' cheek was pale.

"Where will I find a gallant knicht,
That dares to face a ſpear,
That will ride to Kyng Yedward's camp,
In the broad plains o' Yorkſhire?"

But not a one wad riſk his life,
Upon ſo wild a chaſe;
Quoth Sir William, "Iſe be the meſſenger,
Gif God will give me grace."

It cam on ſiccan a fearfu' night,
The rain fell flooding earth,
The thunder rolled, the night was dark,
And lightning played in mirth.

Sir William at the poſtern gate,
Louped on his frightened ſteed,
Then ſtrak the ſpurs unto his ribs,
And daſhed off at full ſpeed.

The noiſe o' the warring elements,
Outrattled his charger's tramp;
And ere they were a moment heard,
He paſſed the Scottis camp.

He paſſed right thro' Kyng David's lines,
And ere the third day fell,
He reached the camp o' Kyng Yedward,
And heard black Knareſbro's bell.

King David wadna bide the blow,
O' Yedward's warlike ſword,
So he led his Scots by Jed foreſt,
And many a ruſhing ford.

* * * * *

Kyng Yedward ſat in his fayr palace,
In famous London town;
He held a ſceptre in his hand,
And wore a jewelled crown.

'Twas at a banquet that he made
For the gay nobleſſe of France;
A thouſand lights ſhone in the hall,
On went the leaping dance.

And hundreds o' the brighteſt eyes,
Looked on that mynſtrelſy;
The fayreſt dame in all the preſſe,
Was Joan o' Saliſbury.

She leant upon Kyng Yedward's arm,
And a meaſure wi' him walked;
The jewels ſhone upon her neck,
As ſyne ſhe laughed and talked.

And whilſt they walked, a blue garter,
In pearls and jewels bound,
Slipped from the leg o' the peerleſs Joan,
And trailed upon the ground.

Kyng Yedward bent upon his knee,
Her luvely leg to ſpan,
When throughout the courtier band
A whiſpering murmur ran.

Kyng Yedward marked his courtiers' whinge,
And eke their jibes and winks,
He kyng like roſe, and out he cried,
"Shame fall on him wha thinks."

He buckled the garter on his left leg,
Aneath the bended knee;
"I'll mak an order o' this chance,
This badge an honour ſhall be.

"I'll call it the Order of good St. George;
And the beſt in Chriſtendom
Shall be proud to wear this emblem rare
Of thy garter, my peerleſs Joan."

The
Ballad of Meikle Mouthed Meg,
or the Wife of the Wuddy.

SHAKSPEARE makes Falſtaff ſpeak of "minions of the moon;" and two or three hundred years ago, no where was ſuch an order of Knighthood more prevalent than on the Border. Not only did the Scotch and Engliſh Borderers make their forays acroſs the Tweed and the ideal line, but rival Chieftains of the ſame nation, conſidered themſelves at liberty to make inroads upon the property of their neighbours. This Ballad gives an illuſtration of it. The laws of *meum* and *tuum* they were unable to comprehend; theirs was the ſtrong man's law, which Wordſworth has ſo fitly expreſſed:—

They ſhould take who had the power,
And they ſhould keep who can.

About the beginning of the ſeventeenth century

Willie Scott of Harden flouriſhed; he came of a rieving ſtock, his father being old Scott the riever, who is reported to have ſerved up, in a covered diſh, a pair of clean ſpurs, by way of a hint to his retainers, that "the meat was done, they muſt ride for mair." The favourite reſidence of the Scotts of Harden was Oakwood Tower, ſituated on a ſmall promontory on the Ettrick: but no doubt they had many other places "to flee intill as a place o' refuge," as honeſt Caleb Balderſtone ſays. It was a place of great ſtrength, conſiſting merely of a peel or tower, with a few outdoor defences. The motto of the Scotts of Harden was "*Reparabit cornua Phœbe*," which being interpreted by their countrymen in their vernacular idiom ran thus, "We'll hae moonlight again," the young Laird being one who conſidered it his chief honour to give effect both to the ſpirit and the letter of his family motto. Tradition avers him to have been a true "minion of the moon;" a "gentleman of the night," who would not loll upon his pillow, when his "vocation" called him to the foray. Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, was a man whoſe name was a ſound of terror to all his enemies; he was fierce, reſolute, and ſomewhat cruel; being abſolute lord of "pit and gallows," which we are inclined to believe he put into requiſition very often. It was ſaid of him, "that he never turned his back upon a foe, or forgave an injury."

He had three fair daughters, none of whom were what the world calls beautiful, but on the contrary were what the peaſantry on his land deſcribe as "very ordinarie women." This legend was a favourite one with Sir Walter Scott. On the author of this Ballad viſiting Abbotsford, "that romance of ſtone and lime," he obſerved in the ſtudy ſeveral beautiful water colour drawings, the ſubject of which was "Meikle mouthed Meg." Scott of Harden was an offſhoot from the Scotts of Buccleuch, the root from whence Sir Walter ſprung.

And ſave thy mither's life.

She was the celebrated "Flower of Yarrow," a woman of ſurpaſſing beauty, and concerning whoſe gentleneſs and affection many tales ſtill linger in the rude glens of the Yarrow and Teviot. Leyden in his "Scenes of Infancy," has done juſtice to the memory of this celebrated Beauty.

He, nameleſs as the race from whence he ſprung,
Praiſed other names, but left his own unſung.

The
Ballad of Meikle Mouthed Meg,
or the Wife of the Wuddy.

THE moonbeam glints on tower and hill,
It's hey for the bonny moonlight;
"Gae ſaddle my ſteed, iſe ried betimes
The Engliſh Border to night."

"Tak tent gude lad, the Warder's men
Are riding owre the land;"
"Tuts! ſax Scots lads will keep twa ſcore
Of ſic feckleſs loons at a ſtand."

O, they were twenty ſtout and bold,
Mounted on active naigs;
Some arm'd wi' guns and Jeddart ſtaves,
Wi' iron round their craigs.

Young Scott o' Harden, led them on
To the lands o' Elibank;
" Gude faith, I wat Sir Gideon
Will no his kindneſs thank."

He left his towers by Ettrick's ſtream,
His minnie's proverb ſcorning;
When Scott ſets foot in the ſtirrup ring,
The blood will flow ere morning.

Sir Gideon and young Willie Scott,
Were ever deadly foes;
Ere they ſhall claſp ilk ithers hand,
The Gowan ſhall grow on the roſe.

They gained the lands o' Elibank,
And gathered the gear thegither;
They counted tens, and came to ſcores,
And drove them out the heather.

There was na a Murray on the lea,
Young Scott, his herte was light;
Ther'll be a dry breakfaſt at Elibank,
At Oakwood, a meal to night.

They gat half way to Ettrick ſtream,
When they heard a ſleuth hound yell,
And Scott well kenn'd his mortal foe,
Purſued him o'er the fell.

Sir Gideon was a doure fierce man,
A terror to a foe;
He had a wife and dochters three,
Well tochered they were I trow.

He loot young Harden ſteal his kye,
And oh his arm was ſlack,
But the grim auld Knight was looking on,
Wi' fifty men at his back.

"I hae thee now like a thief in a mill,"
Sir Gideon o' Elibank ſaid;
He gave the word to looſe the hounds,
And the hot purſuit he led.

"Young Scott, yield quietly to me,"
Sir Gideon loudly cried,
"Or a thief's death ſhall ye die,
If ye the onſet bide.

" Ye've driven off my kye and ſheep,
And byre and fauld are toom,
The corbies and ye ſhall be aquaint,
For what this night ye've dune."

" Brag on, brag on, ye auld gray beard;
While Scott o' Harden ſtands,
Nae power on earth ſhall mak him yield
To any o' Murray's bands.

" Sae do your beſt, and do your worſt,
Here's a hand and ſword to fight;
I trow a Scott ne'er turned his back
Whilſt a Murray was in ſight."

" Sma' mercy after what ye've ſtown,
I had deſigned for thee;
But callant, after what ye've ſaid,
I'ſe prove your enemy."

" Thou auld man, meaſure weapons then,
And I would have ye leave
Your well faured daughters to the world,
For your loſs maun they grieve."

" Before ſunriſe," quoth Gideon,
" You'll ſpeak leſs vauntingly;
Say what ye like of me, you dog,
But leave my bairnies be."

The ſtrife went high and bloodily,
They grappled at the throat;
And many was the Elibank,
The rievers deadly ſmote.

The guns banged off, the ſleuth hounds yelled,
The cattle rowted ſair;
And mony wights lay on the ground,
That up roſe never mair.

The fray went hard wi' Willie Scott,
His horſe fell wi' a bound,
And many Murrays wi' thir ſwords
Bore him intill the ground.

Lady Murray cam forth at noon,
To welcome her huſband hame;
And there ſhe ſpied young Scott o' Harden,
All bounden and his lane.

They thruſt the Scott in a darkſome room,
And left him to his thought;
But neither bread or yet red wine
Unto the youth they brought.

"And what, Lord Gideon," ſaid his dame,
"Will ye do wi' young Scott?"
"Do ye ſee yonder branch o' the elm,
For that ſhall be his lot."

"O gudeman," quo' his pitying dame,
"Ye could na do this thing,
For lifting a pickle o' your nowt,
Sae braw a lad to hing."

"What mercy did ever a Scott o' them
E'er ſhew to me or mine?
The rieving Scotts ſhall ſurely weep,
The laſt of all their line."

Sche ſaid, "But we have dochters three,
And they are no weel faured,
When ye've a huſband to your hand,
To hang him wad be hard."

" Sooth gudewife, haith, but ye are right,
There's wiſdom in your ſay;
This birkie Scott ſhall have his choice,
To wed what one he may.

" Weſe gie him reſpite to the morn,
Nor hing him 'gainſt all law;
To marry our daughter Meikle Mouthed Meg,
Or choke wi' the death thraw."

Quo' ſhe, " To marry our daughter Meg,
More wife like would it be,
Than kill the hope of an auld auld houſe,
And ſtrap him to the tree."

Quo' he, " Gin I were in his place,
I wad refuſe I ween,
And die a death upon the tree
Than wed what I'd ne'er ſeen.

" Gae ye and tell our daughter Meg,
That ſhe's be wived the morn;
And I will to this young gallant,
And ſee what he perform."

She went unto her daughter Meg,
Who had a meikle mouth;
But her teeth were pearls, and her hinny breath
Was like the wind from the ſouth.

The mither ſat by her daughter's ſide,
"Sweet Meg, come tell mè this,
Would'ſt thou the rather be a bride
Than live in ſingleneſs?

"Before I was your age, I trow
I was in a bride her place."
"Aye mither," quo' Meg, and ſighed full ſair,
"But ye had a weel faured face."

"But you ſhall ſee the Ettrick ſtream
Rin thro' the dells o' Yarrow,
Before ye hear o' an offer to me,
Or a man to be my marrow.

"The laner has the laneret,
The falcon the gay tiercel,
The wild mallard it has the drake,
But I nane but myſel.

" My hawk will ſtrike at fur or plume,
Then warble in the air;
And when I give it tiring,
It ſhares it with its dear.

" I have no love to whiſtle off,
Or ſtoop, or ſoar, or rake;
In vain my waiting on, no mate
Will ſeek me for my ſake.

" Oh it is hard dame nature ſtamps
My face ſo commonly;
When ilka thing maun hae its mate,
Frae emmet to the bee.

" I have no gorge to talk of joy,
Or yet fly att the hood;
I am a haggard to all men,
My imping does nae good.

" My rufter hood and jeſſes too,
No male hawk will enſnare;
No eyaſſes or younge neſtlings,
Will fall unto my ſhare.

" If I but ettle to a hawk,
He bears away the bells;
Never becomes a cancelier,
No joy my boſom ſwells.

" My face is foul, my heart is large,
A kinder nane there is;
And muſt I paſs away my days,
In ſullen lonelyneſs?"

The mither tauld her o' young Scott,
And waited her reply;
" Oh mither, I'd rather marry him
Than ever he ſuld die."

But the tears roſe welling from their ſpring,
And filled her cuſhat eyes;
" But, Mither, how if when we're wed,
He ſuld my heart deſpiſe?"

" Oh marriage," quo' the wily dame,
" Is no that hard to ſnoove;
Gin ye ſuld marry Willie Scott,
Yeſe be like hand and glove."

Sir Gideon entered young Scott's dungeon;
" Thy death is at my hand,
Ye cam as a thief in the dead o' ſight,
And ſtole my kye from my land.

" But Iſe gie ye yae chance for life,
For all ye have ſaid of me,
Either to marry my daughter Meg,
Or hang upon yonder tree.

" And the bauldeſt Scott on the Border March,
Sall never tak ye doun,
Untill your ſkeleton is ſeen,
And ye drop away bone by bone."

" And ye wad ſpare my life," he ſaid,
" For a' ye come ſae gleg,
If I would ſtoop and gie my hand,
To your bonnie dochter Meg?

" Ye are the Murray o' Elibank,
I Scott of Oakwood Tower,
I would not marry your dochter Meg,
Tho' a kingdom were her dower.

" But little I fear to meet my death,
As I do to tell you this;
An ye had fallen in my hands,
Such were your fate I wiſſe.

" Ye think that your winſome daughter Meg,"
Oh he ſpoke ſae ſcornfully,
" Will get a huſband at the laſt,
Butt faith, my lad, ye lie.

" I rather chuſe upon the wuddy,
To render up my breath;
I trow there will be Scots eneuch
Left to revenge my death."

" There is my thoomb, thou young braggart,"
Sir Gideon chafing cried,
" I winna hinder ye your choice,
For death ſhall be your bride.

" And lett the Scots o' a' the Border
Revenge your death that dare;"
He left young Scott untill himſel,
And quat his dungeon ſtair.

Part Second.

IT was about the midnight time,
When his dungeon door gaed back;
And the ſentinel wha' guarded it,
Let in a woman in black.

"What want ye wi' me, fair mayden?"
The Scott o' Harden ſaid.
"I come to aſk, gif thy dying wiſh
Can be by me obeyed?

"I am a laſſie o' the houſe,
And wait on Sir Gideon's dame;
And tho' ye hae refuſed poor Meg,
Her prayers will be the ſame."

"Why has Dame Murray ſent thee here?"
"She has a woman's heart.
Ye hae a mither and ſiſters twain,
From whom full ſune ye part.

" Gif ye hae onything to ſay,
Ye wad have carried there,
I ſwear by all that's good on earth,
To be your meſſenger."

" Mayden," quo' he, and his voice was low,
" Of my mither do not ſpeak;
I wiſh to die as my feyther's ſon,
And yet her heart I break."

" It cannot be," then ſaid the girl,
" Ye hae rejected Meg,
Without the looking on her face,
I'm ſure your life ſhe'd beg."

" I haena ſeen, but I hae heard
Her face deſcribed to me;
And by my faith, between the two
Iſe chuſe the gallows tree."

The tears fell frae that poor girl's eyes,
In anger or in ſpleen?
And ever and anon ſhe ſighed,
And deep ſabs cam between.

" Belyke," quo' ſhe, " they've painted her
Far worſe than ſhe may look ;
Many a man has an ugly wife,
That the wuddy could na brook."

" I hae nae wiſh to ſee her face,
Far leſs to marry her ;
But ye ſeem o' a kindly heart,
And aiblins are as fair.

" Sae let me ſee your face, my joe,
And by your countenance,
Iſe ſee if I dare truſt you with
A letter for my chance ?"

She threw the veil frae off her face,
" I'm no weel faured I know ;
But kernels lie inſide hard ſhells,
And gold in the earth below."

" So ſweet and ſenſible ye ſpeak,
Ye almoſt mak me wiſh,
Meikle Mouthed Meg was like to you,
Sae kind, ſae young, ſae liſh."

He held the light within the cruſe,
Cloſe to the mayden's face,
Wi' loof o'er e'en, he earneſtly
Peruſed each ſimple grace.

He ſaw her face was fair and round,
Her lips like a large roſe leaf;
And her ſnow white teeth ſo even ſhew'd,
Like ivory from their ſheath.

There ſtood ae tear in her dove blue eye,
Her eye ſae mild and meek;
A large tear ſlowly left the lids,
And trickled down her cheek.

"Ye hae the look that never lied,
And tho' na fine your face,
Ye've pleaſing ſenſe and kindlyneſs,
Wi' every modeſt grace.

"So bring to me the writing ink,
The paper, and pen ſae fine;
And tho' ye abide wi' my enemy
Yeſe tak my mither a line."

She rowed it up ſae carefully,
The letter he writ ſae fair;
She had nae ſilk, but ſhe ty'd it wi'
A lock o' her gowden hair.

It was by cock crowing the morn,
When Meg wi' crippled feet,
Like one that had a long way walked,
Came in, her ſire to greet:

"Grant me another day," ſche cried,
"For young Willie Scott his life;
And throw not by the chance, your Meg
Has to become a wife."

Sir Gideon rubbed his hands in glee,
"I grant it for your ſake;
But if he then refuſe your hand,
He ſhall his ain way take."

Much wondered the laird o' Oakwood Tower,
As fell the evening gloom,
They did not hang him in the morn.
As he had heard his doom.

He heard the ſentry ſhoot the bolt,
And a kind o' murmuring;
And then his mother and ſiſters two
Wi' loud outcries brak in!

And "Oh my ſon!" the mither cried,
"Is there na ither way,
To ſave thee frae a cruel death,
At the hands o' a fierce Murray?

"Marry his dochter, Willie dear,
And ſave thy mither's life;
Tho' ſhe be ugly—what of that?
She'll make a frugal wife."

"Mither, I will not tak his terms,
Who brought ye here?" he ſaid.
"Wha but your meſſenger ſae good,
That kind and ſonſy mayd."

They paſs'd the time in grief and woe,
Throughout the dead of night;
Nor ever they ceaſed to weep wi' him,
Untill the morning's light.

The loud horn blew out owre the lea,
Sir Gideon ſtood him before;
"What is thy choice, young man?" he cried,
"Or ere this deed be o'er."

"The wuddy ſtill before the wife,"
Young Harden ſtoutly ſaid,
"And wi' the hemp around my throat,
I'll ſpit on the ground ye tread."

They led him forth to the gallows tree,
When he ſaw that mayden there,
Who at her riſk, unto his mother
Carried his laſt letter.

The thoughts o' the gallows could not ſtir
The heart o' that dauntleſs Chief,
But the weeping look o' that young girl,
It pierced his ſoul wi' grief.

And while the tear hung in her eye,
He took her lily hand;
And ſaid, "Thy heart is far too meek,
For ſuch a ruffian band.

" Hear me, Murray, ſpeak my mind,
I care not for thy word;
I'd rather marry this poor mayden,
If ſhould my life be ſpared,

" Than ever I'd wed thy daughter Meg,"
Sir Gideon clapped his hand;
" A bargain, I take thee at thy word,
Young Scott, where doſt thou ſtand."

They buckled them in holy bonds,
The prieſt he prayed the while;
And when the marriage knot was tied,
Sir Gideon blyth did ſmile.

His mother fell upon his neck,
" God bleſs my bairn, he's free;
And bleſs the bonny laſſie yet,
Wha brought the word to me."

" I give thee a father's bleſſing, Sir,"
The Murray blythly cried;
" For what?"—The laſſie modeſt ſaid,
" Meikle Mouthed Meg's your bride."

Oh, then ſore ſhame fell on the Scott,
And tears came in his eyes;
"And is my bride the ſcornèd Meg
That I did ſoe deſpiſe?

"Let no man hate what he's not ſeen,
The ſhame on me doth lay;
I roſe this morning for my death,
And it ends in my bridal day!"

Heaton's Raid.

THIS Ballad, written by a forgotten poet named Hall, conſiderably reviſed and augmented, firſt appeared in a local work called "Hedgely Moor," in 1827. It is a true picture of a Border Chieftain's Raid, which it is ſuppoſed to illuſtrate.

They've cowered down in Millfield Plain.

Millfield, ſituated about two miles north-eaſt from Copeland, was formerly a reſidence of the Saxon monarch of Bernicia; on the ſouth ſide of the village is a large and beautiful plain, celebrated in days of yore for horſeracing, football, &c. but rendered ſtill more famous for the defeat of a large body of Scots, before the battle of Flodden, by Sir William Bulmer of Brancepeth Caſtle, who commanded the forces of the biſhopric of Durham. The Scots had concealed themſelves among the long yellow broom that covered the plain; five or ſix hundred of them were killed,

and four hundred made priſoners. They afterwards called the road over the plain "The Ill Raid." Heaton in the Ballad ſeems to have performed a ſimilar exploit.

Where Heaton cowers ſae ſtill.

He was the Chieftain of the Caſtle of Heaton, a ſtrong fortreſs of a ſquare form, overhanging the banks of the Till.

And gathering round Gray Copeland's Towers.

Copeland Caſtle was anciently the reſidence of that celebrated warrior John de Copeland, who took the King of Scotland priſoner at the battle of Neville's Croſs near Durham. It is cloſe to Millfield.

Their Slogan rends the ſkies.

The gathering word peculiar to a certain clan or ſet of people, was termed Slogan or Slughorn.

They fought mid reek and ſtifling low.

The uſual method of expelling defenders from fortreſſes, where the chambers were vaulted, and formed a lodgment which was capable of holding out a conſiderable time, was by ſetting fire to wet ſtraw in the lower rooms.

Teviot may weep, her Shirra lies.

The Douglaſſes were the hereditary ſheriffs of Te-

viotdale, and the band of Teviot forayers were under command of their gallant Sheriff. Exploits of ſurpriſe and repriſal were not derogatory to the chivalrous auſpices under which ſuch men as Douglas held their military honour; and even an attempt was made by the Percy and the Douglas, on the Eaſtern Borders in 1457, "to gether" as the chronicle avows; but it proved abortive.

Heaton's Raid.

HEATON to the north has gane,
Wi' fifty bowmen keen,
The chief he kens their worth, ha' they
In many a brulzie been.

They've cowered down in Millfield Plain,
And hid them in the broom,
And there they watch wi' bended bow,
Till the Teviot forays come.

The Shirra's brought the Douglas out,
Wi' Jeddart ſtaves three ſcore;
Forbye a ſwatch o' Stalwart Scots,
From Teviot's wooded ſhore.

There's not a breath o' the Simmer's air,
To ruffle the waters o' Till;
Nor a hawkis eye can ken the ſpot,
Where Heaton cowers ſae ſtill.

The Scots hae paſs'd the Border march,
And are ſcattered hotch potch wiſe;
And gath'ring roun Gray Copeland's Towers,
Their Slogan rends the ſkies.

Copeland he heard the Teviot ſpears,
Gang dirl upon his gate;
And from the ſhot hole abune he cried,
"Wha's hacking there ſae late?"

"Come down, fauſe Copeland, ope your door,
Or we ſma' mercy ſhew;
'Twere better ye rendert up your truſt,
Ere your roof-tree's in a low."

Bauld Copeland anſwered, "Try your teeth
Upon my outward door,
Many ha' threeped the like to me,
And vapoured ſae before."

Then they brought forth the tar barrell
Wi' ſhuggs and greenwood ſhaw,
Wi' pikes o' graſs, and babs o' wool,
And fire ſet to them a'.

There roſe a cry, "They flee, they fail,
For the poſtern door is brunt;"
Heaton he roſe up from the ling,
"Iſe pay them for that lunt.

"Ye hae been kind to Copeland's Lord,
The devil ne'er was mae;
There's thoſe ſhall mourn in Teviot dale,
That e'er ye cam awae."

Stout Heaton cried, "My laddies up,
Ilk pay a Scotch thief's hide,
They'ſe get a waught o' a Border ſpear,
That's weariſome to bide."

They ſprung upon the Scots ſae faſt,
In deadly collie cloſe;
Heaton cried out, "Nae lang ſhots, lads,
Tak ſwords, fling by your bows."

The Scots ſurpriz'd, ſtill ſtoutly fought,
And many a ghaſhly wound,
With blow and paik from ſword and ſpear,
Stretch'd Scotſmen on the ground.

They fought 'mid reek, and ſtifling low,
But uſeleſs were the ſpears;
For Heaton as the flames roſe high,
Dung them a' right ow'r the ſtairs.

Some lap from windy's, ſome frae baulks,
Sine out frae gate and ward,
And many a haickit blow was gien,
And dying groans ware heard.

Heaton thraſhed them like the corn,
With his fatal flinging tree;
Teviot may weep, her Shirra lies
Wi' mony Scots out owre the lea.

Few gat to flight—in broken rinks;
Douglas will never march again,
And Teviot ſpearmen long may rue
Bauld Heaton's raid on Millfield Plain.

The Gramarye.

THIS Ballad is the production of the ſame author as the preceding. The ſtory of the Enchanted Caſtle is legendary, though I ſuſpect the author has borrowed ſome traditionary matter, reſpecting an enchantment ſaid to have exiſted in the old ſea-girt Caſtle of Dunſtanborough. The belief in ſpirits, enchantments and wizards, exiſted long and faithfully in the vulgar creed, and more eſpecially upon the Borders. As one inſtance of a wizard Chieftain we may mention the mighty Lord Soulis, of the ſtrong Caſtle of Hermitage. (See Leyden's Ballad on the ſame).

Quaint gramarye and ſpell.

Gramarye is a ſpecies of charm poſſeſſing the property of benumbing all the faculties, mental and bodily. The term "Wizard" ſeems to have been applied to perſons whoſe talents and purſuits placed them above the level of the vulgar. At the period when Britiſh

Hiſtory commenced, we find the marvellous Merlin or Myridon the Wild, and Michael Scott, magicians of notorious fame.

It ſaid, the mighty leaves his love.

Tradition ever tenacious of the marvellous, relates that a certain Lord of Dunſtanborough, who was a mighty necromancer, was at length deprived of his power by the Arch Demon who had conferred it on him. The chieftain was charmed, with his bugle, ſword and hounds, in one of the vaults of that ancient fortreſs. There is ſome ſimilarity between this ſtory and that of Lord Soulis of Hermitage; perhaps the incidents are interwoven, as almoſt every caſtle had ſomething marvellous attached to it; and tranſmitted to poſterity as they were, only through the medium of recitation, many ſeparate tales were blended together, and incidents, once unconnected, through the lapſe of time came to be united into one and the ſame legendary tale. The hero of this Ballad and the preceding is the ſame.

The Gramarye.

IT was a merry company,
Were met in Heaton's wizard hall,
The ſport had been amongſt the ſhaws,
On Millfield Plain they kicked the ball.

The bicker did they bend ſa bauld,
When at the height o' a' their mirth,
A minſtrel ſtepped into the midſt,
And gave a ſpring was little worth.

"Gentles," he ſaid, "the harp's ſhrill ſounds
Awake the hall with other ſtrains;
And deftly round the wine cup flows,
Whilſt care may doff her laithly chains."

'Twas Duncan's harp o' powerful ſpell,
Had oft made Cheviot's echoes groan,
When of Childe Wynd, the minſtrel ſang,
Of Ida's ſnake, or Spindelſton.

That auncient minſtrel loved to ſpeak
Quaint gramarye and ſpell,
Of wizard, elf, or mountain fay,
Or grewſome tales to tell.

The Cheviot bard to Heaton gives
The ſoul o' gloomieſt pain;
My voice maun ſpeak o' what is dune,
Albeit in ſaddened ſtrain.

The mountain eagle's wing is ſpread,
He proudly rides the gale,
Turns on the ſun his piercing eye,
As tho' he ſcorn'd the vale:

But he maun ſtoop, his flight is flown,
His rooſt no more he'll gain,
Nor from his eyrie peak look down,
Out owre the fell and plain.

'Tis ſeven long years, ſince to thy graſp
Sage Michel gave a charmed ſword,
With bow ſtrings made o' ſifted ſand,
Far tougher than a ſilken cord.

No keen arrow, or Border ſpear,
Can pierce thy elfin mail,
No truncheon cleave thy proud helmet,
No axe againſt thy ſhield prevail.

Thy bugle is a fairy gift,
And loud as the thunder's roar;
Thy blood hounds are baith ſwift and ſtrong,
To pull down deer or boar.

Thy power no wizard e'er poſſeſt,
Tho' ſkilled in myſtic dye;
Theſe towers that long have ſtood the blaſt,
Were raiſed by Gramarye.

Thy matchleſs ſkill ſoon ſpread afar,
And Border Chieftains feared thy arm;
What mortal man in the braying fight,
Could ſtand thy ſword of charm?

In fairy land, for three long years,
Thou'ſt led a life of mirthfu' glee,
Where nought thy raviſh'd ears could meet
But elfin minſtrelſy.

Thy raven eye nought fouler met
Than wee Queen Mab and all her train;
Where, 'mid the nymphs of Faery land,
A ladye didſt thou gain.

Falſe Lord, you plighted her a vow,
No earthly maid ſhould ſhare
Thy heart; 'tis broken: witneſs now
This ſweet companion fayre.

Thy warlock power is reft and torn,
Thy ſword thou ſhalt not wield,
In headlong chaſe thou ne'er ſhalt hunt,
Nor ride to battle field.

Return to Faery Land, fauſe lord,
For broken vows atone;
And yield unto thy Faery Queen,
Thy love ſhe claims her own.

One token of Queen Mab her ſkill,
When thou art gone, ſhe will diſplay,
The owl ſhall couch on thy hearth-ſtane,
Theſe walls be ſcattered like ſea ſpray."

The minſtrel melted into air,
The hall was filled with unearthly ſound;
The elfin lights play on the wall,
The thunder echoes all around.

Up ſtarted Heaton, his awfu' voice
Above the roar were heard its tones;
And laughter loud, and ſhrieking mirth,
Were ſtrangely mixt wi' dying groans.

There roſe a ſmoke that none could ſee,
So thick and blinding did it ſpread,
And flames burſt from this canopy,
And filled the bridal hall with dread.

Next came a wind, that blew ſo loud
The oakis bent upon the hill;
Each tower rocked with mighty force,
Nor could the neighb'ring rocks lie ſtill.

The bride's fair face was blanchit ſore,
And the light of terror was in her eye;
Heaton he ſpak ſome words o' love,
And ca'd for a toaſt to his ain roof tree.

The reek flew off from the bridal board,
And a bairnie clad in white ſtood there;
A little flame burnt on his head,
And his face was like a woman's, fayre.

Its little voice came loud and ſhrill,
The gueſts were ſtunn'd to hear its ſound,
A thouſand echoes ſeemed to crowd
Within the vaulted chaumer round.

It ſaid, "The mighty leaves his love,
The plume is frae his bonnet torn,
We claim Lord Heaton as our prey,
His gentle bride his loſs may mourn.

"His hounds ſhall ſlumber out the time,
Here ſilent hang his bugle horn;
His ſword of Faery Land ſhall ruſt,
In Border ſtrife oft proudly borne.

" We ſhut, we lock this vaulted door,
No mortal ſhall its threſhold paſs;
Woe to the wight who enters in
This chamber, with its door of braſs.

" Yet to the Knight that's juſt and brave,
At ſeven years end we grant a boon;
Free leave he has to enter here,
When at mirk midnight rides the moon.

" When 'tis the vigil of Saint Bride,
Then may he enter void of fear;
Step to the ſlumbering maiden's ſide,
And wind the bugle ſhrill and clear.

" Draw the bright faulchion from the ſheath,
And dareful rouſe the ſleeping hounds;
But death ſhall hap, if cows his heart,
He ne'er ſhall quit our chamber's bounds.

" But if he act a warrior's part,
And bear him as a knight ſhould do,
The Fairies ſhall not injure him,
We love a heart that's leal and true."

It ceaſed, and with a ſtrange contraſt,
It gently ſoughed around;
That awful voice its tones did change,
And breathed a ſilvery ſound.

Then ſtarted Heaton from his ſeat,
With a deep and dreadful oath;
" Thou'ſt bearded me, now will we ſee
If thou art faulchion proof."

He ſtruck full at that little child,
A deep and deadly blow;
But he ſtrake at air, for his ſword's point pierced
The board, an ell or moe.

And ſic loud laughter echoed roun',
As vaniſhed the child away;
He lightly paſſed the outward ward,
Then flickering made no ſtay.

The levin fire came from the lift,
And the thunder brattled by;
And a ſhriek roſe up frae Heaton's lips,
As in tortured agony.

And there was a noiſe o' chariot wheels,
When an army's hoſt have fled;
And a ſtunning ſound, like Tweed waters
When they foaming break their bed.

Then came the balmy weſtern breeze,
The ruined walls that ſwept,
The pale moon glimmered ayont the brae,
And night dew on them wept.

The morning cam', nae towers ſtand:
The ground is all a wild;
For ſcattered in the lone court yard,
Are fragments rent and pyled.

The gueſts are fled, and in their ſteads
Rowte gimmers and the ſtot;
For deſolation, gaunt and drear,
Darkles around that ſpot.

The Death of Bawtie.

Very old Verſion, firſt publiſhed.

AS Bawtie fled frae the Langton tower,
Wi' his troop alang the way;
By the Corneyfoord an auld man ſtood,
And to him did Bawtie ſay:

"Prythee tell unto me, thou weird auld man,
Whilk name this ford doth bear?"
"'Tis the Corneyfoord," quo the wierd auld man,
"And thou'lt croſs it alive nae mair."

"Gin this be Corneyfoord indeed,
The Lord's grace bide wi' me,
For I'll na get hame to my ain dear land,
That lies far owre the ſea:

" For I was tauld by a ſeer ſo auld,
That when I ſuld croſs thilk ford,
My hours were numbered ilka ane,
And to fa' beneath the ſword."

" Then ride thee faſt, thou Knicht ſae braw,"
The auld man now did ſay;
" Thou'rt ſafe gin thou canſt reach Dunbar,
Afore the gloamin grey."

Then Bawtie fled in furious ſpeed
Awa' like the wintry wind;
But the fiery Home an' his ſavage band
Hard preſt on him behind.

'Mang the lang broom on the ſtany moor,
Some fell and ſome were ſlain;
But Bawtie ſpurred on wi' hot ſpeed,
The Lammermuir to gain.

Syne doun the hills to the eaſt o' Dunſe,
He rade ryghte furiouſlie,
Till near the houſe o' lone Cramcrooke,
Deep laird in a bog was he.

Then fiery Home wi' a ſhout an yell,
Cried, " Bawtie, I'll hae ye now ;"
As his ſteed ſunk in the quiv'ring marſh,
Whare the white bog lilies grow.

And the men o' the Merſe around him ran,
Wi' their lang ſpears glentin gay ;
Grim Wedderburn, wi' fury wild,
Ruſhed on to the bluidy fray.

The fray was hot and ſoon was paſt,
And ſome faces there lay pale ;
And the herd boy ſtood on the hill aghaſt
At the ſlaughterin in the vale.

Their weapons gude were ſtain'd wi' blude
O' the Warden and his men ;
Grim Home hewed off poor Bawtie's head,
And left his bouk in the glen.

Then they ſtripped off his broidered veſt,
His helmet eke and his mail ;
Syne ſhroudleſs laid him down to his reſt,
Where ſtrife ſhall nae mair aſſail.

Then light and gay the Homes returned,
Wi' brave Bawtie's head on a ſpear,
Whilk their Chieftan tied to his ſaddle bow,
By the long and flowing hair:

An' they ſet his head on the towerin wa's,
Of the caſtle o' Home ſae high,
To moulder there wi' the ſun and the wind,
Till mony lang years go bye.

The leddies o' France may wail and mourn,
Wail and mourn full ſair;
For the bonny Bawtie's lang brown locks
They'll ne'er ſee waving mair.

Bewkley Blue Stane.

THIS is a fragment, and appears for the firſt time probably in print. Bewkley or Bekely is a ſmall village near Elſdon, a wild mountainous region, inhabited by an uncouth ſet of agricultural labourers. The "putting" or lifting of the "Bewkley Blue Stane" is often reſorted to at holidays or fairs held in the immediate neighbourhood of the Stone. It muſt have been a ſevere trial for a bridegroom; but there is a tradition, that ſome fair damſel won a huſband by raiſing it in her arms, in the ſame manner that Diccon of Bewick wins the "tochered Nelly of Elſdon." "Putting" the Stone, or throwing the hammer, is a feat requiring conſiderable ſtrength at the Border games; the diſtance thrown by the champion of the "heavy putting" is very great, and would be incredible if not witneſſed. Theſe hardy exerciſes naturally have a tendency to make the Borderer ſtrong, athletic, and capable of great bodily exertion. The "foot ball" play is

ſtill proſecuted with great vigour on Shrove Tueſday in Alnwick. The Duke of Northumberland gives a certain ſum and a football, which is conteſted for in the park before the Caſtle, by married men and bachelors, the latter generally gaining the victory, and carrying off the ball in triumph. Parker ſays in his Hiſtory of Northumberland, "The agricultural labourers of Northumberland are a hardy race of men, capable of enduring conſiderable fatigue, and retaining all that reſolution in enterpriſe which diſtinguiſhed their anceſtors. They are generally of a tolerable height, well formed, and remarkably ſtout, ſo much ſo that it has been frequently remarked, the Northumberland Militia covered more ground than any other regiment in his Majeſty's ſervice."

With ſuch ſtrong "bany" fellows to compete with, Robin's chance muſt have been a deſperate one. But the ſailors and keelmen of the Tyne are proverbial for their ſtrength and agility. The Hiſtory above referred to informs us that "The ſeamen engaged in the coal trade are diſtinguiſhed as a moſt robuſt, active, and fearleſs race of men; the nutritious victuals on which they ſubſiſt, and the hard labour they perform, brace their ſinews, and give them an unequalled degree of ſtrength; while from their hazardous and rapid voyages they ſoon become expert in ſeamanſhip, and accuſtomed to death and danger in every form. Hence the coal trade

has always been eſteemed as a valuable nurſery for ſeamen, and the hardy and bold ſailors it furniſhes conſtitute the pride and ſtrength of the Britiſh navy. The celebrated Captain Cook began his eventful career as a ſailor in the coal trade."

The drovers of Morpeth, from one of whom I received this ſnatch, are famed for their boiſterous jokes and demeanour. It is a common ſaying with them, when diſcourſing of any new comer, "Whare comes he frae; Morpeth? Dam him, let him looſe, he'll fend," (i. e. feed and thrive.)

The old ſports, exerciſes, recreations, &c. of the lower claſs of the Borderes are now materially on the wane, except where the Etal games, or Wooler, or Belford, offer ſmall prizes for their revival. In the manlieſt and greateſt times of "merrie England," rural paſtimes and athletic exerciſes were encouraged; nor were harmleſs in-door amuſements neglected or deſpiſed. Amongſt the games and ſports which are ſtill in vogue with the youth of Northumberland, may be mentioned, running, leaping, wreſtling, bowling, putting the ſtone, throwing the hammer (this laſt, decidedly of Sclavonic origin), football, ſtot ball, priſon bars, drake and duck, handy cappy, ſpinny wye, quoits, handy dandy, &c. One game ſtrongly repreſents the warlike feats and freebooting practices of the ancient Northumbrians: it is called "beggarly Scot."

Bewkley Blue Stane.

BEWKLY Blue Stane, Bewkley Blue Stane,
Many a youth has broken his bane,
However ſo good at a putting were he.

Nelly of Elſdon, with kyes and with land,
Shall marrow the man who lifts Bewkley Blue Stane:
They come from the eaſt, the weſt, and the north,
To put for her tocher oh faith they are fain.

Bewkley Blue Stane, Bewkley Blue Stane,
Never a youth of them a' has thee ſtirr'd;
There's Willy of Ovingham, Haltwhiſtle Dick,
And Billy of Reedwater, Otterburn's herd.

And Charley of Framlington, Watty of Cambo,
With Roger of Wooler, are ſtraining their back;
They grin as they ſtrive, and they roar and they rive,
And the bones and the ſinews ſtretch out with a crack.

Then Diccon of Bewick came into the midſt,
For a ſailor was Diccon, a fair ſeeing wight,
And he threw off his jacket, and rolled up his ſleeves,
And grappled the Blue Stane wi' pith and wi' might.

He raiſed up the Stane from the ground to his haunch,
Then ſhoulder ways bore it ten paces on high,
And told Nelly of Elſdon to ſit on the top,
And fegs with it Diccon o'er Cheviot could fly.

Then Diccon took up the muckle Blue Stane,
And flang it ſix ſhathmonts over the lea;
Ne'er a one there, had he been Wallace Wight,
I trow could have lifted it up to his knee.

Young Ratcliffe.

THE hero of this Ballad, which appears for the firſt time in print, was James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded for high treaſon on Tower Hill in 1716. The circumſtances that led to his untimely fate (for he was only in his 26th year) are ſet forth in the Ballad. His laſt requeſt, to be buried with his anceſtors at Dibſton,—a romantic ſpot ſituated on the banks of a ſmall ſtream that flows into the Tyne between Corbridge and Hexham,—was refuſed; but either a ſham funeral took place, or his body was ſecretly conveyed from London; for, on the family vault being opened ſome years ago, the corpſe was found in a high ſtate of preſervation. The ample eſtates of the Ratcliffe family were declared forfeited; and transferred to the uſe of Greenwich Hoſpital.

Young Ratcliffe.

YOUNG Ratcliffe looked frae Dilſton ha',
When he heard the trumpets bray;
"And wha comes here in ſic effeir?"
This nobleman did ſay.

There looted his ladye by his ſide,
And a buirdly dame was ſhe,
She cam from a ſtock of ungentle bluid,
Albeit of high degree.

"It means," quo' ſhe, "my gentle luve,
Jamie has taen the bent,
And whoſo follows not his flag
Sall never be content.

" The pick of a' the weſtern hills,
With nordern Billies to boot,
Have thrown up caps for bonny James,
Sprung frae a royal root.

" Why hangs my luve ahint the reſt,
Why mope in ſullen mood?
One of leſs wealth wad be content,
To peril lands and blood."

Quo' Ratcliffe, " Gin that I had leſs,
I might be moved to fight;
But then to loſe my heritage
Wad be a ſorry ſight."

" And ſhall it be my lord does halt,
Not knowing what to do?
The beſt of ſchemes will often fail,
If not gane boldly thro."

Out anſwered Derwentwater bold,
" Why prop a falling tree?
When does the Stuart's kingly cauſe,
Lie rotting on the lea.

" Ill ſpeed and bloodſhed never yet
Brought fortune to a cauſe;
Never a man out proſpered right,
That broke his country's laws.

" If he had right, and I leſs wealth,
I might adventure more;
But honey luve, thou knowſt ſmall ſhips
Should keep well in the ſhore."

Loud ſtorm't the Lady o' Dilſton Hall,
Wi' a glunching o' diſdain;
" When others ſeek the ſmile o' kings,
To ſtay were ruth and ſhame.

" How could I live to hear my 'luve
Shamed as a coward man?
Were I a Lord, in the foremoſt rank
I'd fight for King and lan'."

" Och," then quo' he, " my hinny ſweet,
Wha nothing has to tyne
May boldly fight, not he who owns
Sic hills and dales as mine.

" I could not loſe my bonny holts,
Or ſhaws and knowes ſo green,
Where poppling by the moſs grown ſtanes,
The waters flaſh between.

" Were all around me not my ain,
I'd freely gan the gate;
Wha has nae fortune fights more bold
Than one with large eſtate."

Quo' ſhe, " Shame fa' upon Ratcliffe,
Or ever I was told,
My huſband ſnooves awa from fight,
For greed of yellow gold.

" That ever weary waefu' gear
Should mar ſo fair a cauſe,
That ever to ſtand by Jamie's ſide
Should make my Ratcliffe pauſe.

" There's Kenmure's up wi' the weſtern lads,
Roy wi' the Highlandmen,
And Lochiel's clan, wi' pipes to their teeth,
Are ſkirling down the Glen;

" There's Fenwickes, and Herries, and Foſters too,
Wi' the feck of Cumberland,
Are ganging to tryſt on Stagſhaw Bank,
To meet Northumberland.

" Think not I'd peril thy ſweet life,
Thy fame more rich I prize;
A coward's name," quo' the wily dame,
" When branded never dies.

" The ſmalleſt drop o' my Ratcliffe's blood
Is far more dear to me
Than all the ryches ever ſunk
In the waters of the ſea."

He ſprung away wi' a brow o' fire,
Gave three ſkips thro' the ha';
And cried, " Hurrah for Jamie yet,
What ever may befa'.

" Go ſaddle me my Marigold,
That browſes on the lea;
My father's helmet and his ſword,
So likewiſe bring to me."

The robin cheeped a dolorous note,
With the corn craik from the lea,
The owlet gave an eerie ſkriegh,
As he louped to ſaddle tree.

He looked down on the ſhaws and woods,
Syne up to his caſtle hall;
On the waving trees, and flowery banks,
By the burnie's wimpling fall.

It raiſed ſore tews in Ratcliffe's breaſt,
To leave his pleniſhed houſe;
And the grooms out cried, "The game's nae worth,
Sin Ratcliffe ſings ſae crouſe."

But he ſaw the eye of his buird Counteſſe
Glint blythe and bonnily;
"Forth fortune," he cried, "and fetters fill,
Heigh, Jamie oure the lea."

Young Ratcliffe called for the ſtirrup cup,
Ere he rode down the brae;
He'ſe bid them never ſtint the wine,
Whatever men may ſay.

He flung the glaſs right oure his ſhouther,
When he had drained the toaſt;
He kiſt his glov't hand to the Ha',
For oh he loved it moſt.

There's ſtir upon Newcaſtle Streets,
In Morpeth Town there's noiſe;
And Berwick Johnnies wi' Cambo Billies,
Fratch wi' the Hexham boys.

The braſh o' Alnwick ſhout and fling,
Deil gin they never tire;
And the news o' the riſe thro' the country flies,
Like the flaſh o' levin fire.

To Jamie's flag cam ridin in,
The flower of all that's fayre;
But the fauſe Joblins, wi' the Johnſons coarſe,
Gude faith lad were na there.

There was a battle in the North,
'Twas ficcan a bloody fight,
Where many noblemen were ſlain,
And young Ratcliffe gat the wyte.

That ſiccan a cauſe ſuld ever fail!
The prince has fled the land;
Wi' Balmerin and auld Lovàt,
Bauld Ratcliffe take his ſtand.

And he has written a lang letter,
Unto his Lady fair,
"Ye maun come up to London town,
To ſee your Lord once mair."

When firſt ſhe looked the letter on,
She was baith red and roſy;
But ere ſhe read a word or twa,
She wallowt like a lily.

"Gae get to me my gude grey ſteed,
My menzie a gae wi' me,
For I ſhall neither eat nor drink
Till London town ſhall ſee me."

And ſhe has muntit her good grey ſteed,
Her menzie a gaed wi' her;
And neither did ſhe eat or drink
Till London Town did ſee her.

O ſhe fell on her bended knees,
I wat ſhe's pale and weary;
" O pardon, pardon, noble King,
And gie me back my dearie.

" I hae born ſons to my Ratcliffe dear,
The laſt ne'er ſaw his daddie;
Oh pardon, pardon, noble King,
Pity a waefu' ladie."

" Go bid the headis-man make haſte,"
Our King did loudly cry;
" For as I live, or wear a crown,
Yon bold traytor ſhall die."

Kenmures came, and Fenwickes ran,
And they were ſtark and ſteady;
And a the word among them a',
Was " Ratcliffe, keep ye ready."

An aged man at the King's right hand,
Says " Noble King, but hear me;
Gar her tell down ten thouſand pounds,
And gie her back her dearie."

Quo' Geordie, " Not for all the goud
That ever a King could tell,
It ſhall not ſave young Ratcliffe's life,
From the axe he's earned full well."

And then appeared the fatal block,
And ſyne the axe to head him;
And Ratcliffe coming down the ſtair,
Wi' bands o' airn they lead him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters ſtrong,
That gyved his noble limb,
There was nae ane in a' the court,
That looked ſae bra' as him.

He claſped his lady by the waiſt,
And kiſt her lips ſae red;
" Be mindful of my youngeſt bairn,
When is his father dead."

Geordy has taen ſae ſair a fright,
He's no ſafe in his hall;
And the tane and the tither maun hauld their gabs,
Young Ratcliffe's head maun fall.

His blood has watted the Tower block,
And dyed his yellow hair;
His Counteſs ſits wailing in Dilſton Halls,
But Ratcliffe is na there.

Black Adam of Cheviot.

THIS ſplendid Ballad was recited to me by an aged hind, on the farm of Mr. R. of Middleton near the Cheviot. I have ſupplied a line here and there to make it complete. The hero of it, Black Adam (called the Rider of Cheviot), was a well known freebooter, who frequented the Cheviot foot with his band, and he muſt alſo have prowled about the Eildon Hills, for Sir W. Scott mentions him in the notes to the "Lay," and even intended to have made him the hero of a romance, the firſt chapter of which was written in very early life. It was to have been called "Black Adam of the Moat, or the Rider of Teviotdale" (*See Lockhart's Life*). On the ſide of the mountain called the Cheviot is a monſtrous glen or ravine, parting the green and level breaſt of the mountain from the commencement of its lofty peak. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood, that the freebooter was wont to leap this awful chaſm, and ſleep ſecurely from interruption in a cave on the other

ſide. He periſhed it is ſaid by the means narrated in this Ballad. I have never ſeen a copy of it to my knowledge, although I have heard ſeveral perſons ſing ſnatches of it, whence I conclude it muſt have been very popular.

" Gude ſave us, my lad," quoth his uncle,
" I truſt ye are no fey."

" Fey," a Scottiſh or Border expreſſion; there is a ſuperſtitious notion prevalent, that a perſon in exuberant ſpirits, who conducts himſelf extravagantly is near his death, which is termed being " fey."

She gave him ſiccan a baſh in the face.

Baſh, a heavy blow. So Shakſpere in his " Troilus and Creſſida" makes Ajax ſay: " Then with my armed fiſt I'll paſh him in the face."

When they had got to the Roman camp,
Whare the kettles boil and foam.

On the high ground behind Wooler are the remains of ſeveral Roman camps. Several wells impregnated with gas, bubble up around the baſe of the hill, and are called the kettles by the country people.

I thought could breaſted Horeſdon's Hill.

Horeſdon is the commencing chain of hills that lead up to their monarch the huge Cheviot.

Black Adam of Cheviot.

" AE fetch to me the gude red wine,
Short cake, and dainty bread;
And let the vivers and the meats
Upon the board be ſpread.

"Pit a' the ſerving men in ſuits
Of ginger and of blue,
And let the mynſtrels blaw their pipes,
When they hear the lads halloo.

"The gude wine ſtands in leather jack,
An the dainty cakes o' bread,
The meats and vivers wait the bride,
Upon the table ſpread."

Young Fletcher and the lads o' Till
Are awa to Eglingham,
To fetch the heireſs o' the ha'
To bonnie Wooperton.

"See ilka thing ſtands for the feaſt,
Is Paul the Piper come?"
"He's warming his hands, and having a crack
Wi' the cuik, at the kitchen lum."

"Betty the cuik will gouſt his gab,
Wi' a ſoppy in the pan;
Gae ſee frae aff the hillock top,
If the bride comes yet, my man?"

The page ran once, the page ran twice,
Out oure the broken lea;
"A herd o' ſheep and twa three kyne
Is a' that I can ſee."

"Gae try agayn, and tout wi' care;"
Away the laddie ran;
"I ſee a crow and a flock of gulls,
Flying for Coldingham."

Sair did the auncient butler fret,
Or he heard the young men's ſhoute;
And Jock and Tam wi' a' the jades
Ran frae the kitchen out.

The bridegroom lifted frae the horſe
His luvely winſome bride;
She bluſhed as in her gawzy veil
She ſought her face to hide.

But her een and cheeks and cherry lips
Cam blinking thro' the veil,
As on a night frae ſhimmering clouds
There keeks the moonis pale.

They fired guns and ſet up ſhouts,
Wi' ſic a deafening ſkirl,
That the auld black rafters o' Wooperton
Did tremble wi' the dirl.

"But whare's the prieſt?" quo' ane o' them,
"Shame fa his lazy hide;
Is this a tyme he ſuld be to fetch,
An broughten hame the bride?"

"Hoot laddie," quo' his uncle then,
"It's no that far he dwells;
Gae leave the bride and her maydens
A wee unto thir ſels."

Sae cantily, ſae merrily,
The young men gaed awa,
Wight Fletcher, bridiſgroom I wat,
Was foremoſt o' them a'.

He rade and walloped owre the green,
In ſic a wanton way;
"Gude ſave us, my lad," quoth his uncle,
"I truſt ye are no fey."

The bride looked out at her window,
And thocht her luver lang;
Juſt then in lap a hangie chiel,
Wi' ſic an awfu bang.

There followed him anither ane,
And three mair tumbled in;
"Gude day, my dawtie, I ſall mar
Your pawkie gay wedding.

"I am the rider o' Cheviot,
Gin ye na come wi' me,
It's like your bonny gay bridegroom,
You never mair may ſee."

They robbit the women o' thir necklace,
Gauds, pearlins, a' they could find;
Even the pin in thir kerchief neuk
They did na leave behind.

The rider thruſt his bany honde
Untill the brides boſome;
She gave him ſiccan a baſh in the face,
He ſtaggered thro' the room.

"I ne'er took blow frae a mortal thing,
Nor ſall ye live to brag;
Iſe mak ye rue that bitter blow,
Or ever that honde ye wag."

He threw the bride down on the floor,
And rifled a' her charms;
He bruſhed her fair cheek wi' his black beard,
As ſhe warſled in his armes.

He raviſhed her o' her virtue,
Whilſt his comrades kept the door;
The puir bride ſtruggled fearfully
Wi' him upon the floor.

"O God!" ſhe cried, "is there na help?
In heavenly things na grace."
She ſeized him by his lang black hair,
And tore his robber face.

He lap up wi' a fearfu aith,
And ſtruck her thro' the breaſt;
"I hae had my revenge on ye,
An Fletcher ſall tak the reſt.

"He's hunted me like a tod or brock,
Hym and hys billies ſae fine;
Gude faith, but he'll hae little heart,
To birl about the wine."

There roſe a yell without the doore,
And ſhots flew thro' the room;
Two of Black Adam's camerades
Were ſlain in the yellow broome.

Black Adam turned aboot to fly,
And barely quat the floor,
Syne louped frae off the window ſill,
When Wight Fletcher gained the door.

There lay the bride upon her ſide,
Like a rifled ear o' corn;
Wight Fletcher heard as there he ſtude,
Black Adam's laugh o' ſcorn.

There ſhone a dedly paſſion forthe,
In Fletcher's weeping e'en;
Some ruſhed to horſe, ſome fired ſhots,
As Adam fled bedeen.

Some called for a leech, but Fletcher ſhook
His head wi' hailing eyes,
" A' the leeches in Chirſtendom,
Could never mak her riſe."

" Up," cries the uncle, " rin the while,
Hereafter mayſt thou weepe;
Gae hunt the rider, ere he gains
The Cheviot's rocky ſteep."

Fletcher he tore the bride's kerchief
Frae aff her bluidy breaſt;
Bent doun an on her lily lips,
A long long kyſs he preſt.

He lap up like a wild fire flaught,
And thro' the window banged;
The bloodhonde has nae a fleeter foot,
Or yet ſo deadly fanged.

Black Adam fled upon the fit,
To Cheviot's high mountain,
And a ſcore o' brideſmen followed him,
As hard as they coulde ſtrain.

Thir horſes were na fient a uſe;
Sic ground wad kill a brute,
So ilka ane lap aff the meares,
And followed on the foot.

There ne'er was fleeter foot of man,
Than Adam the rider had;
Wight Fletcher was a bounding deer,
As he raced thro' reiſe and ſhad.

When they had got to Humbledowne,
Sax o' the brideſmen dropt;
Three more fell by auld Moffat's Mill,
And five at Wooler ſtopt;
But on ſtill running ſteadily,
Fletcher the craggies topped.

Black Adam gained the Horſedoun foot,
That leads to Cheviot fell,
He threw off Jerkin, bannet and dirk,
And mounted up the dell.

When they had got to the Roman camp,
Where the kettles boil and foam,
There were but three men on the lea,
That ſtruggled feebly on.

The fyrſt he was the Black Rider,
Wight Fletcher was the neiſt,
The third he cam intill a ſtand,
Dead beat and ſair diſtreſſed.

Black Adam gave a loud halloo,
As he fled like the wind;
Wight Fletcher's ſhout cam on his ear,
As he ſtrained on behind.

As they raced on owr muir and fell,
Up Hedgeups lowring glen;
Never an eye could ever ſee,
Mair than thoſe twaſome men.

The fyrſt ran wi' a ſtaggering ſpeed,
Like one in ſair diſtreſs;
The ſecond ſteadily cam on,
Wi' ſure and even pace.

"Thou trieſt me hard," quo' Black Adam,
"Never a mortal wight
I thought could breaſted Horeſdon's hill,
Wi' half my ſpeed and might."

He rattled up the craggy bank,
Syne owr the whinſtane grey;
The blood frae mouth and noſtrils guſhed
As he fell on the lea.

He heard the ſhout of the bold Fletcher,
And he gathered up his ſpeed;
Away, away up the loneſome glens,
Whare the eagle and tod may breed.

"Gin I can hold out but a wee,
Iſe gain my rocky cave,
And there I may the Wight Fletcher,
Within its ſhelter brave."

He cam unto a little ſtream,
That murmured owre the ſtone;
And there headlong into the water
Black Adam has him thrown.

He wat his forehead, arms and breaſt,
For a minute's ſpace or ſoe;
Then ſtarted once more up the glen,
For he heard his foe's halloo.

Never wi' ſic ſweet pleaſure
Did Adam drain the wine,
As in that ſtreme which runs to waſte,
When he drank at matyn time.

Wight Fletcher bounded by the ſtreme,
Tho' the ſweat hailed from his brow;
He had no time to tarry there,
For water drynking now.

Black Adam's blood alone can quench
The thirſt his herte within;
Still upward toiled the freebooter,
As harde as he could win.

Part Second.

NO ſound was there, but the tinkling rill
O'er the chucky ſtanes its bed,
Or the goat and ſheep on Cheviot ſide,
Or the ſcriek o' a greedy gled.

'Tis veſper time, and Wight Fletcher
Wi' footſteps faint and worn,
Climbs the ſteep bank and rugged path,
Wi purpoſe fell and ſtern.

Now ſtruggling in a torrent's bed,
Thro' bruſhwood brake and briar;
Now panting up the hilly brae,
Wi' a ravin herte o' fire.

Black Adam gained a piece o' ſward,
'Twas welcome to his feet,
Whare towring peak and hilly ſheugh,
Look'd from their lofty ſeat.

Before Black Adam yawn'd a gulf,
Some hundred feet adown,
Glens mountain ſource amid the ſtanes,
Fought on wi' dads o' foam.

The gulph was ſeven yards acroſs,
I wat but it was mair;
Black Adam muſt the ravine loup,
Or he can gain his lair.

Sair ſhook the limbs o' Black Adam,
He wad have ſtaid his lane;
But Wight Fletcher wi' his ſhort ſword
Upon his footſteps came.

He took a run o' twenty yards,
I wat he did his beſt;
He lap at the ſheugh wi' a giant's ner
And lichted on his breaſt.

There hung he like a little child,
For the ſtrength was gone from
Sair, ſair he fought to gain the ban
Wi' weak and trembling limb.

He ſcrambled up the rocky ſide,
And fell doun helpleſſly;
As Wight Fletcher cam' o'er the brae,
His foe's eſcape to ſee.

He ſaw Black Adam tak the leap,
(It bears his name this day);
Vha mocked the youth right ſcornfully,
As in his cave he lay.

ght Fletcher ſat doun on the grund,
nd gnaſhed his teeth in pain,
hae thus courſed him o'er the lea,
et loſe him in the main.

roaned wi' rage and ſore diſtreſs,
l he ſaw his true love's kerch;
he blood upon it hearted him,
Some other way to ſerche.

"Gae back, gae back thou Wight Fletcher,
Never a man but thou
Could keep a pace wi' my running,
To Cheviot's lofty brow."

Fletcher out held the hankercher,
Dadded wi' gouks o' blood,
And ſhook it 'fore Black Adam's eyes,
In wild and ſavage mood.

" The morn this napkin lay upon,
As whyte a breaſt as ſnow;
As pure a herte in gentleneſs,
As woman's e'er could knowe.

" This bluid flowed from as chaſte bodie,
As ever drew in breathe;
It was thy deed to raviſh her,
And give her crewel deathe.

" But God do ſoe to mee and mine,
And hunt me frae this erthe,
Gif I not in thy caytiff's bluid,
Waſh thiſen handkerchef."

" Do ſae and welcome ſtill, my lad,
When to my cave ye win;
Ye ſuld the otter catch, gude faith,
Or ere ye fell his ſkin."

Fletcher looked up to the hills,
He couldna win that way;
He glancit doun intill the ſtreme,
And that held him at bay.

"O for the wings o' the bold falcon,
To bear me owre that dyke;
O for the ſpring o' the wild wull cat,
And thy e'en out I'd pyke."

He ſat him doun ſo thoughtfully,
Black Adam thocht he ſlept,
And wi' revenge and fair ſorrow,
Wight Fletcher ſorely wept.

And then he tried to force a laugh,
And roared right joyouſly;
But oh his grief was ſair to bide,
As in his dark eye man mought ſee.

For as he laughed, doun his pale cheeks
The rowling tears fell faſt,
Belying joy wi' ſad ſorrow,
But the paſſion did na laſt.

For ſoddenlie the thought it came,
" Can I not lap the dyke?
For I have limbs and thews as gude
As yonder mongrel tyke.

" For I hae chaſed far as he gaed,
With bottom as gude as hym;"
Fletcher louped up and raxed himſel,
And ſhook each ſtiffening limb.

He glancit owre the fearfu ſteep,
Then back he drewe a wee;
Black Adam roſe unto his feet
Young Fletcher's loup to ſee.

He held a ſtane in baith his hondes,
And ſwore ſo ſave his ſowl,
If Fletcher lap, to gar his bodie
Into the ſtream to roll.

" Iſe try your brag, ye mean cayteff,"
Quo' Fletcher, and lap the ſheugh;
Black Adam wi' ane heavy paſh,
Bluid frae his forehead drew.

The blow it ſtruck him off his feet,
Or ere he gained the bank;
He gave Black Adam a ghaſtly paik,
And back Wight Fletcher ſank.

But as he ſlippit oure the edge,
He clutched at his enemie,
And hung oure yonder fearful ſteep,
Wi' ae grip o' Adam's knee.

"Unlooſe thy gripe, thou Wight Fletcher,
And I will ſpare thy life;"
The youth ſmiled grimly on his foe,
A warſling in the ſtrife.

They tottered on the vara brink
O' that precipice ſo high;
Black Adam clung unto a rock,
For he feared ſic death to die.

And now their ſcowling een were cloſe,
And they fand each ithers breath,
And every ſtruggle Black Adam gave,
Was nearer till his death.

The rock it ſlipped frae Adam's clutch,
As he wrenchit bane and limb;
Fingers o' iron and nerves o' ſteel,
Wight Fletcher kept on him.

Loud and lang Black Adam ſcrieked,
But naething Fletcher ſaid;
And there was neither twig or branch,
Upon their rocky bed.

Slowly right owre then they fell,
For Fletcher his hold did keep;
A minute—and their twa bodies
Went craſhing doune the ſteep.

There was a ſplaſh as the waters flew
Half up the rugged dell;
The torrent ruſhed and the water guſhed,
But a' was dethely ſtill.

THE END.

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